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"Seven Days Whipping"

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.
Author of "Demigods"

THIS story is a study of the mood of two men under extraordinary circumstances: a court, a storm, the birth of a child, and an attempted killing. One is "civilized." The other is a barbarian. In the chapters of this novel a transformation takes place. The atmosphere is one of immeasurable suspense. The author really presents an enigma to his reader in such a manner as to create a psychological thriller. A novel of this *genre* is rarely met with, and in this case the author has composed a story of unusual originality.

Mr. Biggs's first novel, "Demigods," met with critical approval. "Seven Days Whipping" is a work of greater power, originality, and interest. Its serialization is frankly an experiment. No magazine has ever published its like. We warn readers who begin "Seven Days Whipping" that they will be unable to put it aside until the situation suggested in this instalment resolves itself. It may even intrude into your dreams. We confidently present "Seven Days Whipping," a story as different from the ordinary novel as "The Greene Murder Case" is from the usual detective yarn.—Here in Mr. Biggs's book is mystery of a new kind.

THE EDITOR.

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"Seven Days Whipping"

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.
Author of "Demigods"

THE library was empty when he entered it. It consisted of three large rooms running east along the line of the court-house with Mason Square, ending in the judges' chambers: his own, Henshaw's, and Ward's. Ward would not be present to-day, since he was presiding at Court of General Sessions in Essex County. Henshaw, however, might be expected at any time. None the less he felt that he might be sure of thirty minutes more to himself.

He desired to be alone, to speak to no one, to see no person. He was aware that there was no chance of effecting this. The wish had dominated him, however, since he had left his home that morning. The freshness of the six-mile drive had dispelled his depression for a time, but the cessation of the motion of his car, the ending of the road in the yard of the court-house had brought back to him revulsion and a feeling of increasing dread.

Throughout the drive he had been able to review his situation impersonally, almost without fear. His psychical assets, he felt, far outweighed his liabilities. He was a judge of a Superior Court, moderately wealthy, endowed from his birth with position and prospects. Behind him stretched an uninterrupted service of ten years upon the bench, rendered carefully and with a meticulous regard for justice. His word as a jurist upon a matter of law, his legal standing, must be admitted to be impeccable. The law, he felt, was a sharp sword in his hands. It might cut not only the offender but him who wielded it. A matter of nice adjustment arose before him in every case. He must not cut too far but far enough. He must not see futility but hope. He must perceive justice where justice was possible.

Justice he sometimes knew to be a shadow of a shadow which shortly ceased to be even that—appositely a straw which when grasped became a bar of iron with which a man's life might be beaten out. Upon these occasions he felt that his was a small black figure upon the bench, ironically prepared and ready to judge his fellow men. Doubtless his lack of assertiveness accentuated this. He did not have the square solidity, the obvious determination, that Henshaw possessed. The high, vaulted court-room, the distances from wall to wall, the silences that followed his spoken words, reduced him at times to fear, an incredulity concerning himself and his world. Neither Henshaw nor Ward was ever so troubled by his obvious duty. They saw only the facts before them, were not concerned with nuances of feeling and imagination that rose to vex himself.

These emotions were due, he knew, to certain psychical weaknesses inherent in him and to his careful early training. The son of a lawyer, a judge of this very court, he had been educated for his profession almost from the time he had been born. Naturally studious, this training had rendered him sedentary. He was inclined to be sensitive, generous, quick to believe himself at fault. He was nervous at times, always retiring, but entirely candid. There were few men at the bar better liked than he.

His father had died when he was a

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boy of twelve, his mother shortly thereafter. He had inherited a small fortune, and with it the inward characteristics and outward appearance of the elder Stawell Ball La Place. He had the same delicate features, the aquiline nose, the firm mouth and chin, the steady gray eyes, that his father had possessed. Like his father he had the instinct to reduce his affairs, his life, to rote. His tradition was one of careful thought, one in which facts must be presented by some competent agency to him who is to do the thinking. The estate which he had inherited from his father had provided him with an adequate income at that age when most young men are required to struggle for the bare necessities of life. Even when he had been admitted to the bar he continued to expend a portion of this income in further careful training. By virtue of his independent position, in his practice he had devoted himself solely to such cases as interested him. These cases involved matters of law of more than usual interest. He was quite incapable of trying a case before a jury. Since he had been upon the bench his qualities had become embodied in a local proverb—"La Place is splendid on demurrer, bad on trial."

He occasionally felt that perhaps he was too tender, overcivilized, too far removed from the pit and arena of his own court. The business of the court sickened him at times. He recalled a woman who had come before him at the beginning of his first term upon the bench. He had sentenced her. "Your honor is as a stone to her weeping." The words had sprung into his mind. It was as if a judge, impalpable but serene, were bringing judgment to himself. He had expected some phrase of condemnation and disaster to follow. Subsequently he had insulated himself from similar shocks.

Generally, however, he felt confidence in himself, deftness, and surety when upon the bench. Everything in the court-room became placed, fixed, and immovable. He was able to find his way about with perfect ease. He became endowed with a sense of physical well-being, a belief that his work was competently performed.

He was now fifty-one years of age. He had no feeling of it, still ordered his life with the meticulous care that he had always devoted to it—subject to the single incredible exception which now had arisen to harass him. Margaret had become his single concern. She was now forty-four years of age, too old perhaps for the arduous task of bearing him a first child. This day was the twelfth anniversary of their wedding. There would not be long to wait.

He found the situation unbelievable, a stark tale for which he had no heart. Ten years had passed since he had bought the Rivervale estate. He had built his house upon a hill above the creek, had christened it "Rofters' Rock." From it his wife and he had never stirred. The river ran mute at their feet, a placid red stream trailing the aspens along its bank. The hills encircled them. Surely, could there be permanency, this was it. It was this feeling that he knew he most prized.

All his life he had carefully cultivated it. It entailed, he knew, an exact regard for all the details of his life, a precise passion for the destruction of all that was irregular, all that threatened the norm of his existence. He was aware that he had a tendency to push reality from him, that he possessed a horror of the raw circumstances of human life, of the immense carelessness of nature.

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Events piled upon one without allowing a chance to inspect or categorize them. Fate was a bounding ball. His energies had been ceaselessly given in the avoidance of change. His greatest concern had been the erection of a barrier against the erosion of events. The physical emblements of his tranquillity had become his wife and his estate.

Margaret perhaps was not threatened gravely. Her condition had been described as uncomfortable but not dangerous. All preparations had been made. "Mrs. La Place's health is excellent. You have nothing to fear." This was the perception of a doctor. His fears were probably groundless, and yet, if they were not——

The electric clock in the room's alcove hummed and snapped a minute from the chain before it. He perceived that it was quarter to ten. Within fifteen minutes he would have to go upon the bench. This day was close to being the last day of the term. June, the last month before the long vacation, was always difficult. Now, however, they were fairly through the ruck, with most of the business of term-time behind them. To-day he would have little to do. An argument or two, a motion in the Aitken matter, a number of sentences to pass, and, depending to some extent upon Judge Henshaw, who would sit with him, he would be done. Thereafter he would escape to Rivervale and would not return until Monday. This afternoon, Saturday, and Sunday would remain solely his own and Margaret's. Perhaps by Monday Margaret's affair would be over and done.

Upon his desk, when he entered his chambers, was little to distract his attention, nothing upon which his mind might bite to relieve its anxiety. The sunlight from the square glanced through the latticed windows, creating a pool of brightness upon the rug at his feet. There was the distant sound of conversation in the corridors leading from the central hall of the court-house, and, dimly heard by him, the clicking of heels upon the tessellated floor. Otherwise the passing minutes were lost in the stillness of his own room.

Automatically he visualized the scene which was being prepared for Henshaw and himself in the court-room upon the floor above, saw in anticipation the desultory gathering in the public seats, the casual entry of the attorneys to the bar. Thereafter, as he and Henshaw entered the room, would follow the sharp rap of the bailiff and the command "Rise!" and the droning "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye" of the crier as the court was opened. The two judges, with downcast eyes, would remain standing upon the dais until this invocation had ceased, ogling a dead justice upon the bar before them, to be called back to life by the barbaric chanting of the crier. To La Place invariably this seemed ineffectual.

None the less in this procedure he found quietude and a sense of startling power. *As it was, so it should always be!* His father had served as senior judge upon the very bench upon which he now found himself. Doubtless many times upon the judges' dais he had occupied the identical chair used by his father. In this fact he found significance. To look upon the same broad desk, the same bar, dock, jury-box, arena, the identical judicial scene upon which his father had gazed caused him to feel intrenched and strong. In this room he was able to hold under his fingers the tide of events.

Judge Henshaw had come in. La Place heard him draw the curtains of

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the window. Shortly thereafter he appeared in the doorway. Henshaw was direct, square-browed, a man in whom doubt never arose. For this reason he was quick where La Place was vacillating, prone to act while La Place thought. Bald, save for tufts of iron-gray hair upon the sides of his head, slightly prognathous of jaw, he had the habit of thrusting his chin into the words of contesting attorneys and asking questions so pertinent as to be discomfiting. He had the virtue of the quick, sharp *ruling* and a feeling for facts. None the less he was not as able a judge of the law as La Place.

The two men presented a decided contrast to each other. Henshaw was without the background of a family tradition in the law; had, in fact, begun his career as a stenographer in a lawyer's office, had studied for the bar against overwhelming odds, and had been admitted to practice without the prospect of a client. His success had been due to his own energy and ability. He had married young and happily, and was now widowed and childless. He was cheerful, always active, very strong. Prior to his appointment as a judge he had been a keen and energetic politician. He was in all things intensely practical, had no compunction in sentencing a man for years or to death. He was fair. Extraordinary circumstances were required to evoke his rage. He was without humor save of the simplest kind, never troubled by the uneasy puzzle of existence. He possessed one invariable trick of speech—the phrase "state the facts." A matter was either to the point or it was not. There was no possible gradation.

The two men were not antipathetic, however, each having in general a warm regard for the other's qualities. La Place at times deemed Henshaw to be lacking in tact and stubborn, not aware of the things which he, La Place, saw plainly. Henshaw, for his part, thought La Place oversubtle, feeling his way when the path was in fact too plain for doubt. For La Place's legal instinct, however, Henshaw possessed an infinite respect.

There ensued a brief conversation between the two men. It was desultory, inconsequential, a shade annoying to La Place, who had no desire to talk. Henshaw inquired as to Mrs. La Place's condition, was briefly informed that her health was excellent. "I have little doubt that you'll be glad when it is over," Henshaw said. "But you'll find that these things are not as bad as people say they are." Thought La Place: "How can he know how I feel!" They were interrupted by a page who informed them that it was a few minutes past ten o'clock.

Both judges prepared to go on the bench. La Place put on his robe and beckoned Henshaw to precede him up the stairs. The page followed them.

The staircase was narrow—scarcely two feet wide—and very steep. Theoretically reserved for the use of the judges, it was known and used by all who frequented the court-house and afforded as little privacy as an open court. At its head sounded voices, laughter, and the distant crying of a child. The passage to the court was crowded. A number of men were gathered around a clay urn filled with sand at the far entrance, extinguishing their cigarettes or knocking out their pipes preparatory to going before the bar. From the stenographer's room adjoining the passage came the voice of an attorney, recognized by La Place, shouting to a client over the telephone. La Place was able

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to catch the words: "I tell you he must come here at once if he wants me to take the matter up. I'll not wait." Thought La Place: "I wonder what it is that he'll not wait for. . . . I should be glad to wait." The page held open the door before them and the two judges entered court.

There was movement and a rustling as attorneys, clients, and spectators got to their feet. Leading to the judges' dais was a short flight of steps. Henshaw mounted them rapidly, La Place following more slowly. Upon the dais, back of the judges' desk, were five great swivel chairs of rattan and wood, their head-pieces padded with faded plush. Two of these chairs had been pushed back to the wainscoting of the wall. The remaining three, however, were at the desk itself. Henshaw seated himself in the first, La Place in the second. In this position they would remain throughout the morning. They would be sufficiently close to each other to be able to confer in low tones upon their rulings, yet so far apart that each would maintain a strict judicial identity. La Place, as senior judge, after briefly conferring with his colleague, would deliver the opinion of the court. The page seated himself in one of the chairs at the back of the dais and commenced to read a newspaper which he drew from his pocket.

So seated, the heads of the two judges were level with the eyes of those standing within the bar. Their position gave them a complete view of every part of the court. The room itself was very large, almost as high as deep, a great cube wainscoted to the ceiling. The bar was in the middle distance. The dock was just within the area created by it, loosely chained off from the rest of the floor. Within the dock, awaiting sentence by the court, were four male prisoners. A guard was seated just beyond them. In the public seats were a few men and women, litigants perhaps, but more probably idlers who had left the square to escape the increasing heat of the June day. One woman was peeling a tangerine and throwing strips of the skin upon the floor. Another apparently slept. Immediately before the judges' dais, at two counsel-tables, were a number of attorneys arranging their papers and preparing for argument.

La Place thought: "I hope this will not take long. I don't want it to go on interminably."

Eden was heard first on behalf of two plaintiffs, a mother and daughter who were attempting to secure a share of a trust estate. Thought La Place: "Eden is a new kind of an attorney. No one of us would have appeared in court with a soft collar and a yellow tie." The point of law was an interesting one, however—a question of the degree of certainty required in a legal instrument. Henshaw spoke to him once. "It's like the old Headley case," he said. "You remember. The case of Fraser and Headley. Judge Reed sat in that one." He called the page to him, handed the young man a slip of paper marked with a reporter number, and bade him bring the volume to the bench. Eden spoke on. La Place found his attention wandering, endeavored to concentrate upon the argument, and failed. He found himself on the point of dozing. As he listened with half-open eyes the courtroom seemed to hum like a hive of bees. The sound brought to his mind a task which he had planned for this afternoon at Rivervale—Margaret permitting—the removal of the honey from a natural comb in the old Fouracre house,

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where a swarm of bees had hived. *Margaret permitting*. An odd phrase to have come into his mind. It implied that he was displeased with her, displeased with her condition. Suddenly he realized that the strain of the last few days had been greater than he had thought.

Eden gave way to Melville; Melville to Christie; Brazelton followed. The argument ended as abruptly as it had begun. Briefs were ordered submitted. Counsel left the court. Henshaw yawned audibly.

There remained the task of sentencing the four prisoners. La Place found that counsel for one of them was not present and that the probation officer to whom was intrusted the difficult task of looking up the record and history of each convicted defendant was not yet ready to report. He suggested a short recess to Henshaw. Going back to his chambers, he succeeded in getting his house upon the telephone. One of the maids answered it. Yes, Mrs. La Place was quite well. She was lying down, in fact, and had said that she didn't wish to be disturbed. La Place stated that he would be home soon. The morning was almost done. The business of sentencing four men would not take long.

When he returned to the court-room he found Henshaw already upon the bench, the probation officer ready to report. The first prisoner, a young negro, was ordered to stand up. His body was angular, lath-lean, and spindling. His posture was that of a limp Jim Crow dancer struck motionless in the heat of the dance, stuck against a wall to cool. La Place found him grotesque, heard Henshaw delivering sentence in short, crisp words: "James Fargo, you have pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny. This is your third offense and conviction. It is the intention of this court to pass upon you a sentence which you will understand. The sentence of this court is . . ."

Henshaw finished. The breath went out of the negro like air from a pricked balloon. Thought La Place: "That is done." *Generous?* He found that the uncompleted phrase in his mind was "Generous with time." Henshaw, he felt, had been oversevere. It was now incumbent upon himself to sentence the next two prisoners, brothers, white men, convicted of highway robbery. To-day he found difficulty in making up his mind as to what sentence he would impose. His nervousness was increasing. The best way to sentence a man was with a lightning-quick stroke, like a boxer delivering a blow.

"Stand up!"

The two men rose before him as if pulled up by a rope. There they were, in plain view. It was apparent that they were brothers. There was probably ten years' difference between their ages. Ten years. When the younger man left the workhouse he would be the age of his older brother who stood beside him waiting for judgment. La Place knew that *now*. He looked at the record before him.

"Jonas Hanbury, Paul Hanbury, you have been convicted of the crime of highway robbery. Your trial was fair and for the offense of which you were accused you had no defense. It was an accident that you did not kill the man you attempted to rob. Your sentence shall be commensurate with the gravity of your crime. The sentence of the court is: First, that you and each of you pay the cost of prosecution. Secondly, that you pay a fine of five hundred dollars. Thirdly, that each of you be whipped with one hundred lashes. Last, that

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each of you be committed to the trustees of the Cecil County workhouse and be there imprisoned for the term of ten years, beginning upon this day and ending upon the seventh day of June, 1937. Sheriff, take the prisoners."

Only one prisoner remained. La Place had never seen him before, presumed him to have been tried before Henshaw, who was bound thereby to deliver sentence. To his surprise he found that Henshaw was waiting for him to sentence the prisoner.

"The old fellow isn't mine," said Henshaw. "But I know who he is. He was tried by Ward. Convicted of trapping muskrats out of season in another man's marsh. Young Smith was appointed by court to defend him, but he told Judge Ward that he couldn't get a word out of him. Couldn't even find out his real name. I think the old man's a little touched."

La Place looked at the prisoner more closely. It was a shame, under the circumstances, that he should be compelled to waste time upon another man's mystery. Ward should have been present to deliver sentence. In his absence the duty devolved upon La Place as senior judge. He ordered the prisoner to stand up. The old man made no answer, gave no sign that he had heard.

"I don't think he understands you," said Henshaw. He ordered the guard to bring the prisoner before the bench.

The guard removed the loose chain from the end of the dock and prodded the old man to his feet. Thereafter he was led to the open space between the counsel-tables. Here he stood, as silent and motionless as before.

La Place saw that he was very old—so old, in fact, that he was unable even to hazard a guess as to his age. Though bent with age, the man was tall and possessed a head of pure-white hair. His features were aquiline, his nose long and cruel, and there was a glitter in his ancient eyes. He had the aspect of gazing upon some event far beyond the confines of the court-room, an event immemorially ancient and strange. More extraordinary, however, was his skin, red in color like red clay but possessing less sheen, darker in fact. La Place was in doubt both as to his race and blood. His mind sought a solution. There was something familiar about the old man, something which touched a vague chord in La Place's memory. Certainly he was not a native. His thought broke. He abandoned the search as useless.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The old man made a reply which was unintelligible to La Place. The probation officer repeated it. "He says that his name is 'Ironquois,' your honor."

Upon hearing this, the old man spoke again in a deep voice. "Ironquois," he said, and was again silent.

La Place grew impatient. "Who is he?" he asked.

"The old man lives down on the edge of the Middleborough Marsh, your honor, on the riverside," said the officer. "It's about five miles back from Bowl's Corner. His nearest neighbor is a cranberry-farmer by the name of Bates. He says that the old fellow came down there twenty years ago, and he ain't able to see anything wrong in him. Other people say different about him, though."

"What do they say?" asked La Place.

"They say that he dynamites fish in the river when he wants to catch some and that he and his son or grandson, whichever it may be, make their living poachin' muskrats."

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"What's your name and where are you from?" La Place demanded of the prisoner.

The old man bent upon his judge an enigmatic glance, then looked deliberately into the corner of the room. It was plain that he did not intend to answer. La Place grew angry.

"Where's the son or grandson that you spoke of?" he inquired of the officer.

"We haven't been able to find him, your honor. He came out to the workhouse while the old man was there waiting for sentence, but he only stood around outside. Somebody said he was around the court-house this morning, but we can't find him now."

"Is the old fellow sane?" asked Henshaw.

"I hardly know what to tell you, your honor," said the officer. "He isn't civilized. They lost all patience with him out at the workhouse. He defecated in his cell and wouldn't clean it up. He raised the devil the five days he was there."

It was now nearly twelve o'clock. La Place was very anxious to be gone. Margaret would be awake now, was doubtless looking for him. The prisoner remained erect and motionless, in his eyes the same enigmatic and ceaseless stare. What was it he was watching? La Place asked himself. Was there some panorama unrolling itself upon the walls of the court, some incredible writing which the old man could read? Who was he? What could he be? The name was strange, yet the sound of it was familiar. *Ironquois*. It stirred some memory in La Place's mind. A vague momentary uneasiness, infinitely elusive, the merest shadow, hung over him, rendered him indecisive. Where had he seen the old man before? What quality in him did he find familiar? He was inclined to attribute his feelings to his state of mind. The old man was not mysterious. No latent force moved within him that carried him beyond the borders of the real.

"What is his first name?" he asked.

"Joseph."

The sentence formed itself on his lips. "Joseph Ironquois, you have been tried and found guilty. The court has no alternative but to impose sentence upon you. It is as follows: First, that you pay the costs of prosecution. Secondly, that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars. Last, that you be committed to the trustees of the Cecil County workhouse and be there imprisoned for the term of one year, beginning upon this day and ending upon the seventh day of June, 1928. Sheriff, take the prisoner."

The four prisoners were taken from the room. The judges descended from the bench. The hands of the clock stood at exactly twelve o'clock. La Place hurried to his chambers and prepared for the street. He still had a number of errands to do, a package to collect for Margaret, a pair of goggles to buy to protect his eyes in his afternoon's work. These duties would require but a short time. He went to his car, had as usual a little trouble in starting it. He drove to the King Street Market and got the parcel required by Margaret. The goggles he bought at a hardware-store, taking pleasure in describing to the interested clerk the purpose for which he desired them. For the first time in the day he felt quiet and at ease. The hive should be gotten out that afternoon. All would go well with Margaret.

II

La Place lived as he said on the unfashionable side of the country, if there could be fashion in woods and trees.

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Rivervale was six miles west and south of the city and five miles south of the Medina pike. Upon the Medina pike lay the larger estates which grew out from the city in a wider radius every year. At the time of La Place's coming to the country the land beyond the old tollhouse along the Medina pike had been given over to farming. Now one might drive for several miles past the terraces, lawns, and walls of well-established country places. This terrain was surprisingly level for many miles; the road was excellent; the drive in to town was short; and for these reasons most of the larger estates had been planned and placed in this direction. South of the pike, however, the character of the country changed. The land suddenly became hilly, was thickly wooded, and contained a number of small streams which drained into Red Clay Creek. Rivervale itself was at the bottom of a long slope and was directly upon the river. A dirt road led past it, and from this road a covered bridge gave access to La Place's estate which, beginning with the stream and the small race which backed it, ran up the hill upon which his house was placed, continued up a greater shoulder, and culminated in a ridge that quartered the sky. This ridge La Place believed to be the highest point in the country, higher in fact than a more vaunted point upon the pikeside. From it one could watch the meanderings of the Red Clay; see the green, brown, and yellow of the farmers' fields laid off in geometric patterns; watch crisp blue smoke curl from roof-trees minute and distant. The shoulder of the hill was flanked with heavy woods upon its top, the creek running in a broad U around the foot of the slope. This shoulder was like a great wave cresting over and protecting the house and the lesser declivity beneath it.

Rivervale itself was an anomaly. A family of ironmasters, settling here in the early part of the nineteenth century, had built, for the use of their workmen, four small stone houses and beyond these a forge. Their own house had been placed upon the top of the first slope. A path ran down to the forge through a row of willow-trees. Of this family, at the time the estate was purchased by La Place, nothing remained except their houses and their dismantled forge. To the house upon the hill, commonly referred to as the "master's house," La Place had added a wing. The structure thus created was all of stone, comfortable and unpretentious. The workmen's houses remained uninhabited. One, however, La Place had fitted up as a workshop. It contained a carpenter's bench and tools—rarely used, though La Place deemed himself capable of making such repairs as were required about the house—a desk, pens, ink, paper, and books. This building, the smallest and oldest of the four, was also the one farthest removed from the house. To it La Place retreated when he desired to make his solitude more complete.

Back of the dwelling-house itself was a small informal garden centred about a row of four apple-trees, which in their turn served to conceal the garage from the house. Beyond was the river, turning here to meet the covered bridge, later turning again to flow past the meadow below the workshop, and disappearing at last through the narrow gorge of the hills. La Place had purchased the estate with the conscious desire for solitude, for a place in which Margaret and he might be undisturbed. His nearest neighbor was a mile

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away. Without going to the top of the big hill one could not even see the smoke from the distant chimneys. At the bottom of the great hill was a small Italian colony composed of four or five families stranded here by the shutting down of a quarry a mile or so to the west. They existed happily, however, living as they could in a manner which seemed to La Place to be miraculous. A number of the men, from time to time, did odd jobs at Rivervale, cutting a winter's supply of wood or piling up stone for a wall. Upon one occasion La Place had hired all of the men in the colony and had kept them engaged for a period of about two weeks in laying a new pipe-line from the spring upon the hill to the house below it. La Place had found them to be a genial, happy people, good neighbors save for their inveterate propensity to poach rabbits and pheasants from his fields and woods. He himself did not care to hunt—in fact, had not fired a gun in years. His greatest pleasure was in working about his place, laying off the small improvements which were necessitated by changing conditions, performing some of the smaller tasks about the estate. The heavier work was done by a young man who drove in his small car to Rivervale every day. He, Willey, ran the electric-light plant, charged the storage-batteries, washed the two automobiles belonging to La Place; even, if circumstances required it, took Margaret's marketing-list to the city and filled it. In general, however, La Place delighted in performing this duty himself. The work inside the house was done by two maids, sisters by the name of Crawley, Englishwomen whom Mrs. La Place had brought to this country at the time of her marriage. They were efficient servants, elderly and careful, who possessed but one fault. They were a little timorous of being left alone in what they termed "deep country" upon those exceptional occasions when the La Places happened to go out.

In the twelve years that he had been at Rivervale La Place had learned to know every cut upon the sky-line, every tree which stood upon the hills. The sound of the river had become a whisper in his ears scarcely discernible from the murmur of the wind through the pine-trees in the valley or the shrilling of the cicadas in the grass. The river, red and placid, had put time beyond its bank, carried with it that hint of distance that lent security to his heart. The Red Clay flows past towns whose names are soft as summer air. Lenape watches its even flow; Montchanin marks its passing. At Rivervale the elders move and dip in the slow and even current. To La Place the river marked the flow of his own and Margaret's life, half somnolent, secure, and thoughtful.

As he drove from the city La Place's thoughts centred upon the river. The familiar places passed—the square and ancient windmill upon the Forresters' estate, the great field of wheat, ripening and nodding beyond the Thompsons' gate. The windmill would turn how many times before he, La Place, would be gathered to his fathers? How many times would wheat be drilled into the Thompsons' field, be cut and harvested and the field cleared while he was still a man? An odd phrase occurred to him —"that walks and talks and wears a coat." The windmill times without number. A dozen plantings of the field? Eighteen? Nineteen? A year would come when all was at an end—for him. How many plantings of wheat would his child see? Had he had such

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thoughts before? Morbid, perhaps, but at least they indicated life. Margaret's life and his own were hopelessly intermingled with the existence of their child. A man was not a subject for anthropology, as Henshaw insisted. Man needed but one rule of life—how to render secure himself and all that was his. That was all.

He turned into the covered bridge. The river was low. The silver of the stream was just visible between the planks. The lattice of the walls made alternate flashes of light and shadow in his face. The flooring rolled like a beaten drum beneath the wheels of his car, echoing and re-echoing against the hills and down the stream. He never failed to think that this was a singular way for a quiet man to enter upon his home—a tramping like that of an army behind him. Upon crossing the bridge he was always possessed of the same desire—to nail a ship's figurehead above its entrance upon the Rivervale side. He had seen many such upon his one trip to England, figures of mermaids, of Lorelei, of Tritons and Neptunes grasping great hammers, lying in a yard along the Thames. At night the bridge, dimly seen, hung over space, not unlike the bow of a ship of the line, but one on which he never cared to voyage.

Emerging from its shadow he looked at the terrace around the house on the hill above, half hoping to see Margaret reclining in one of the wicker chairs upon it. The terrace was empty. The house showed no sign of life. It remained deserted in the hot sunshine. The lawn leading to it was freshly cut. There was the smell of baking earth, the faint sweetness of the grass. The house stood like a rock upon the hill. Surely into this tranquillity nothing could obtrude itself. The thought brought back to him an undercurrent of worry and vexation.

He drove his car to the garage, brought the parcels from it. A walk flagged with stone led to the house. At the door he stopped and called. Margaret was in her room, as he had expected. He gave his parcels to the maid who appeared, was told that lunch was almost ready, and went up-stairs.

Margaret was lying upon her bed, holding her knitting on a level with her eyes, a position which he was sure must be uncomfortable for her. He hesitated to tell her this. In the last few months he had had difficulty in making sure how she would accept his suggestions. "You see I'm back," he said. She put her knitting down. A thought quickly came to La Place's mind. "She's on the point of tears. She's just about to cry. I must get her over this." He was mistaken in this, however. Her humor seemed better than when he had left her in the morning. It seemed that she had been out, had walked some distance, had returned to sleep. She was quite at ease.

In the twelve years of their married life La Place had never succeeded in precisely estimating his wife's character. She possessed nuances, shadows and depths, which persistently eluded him. A portion of his difficulty La Place was inclined to ascribe to racial and national characteristics. Mrs. La Place was an Englishwoman, the daughter of a former bishop of Calcutta, who had been invalided to Merioneth on the west coast of England as a result of tropical fever. He had died in the year that La Place had met his daughter. The Gleneths, who believed themselves to be of Scottish descent, though in reality their origin was lost, had lived in Merioneth, Carnarvon, and

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Montgomery for a far greater length of time than the La Place or Stawell genealogies had been established in their counties. In this fact La Place took a singular pride.

La Place's meeting with his wife had been ordinary enough. He had been sent abroad as one of a commission of three, paying his own expenses, to investigate certain phases of English law. He had met Margaret in London. They had been married almost at once, very quietly, and had embarked for America within a space of two weeks. They had come home by way of the Azores and had there taken passage upon a sailing vessel bound for Norfolk. This idea, which to La Place had seemed outlandish and unheard of, had been Margaret's and had worked out with unsurpassed success. The ship, oddly named *The Portland Elder,* was a three-masted schooner, quite modern in equipment and loaded with a safe cargo of lumber. The voyage had taken all of a month. These thirty days, which La Place had looked forward to with squeamishness and horror, he now looked back upon as among the happiest of his life. They had constituted almost his only taste of adventure. Margaret, throughout the trip, had been almost beside herself with delight. Very carefully nurtured, brought up under the rigidity of that ancient system in which an unmarried woman was presumed to have the mind and thoughts of a schoolgirl, her marriage and this voyage had unlocked her emotions, permitting her to taste realities of which she had always dreamed. She delighted in the lines of the ship against the sky, the rough humor of the sailors, the smell of the oakum and tar exuded from the planks of the vessel under the heat of the sun. In a short time she had picked up sailors' argot, talked of "bights" and "running lines," was able with the help of a ship's officer to compute the run from the logging-meter. La Place, who had seen his wife solely in her father's house, where, in the position of the unmarried daughter verging upon middle age, she had been awkward, ill-at-ease, almost timorous, began to be troubled at this change. Their marriage, in a certain sense, had been hasty. He had given to this, the most important venture of his life, far less consideration than ordinarily he devoted to a problem of law. None the less he loved his wife with an adoration that was complete. Upon their arrival at Norfolk all his fears had evaporated. The short skirt and sweater, which, though appropriate to the voyage, had seemed to him slightly hoydenish and unwomanly, were put away and were never worn again. Sometimes he felt that in his attitude she had found unspoken condemnation. He always hoped that this had not been the case.

At Norfolk she had proceeded to become, by some metamorphosis not plain to him, the identical prototype of her English self. She had purchased furniture for their home as might any other woman, had taken decorous interest in her surroundings, in all things had tacitly reassured him. They had proceeded north by easy stages, stopping to purchase household goods as the opportunity offered. They had arrived in Wilmington late upon a very hot August night and had driven at once to the house of a friend who had vacated his home for them.

Throughout the last stage of their journey, by train from Baltimore, La Place had been consumed by a growing excitement. The Pullman had been very hot, the train crowded. Margaret,

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unaccustomed to the heat, had been slightly ill. None the less he had spent the greater part of his time in peering into the darkness beyond the car-windows. He had noted the rivers, the stations through which the train flashed, the small towns along the line, with the feeling, always increasing, that he was coming home, as if he were a boy returning from school to his father's house. He had the same light-heartedness, the same desire to see, to talk, rare in him. He recalled the stifling heat of the old French Street station, the smell of the street, the familiar and polyglot odors, the cries of the hackmen around the station's entrance, their trailing whips and broken horses. The street would be lighted as it always was. The arc-lights would flare with their aura of dancing gnats. The long vista of the street, the squat and sombre houses would be the same. He had endeavored to explain his feelings to Margaret, had found her moody and disinclined to talk. Her attitude had been quickly forgotten in his excitement.

They had driven from the station with their luggage piled about them. They had dined late, and thereafter had sat upon the porch. The scene was familiar to La Place. The house faced upon a broad triangle. A small green park was in the centre. In this park he had played as a child, could recall when the small pediment of the monument in the park's centre had been so high that he could not lift himself upon it without aid. His excitement had subsided. He felt at ease and quiet.

Margaret and he had talked of their plans. He had just reiterated his intention of buying a small place in the country. Suddenly he was surprised at the tone of her voice. "You must find such a place," she said. "I should like to live there with you." Beyond the porch was a small flight of steps leading to a garden. Without warning, she had risen to her feet and had walked down them. Her dress remained a white shadow in the darkness, dimly seen by him. Suddenly he was afraid. He followed her into the garden and had found her sobbing. With difficulty he had quieted her. He inquired again and again as to what had disturbed her. It was with difficulty that he had succeeded in getting her to speak at all.

"I couldn't help thinking of our ship," she had said. "Those poor young fellows out there!"

With the passing of time he had comprehended more fully what she had meant. An essence of life, escaping her, had left her desolate. None the less she had quickly forgotten it. In the morning she was quite herself, had even been inclined to be vexatious.

La Place had started immediately upon his search for a suitable place to live. At first he had gone alone, desiring, for some reason not plain to him, to be the first to see his land; later Margaret had joined him. Rivervale had been purchased at a price so low as to delight them both. With amazing energy Margaret had set about rebuilding it. The wing had been added. The walls were built of stone pulled from the base of the ancient forge. A new road was built. Planting was done. The garden was laid out. La Place's books were put into the new library. Thereafter they were at home.

In La Place's recollection they had moved into the house upon a November afternoon eleven years ago. He recalled the great fire which they had lighted in the fireplace to dry out the house. They had dined that evening as upon an occasion of state, with lighted

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candles celebrating the first year of their marriage. They had been very happy. Throughout the ensuing eleven years their happiness had not decreased. None the less La Place never fully understood his wife. She possessed certain qualities which resembled iron. She exacted a rigid obedience from her two maids, who, in fact, seemed to expect this. She was capable of quick fury if any one trespassed upon the estate. Upon the crest of the high hill a man walking stood out in silhouette against the sky. Several times she had warned such trespassers off. La Place was inclined to be much more easy-going, much less jealous of his property and land. The house she managed with unfaltering zeal. In time there had developed between La Place and herself the mutual gift of divining each other's thoughts. Upon occasion he had found this to be embarrassing. Margaret was quick to comprehend his moods, to know with certainty when he had had a hard or troublesome day. Both had the unfortunate gift of being afflicted with the other's nerves. This led to trivial irritations, quickly sustained and as quickly forgotten. They went out but rarely, never remaining long, were glad to return again to each other's society.

He now helped her from the bed. She stood up, put mules upon her feet and a bright gown about her shoulders. Together they descended the stairs toward the dining-room. The mules, loose upon her feet, clicked against the stairs. La Place felt that he would never forget the sound.

In the dining-room their chairs faced each other across the narrow table. The room was painted white and shone brightly with the June sun. La Place could see that she was very tired. Lines were apparent upon her forehead, at her nose and throat. His concern increased, but he refrained at this time from asking her how she felt.

The lunch was of the sort which La Place particularly liked, simple and plain. There was cottage cheese, almost his favorite dish. He was surprised to find that his appetite was acute. He had presumed that he would have none. At the time of leaving his chambers he had been troubled with a slight headache. It had now disappeared. He ate largely. Margaret for her part took very little, merely tasting the food which stood before her.

They talked. La Place outlined his plans for the afternoon. They looked entirely to the securing of the honey from the natural hive in the old Four-acre house. He would require, he said, about two hours to complete this task. He would attempt to get the bees into a hive which he had purchased for this purpose, and to cause the swarming by a light smoking of the hive. The smudges were prepared already. He would then cut out the comb.

He thought that there was no doubt that the bees were ready to swarm. The brood-cells were completely capped with hard white wax; the hive had been built as high against the ceiling of the room as was possible to build it. It was plain that no further time could be wasted. If he delayed, the colony might swarm of itself and be lost. He thought that he should be through this work by five, if not before. At any rate he would be within easy calling distance of the house, or Margaret could send one of the Crawley sisters for him if she found she needed him. It would be best, he thought, if she herself did not come down to watch him work even at a dis-

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tance. The sun was hot and she would be more comfortable in the house. Might they not have tea together about five o'clock? He would be through then.

Margaret replied that she would arrange this. She thought that she would lie down again this afternoon. A short sleep would make her feel more comfortable. She would watch him at his work from the house. She could see him from her window. La Place clearly understood that she said these things merely to show her interest in that which so plainly interested him. She would not look from the window, but would remain quietly upon her bed. He knew that she was giving little heed to what he was saying. Her attention was elsewhere, arrested, held in check, by the event which portended in both their lives. He might expect this.

Dessert was served. Margaret took none of it, but refused to let the maid take her cup of tea from the table. She continued to stir the liquid in the cup. Only her finger-tips, lightly clasping the spoon, seemed to be involved in this motion. La Place perceived that she had drawn to herself a still, cold strength, a kind of hardened tranquillity.

They left the table. La Place helped her to her feet. They went to the library, where she disposed herself comfortably in a chair. La Place worked at his accounts, drew a number of checks, wrote a letter or two. Margaret was silent. Looking up, he perceived that she had gone to sleep. He opened the door as quietly as possible and went out into the garden.

It was now close to three o'clock and time that he went to work if he was to remove the hive that afternoon. None the less he delayed, taking pleasure in the sunlight and the crunching of the gravel beneath his feet. The hollyhocks were out. Twelve great blossoms fronted the garden wall. He had never seen stalks so high. The cut of the twelve heads were on a plane with the distant river when he viewed them from the upper end of the garden.

The flowers were red and gold, motionless in the tranquil air. A slight haze hung over the distant hills. The earth was fairly baking beneath the sun. Though there was no wind, upon the western horizon a dark cloud was gathering. Possibly there was to be a storm. The heat of the day suggested it. No matter—if it did not affect the telephone. He might need that to summon help for Margaret later in the day. Leaving the garden, he returned to the house. The library curtains were drawn. Peering through them, he saw that Margaret was still asleep in her chair. She lay inert, her hands folded on her lap. The white, drawn look had disappeared from her face. Her lips were curled. She seemed to be smiling. He would let her sleep. There would be time enough to wake her.

He had stored the equipment which he needed for his work of clearing out the hive in the workshop. He required only one additional item—a veil. Margaret, he knew, had several veils. He would go to her room and take one.

He entered the house by the back door, passing through the kitchen. The Crawley sisters were still at lunch. One of them exclaimed in a startled voice "The judge!" as she saw him, and then relapsed into embarrassed silence. He went up the kitchen stairs to the second floor. Margaret's room was at the opposite end of the house from the library. He need have no fear of waking her. None the less he moved as silently as a

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thief. She often displayed an uncanny knowledge of what he was doing when, so far as he was aware, she had no apparent means of informing herself. She might awake now and call to him. He must not disturb her.

He found her room to be in slight disorder. Her knitting lay where she had dropped it before lunch. Two long red needles were still thrust through it. She seemed to be making a child's sweater. He was unable to keep himself from picking it up and examining it. It was very small, but complete save for the arms. It was difficult to imagine a child, his child, in it. That would be about November, however. The sweater seemed to be meant for a boy. He felt that that would probably not be the case. None the less he experienced a feeling of pride. The affair would soon be over now.

He conducted a search for the veil through the drawers of Margaret's bureau. He was careful not to disturb anything. If he felt it necessary to pick an article up to look underneath or around it, he was careful to note its exact position and replace it just as he had found it. His search was like uncovering the past. He found handkerchiefs which he had purchased for Margaret upon their wedding-trip, a pile of letters tied with a ribbon, each addressed in Mrs. Gleneth's straight, angular hand. It had been some time since Margaret had received a letter from her mother. Odd how one neglected to write to friends, relatives, and even to one's parents. In this respect people were much like animals. In maturity a child forgot its parents, who in turn seemed content to be forgotten.

The veil was not found. He went through drawer after drawer, disarranging, he feared, many articles. One drawer was devoted solely to dresses; another, to underclothes and stockings; a third contained gloves and a number of small boxes. In the latter—his curiosity being aroused, he opened several —were stored carefully with the strange discrimination of a child or of a magpie innumerable odds and ends, jewelry, trinkets, a broken daguerreotype, hairpins, and ribbons. These last disclosures strangely embarrassed him. He felt almost as if he had indecently obtruded upon Margaret's secrets. For some reason not plain to him he felt this juxtaposition of articles to be pathetic and moving.

Among the last of the boxes, however, he found three veils. He unfolded the largest and examined it. It was closely knit, brown in color, and at least a yard square. He was sure that it was just what he needed. He put back the others and hastened from the room.

The path to the workshop led through the long row of trees from the house. As he went down it he looked at his watch and discovered it to be just three o'clock. He had sufficient time to complete his work. The clouds upon the western horizon showed no signs of having advanced. It would not rain for two hours at least. That was desirable, since a storm after the hive had swarmed and before the bees were recovered would be sure to result in the loss of the colony. He found himself looking toward his task with keen anticipation.

The workshop was a small, two-storied building of stone. The lush grass of the meadow ran around it. Behind it was a hedge of honeysuckle which seemed alive with bees. These were doubtless workers from his hive.

The faint droning of their wings came to him as he dressed. He removed his suit and put on a pair of long-trou-

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sered denim overalls and a flannel shirt. The collar of the shirt he tied up around his throat with twine. All literature that he had read upon the business of beekeeping had warned him that the throat was the most vulnerable spot. He recalled a sentence from a technical book upon the subject: "Great care should be exercised in protecting the throat. Bees occasionally get between the collar and the skin where they are difficult to dislodge." The recollection of this warning caused a shiver to run down his spine. He must be careful. Thereafter he put on a heavy coat which reached below his waist. He removed his shoes, put on slippers and galoshes over them, tucking cotton in around his ankles so that no space might intervene between the canvas and his stockings.

The protection of his face gave him the greatest difficulty. He pinned the veil with safety-pins around the leather band of his hat and set it upon his head. He inspected this arrangement in a large, cracked mirror hung from the wall of the room and found it to be imperfect. A large area at the back of his head and neck was unprotected. He removed the veil from the hat and attempted to place it exactly as desired. The later arrangement he deemed to be satisfactory. He put on the goggles which he had purchased that morning and adjusted them to his eyes. He felt sure that his face was adequately protected.

Looking at himself in the mirror, he was amazed at his appearance. He looked like a diver, like an inhabitant of Mars, like some strange creature with a man's body and a troll's head. The goggles enlarged the blackness of his eyes, making him seem to wear a mask. The veil gave him a curiously mincing look. The gray wadded lining of the coat had split out from its retaining fabric, creating the effect of marrow jutting from broken bones. His appearance was equivocal, not unlike that of a greatly enlarged insect, very little like that of a man.

Whichever it was, it delighted him. He laughed aloud, turning himself this way and that before the mirror. The effect, he thought, was more ludicrous from the side. He put his fingers to his face and adjusted the veil. This gesture he recognized as precisely similar to the one which he employed in trying on a new hat. The comparison pleased him immensely. "I'll take this one," he said. "If it's not too expensive." He laughed again.

He had difficulty walking. The effect of the cotton packed between the galoshes and his stockings was surprising. He felt as if his feet had enlarged themselves while his ankles remained the same size as before. His costume also was immensely hot. His forehead was already running with sweat. He found that he had forgotten to bring down the new hive, which he had stored upon the second floor of the workshop. The hive was a large square frame composed of three sections, made of wood, brassed at the edges, and weighing nearly fifty pounds. It was, in fact, a shipping-hive, a matter which he had ascertained only after he had purchased it. The day was an exceedingly hot one to carry this bulk the eighth of a mile from the workshop to the Four-acre house. Then, too, the smudges, four in number, should be taken up. They were broom-handles, straw wound about their ends, which had been soaked in tar and dried. They were clumsy to carry and of no little weight. He did not dare to undertake the work with

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only one smudge or two. Since he had made them himself, he had doubt of their efficiency.

He solved these difficulties by procuring a wheelbarrow from the back of the building. Into it he placed the hive, the smudges, and a pair of canvas gloves. Pushing the wheelbarrow before him, he proceeded to the Fouracre house.

The road was an ancient one, beaten out by the passage of wagons from the stream to the forge. So closely had the earth upon it been packed, however, that it was still smooth and traversable. At the last of the four stone cottages it turned sharply to the right and proceeded up the hill toward his own house. This portion of the road was in poor condition. A fence marked its edge as it went up the hill, and there were still visible upon its surface the ruts of its former use, but elsewhere burdock-bushes, growing with wild thyme and brambles, had obliterated it. Below it, however, was the meadow. Here the fences had been kept in repair, and a gate fastened with a latch divided the road from the field beyond. This gate was just below the steps of the Fouracre house, and a rotting pump, the handle of which had been worn thin with use, stood before it.

By this pump La Place stopped. There was no sign of life upon the hill above. The curtains both of Margaret's room and the library were drawn, plainly indicating that she was still asleep. The lawn, gently rising to the trees, was coolly inviting. La Place, anticipating the pleasure of iced tea under the trees, turned away with a sigh. Removing his hat and the veil he succeeded with some exertion in drawing water from the old pump and wet his forehead, wrists, and neck. The water was brackish, smelling unpleasantly, but chillingly cold. Revived, he again adjusted his hat and veil, drew on the gloves, and went into the house.

The hive was in an old cupboard, in a room upon the second floor. Two windows, devoid of glass, gave a view of the meadow, the river, and the woods beyond. The woods rose with the hill, creating a black and angular line against the sky. The trees ran down to the meadow and the river curved away from their juncture. Standing beside the hive, La Place was afforded a complete view of this terrain.

At the present time, however, the hive claimed his attention to the exclusion of all else. The chance that had placed this cupboard—the sole remaining piece of furniture in the house—as a shelter and convenience for a colony of bees both puzzled and pleased him. The cupboard was a relic of the former tenant, an old wood-cutter whom La Place had befriended. All of the man's furniture had been removed by his relatives at the time of his death except this cupboard, which was as sound a piece as any the old fellow had possessed. La Place presumed that it had simply been forgotten when the rest of the furniture had been taken away.

The hive itself was in the upper part of the cupboard and was at least a foot and a half deep. The comb was built against the rear, the side, and one of the doors of the cupboard. The other door, composing the front, was off. The space which lay between the rear wall and the door's edge was solid with comb. Several entrances to the hive were apparent. Into them bees drew themselves, disappeared, returned, worked about the outside of the hive, and occasionally flew, buzzing, through the open windows into the meadow be-

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yond. New bees appeared from time to time as the field-workers returned laden with nectar for the hive, their legs brushed with pollen. They moved like slow black bullets across the room, and with the passage of time so many had passed before La Place's eyes that each seemed to leave a slight black line hanging in the air behind it.

Their movements were immensely businesslike and acute. The feet of each worker returning to the hive were placed within a hair's breadth of the position assumed by the worker preceding it. Not an instant was lost; not an unnecessary movement was made. The thin stream of bees coming to the hive and leaving it might have been directed by some tiny machine of preternatural accuracy. Throughout the whole of this activity the hive itself hummed, muttered, and seemed to sustain a gentle, regular pulsation not unlike the beating of a heart.

La Place had in mind a precise method to pursue, both in the procuring of the honey and the rehiving of the colony itself. He desired first to locate the position of the queen in the hive, then to ascertain the position of the honey-cells—in general, so he had been informed, set out near the centre of the hive. The colony, swarming from the smoke of his smudges, inevitably would cluster near the top of the cupboard, forming about their queen. As the smoke increased, more bees would be forced from the hive to join the phalanx clustering above. There would follow the "swa-rrum!—swa-rrum!" of the workers' wings, the mutter, the humming would mount, rising, swelling into the song of the swarm. Thereafter the whole colony would rise into the air like a black ball with whirling, shifting edges, and would pass into the safety of the meadow beyond the windows, where, if all went well, the workers would reform, clinging about their queen as nucleus, upon an outcropping limb of some tree. Nothing could stop this flight when once it had achieved momentum, but when the swarming was at an end it would be an easy matter to "shake down" the colony into the new hive.

Thus exactly had La Place planned the operation of cleaning out the hive. He was able, he thought, to picture each successive stage of the process in his mind's eye. The bees would leave the Fouracre house from the open window upon his left, would cling for a time to the house's jutting eaves in a black and molten jelly. It would then be necessary for him to use the second smudge and under its impetus the swarm would move in a furious, swinging ball across the meadow to some tree along the river-bank. Here, he supposed, the colony would form about the queen. But to what tree, upon what limb? The new hive was too heavy to be moved quickly. Perhaps it would be best to place it in position now.

Putting down his unlighted smudges, he went down-stairs and out into the field. The new hive was still upon the wheelbarrow. He unfastened the gate that led to the meadow and moved the hive through it, bracing the box upon his knees. The meadow was full of holes, small marshes created by drainage from the hill above. He was panting and almost exhausted when he reached the fast land at the river's edge. He put the hive at the foot of an oak-tree and started back to the Fouracre house.

So thoroughly engrossed was he in his task that he had lost all count of time. No thought of Margaret came

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into his mind. All his energies were directed solely to the problem of securing the honey and of saving the colony of bees. The weather alone gave him concern. The clouds upon the western horizon were advancing fast, looming ever more blackly against the sky. It was obvious that there was to be a devil of a storm. The heat itself demanded it, but in his judgment rain would be delayed for several hours—until about dark, he thought. None the less it would be well to hurry.

He reascended to the second floor of the Fouracre house and again inspected the hive. To his surprise, the number of bees returning from the fields had greatly increased. Scarcely a moment passed without one placing its feet upon the sill of the workers' entrance. The bees' movements seemed quicker, less deliberate. Even as he gazed the procession increased in speed. Bees arrived by twos and threes, buzzing out of the meadow above the lush grass that surrounded the house. So rapid did this flow become that the workers' entrances seemed constantly filled, successive pairs of small black legs filliping down into the darkness of the hive. The hive itself took up a new, strange note. Whereas before it had beaten steadily, rhythmically, like a sleeping heart, now its pulsation was spasmodic, irritated.

La Place, watching the hive, was in doubt as to what these changes meant. Either the colony was preparing to swarm of its own volition, or the approaching storm was increasing the tension within the hive, causing the field bees to return for shelter and the hive to be "stuck down" against rain. In either case it would be well for him to hurry.

He took up the smaller of the two smudges, breaking the ends of the straws in order that they might ignite more readily. He found it necessary to remove his gloves before he could strike the match. The smudge crackled into flame with a vehemence that surprised him. The smoke rose gray, stinking, bitterly acrid in his nostrils. His veil seemed to give him no protection from it. He thrust the smudge into position beneath the hive and pulled the doors of the cupboard partially to in order to keep the vapor in. Thereafter he stood back and awaited developments.

These came rapidly. The smoke rose about the hive as if it were a sacrifice upon an altar. The sides of the cupboard grew gray and disappeared. The hive itself became indistinguishable. He said to himself: "That's a devil of a lot of smoke. It ought to bring out something!" Quite suddenly he perceived that the dry wood of the shelf beneath the hive had caught fire from the smudge and was now burning brightly. If the fire spread, cupboard, hive, and house would go up in a single brilliant holocaust. There was nothing with which to extinguish this fire. A quick glance about the room convinced him of this. "I must use my coat," he thought and forthwith stripped it from his shoulders. It was necessary for him to cut the string which held the collar about his throat. Thereafter he formed the coat into a club and began to beat the flame from the burning wood. As he bent over to do this he was stung below the line of his shoulder-blades and again at the throat. The stings were like small flashing swords impinging in his flesh and caused him involuntarily to straighten up and brush frantically at the attacking bees which he could not even see. As he did so, he felt the feet of a third bee upon the right-hand

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side of his neck. He was able to brush it away and was not stung again.

He was now intolerably hot—almost stifling from the heat of his exertions and the smoke-filled air of the room. The flames had died out of the burning cupboard, though the charred wood continued to smoke. He withdrew the smudge from the shelf beneath the hive and with it recklessly beat the remaining panes of glass from the two windows in the room. As he did so he was surprised at his own violence. It was, he felt, unlike him to destroy property for the sake of his own comfort, but the result justified the means, for the smoke in the room diminished rapidly. He cast the smudge through a window into the meadow. As he did this he noticed for the first time that the black cloud of the approaching storm now seemed to stand squarely above the crest of the hill. The sky to the west gaped black. The storm was almost at hand. He thought: "It's too late to stop the swarm. I should have waited." Suddenly he realized that he could not have waited throughout the length of this afternoon harassed by thoughts of Margaret.

He turned back to the colony. The smoke had cleared from the cupboard and he could see the hive plainly. Its outside surfaces were black with crawling bees. The hive itself gave forth a long-drawn, beating ululation of bees' wings. The sound was vibrant with latent, violent energy, a warning of the gestation of events within the hive. It was obvious that the colony was about to swarm, was waiting only for a signal, the appearance of the queen.

Upon the cells was thrown up suddenly a small ridge of bees, a froth of black. It mounted even as La Place looked upon it, grew in size, and formed itself into the semblance of a bow-knot. In the centre was the queen, easily recognizable by her size. The wings in the knot hummed so swiftly that his eye could not follow them. The knot writhed over upon its side, the queen retaining her position, and formed again. He watched, bewildered. More and more bees moulded themselves into the group. Suddenly came the sound of the swarm—a "swar-u-u-um-swar-u-u-um-swar-u-u-um!" The knot rose into the air, became a ball; bees flew like bullets to join it. In the centre of the nucleus flew the queen. Around her seemed a hard core of bees. Beyond this was a molten fringe which grew, dispersed, volleyed frantically against planes of the air. The whole moved, like a planet with its attending satellites, across the room, passed through the west window and out into the meadow. A number of bees, like crazy stragglers following a retreating army, flew in the ruck and vanished with the swarm. The line led, as La Place had expected, toward the river, but as the swarm approached the trees which fronted the stream the colony disappeared. The humming grew fainter and fainter. None the less he felt that the swarm would not cross the river. He would be able to recover them if the storm did not intervene.

The room now seemed very still. La Place had not realized before how much noise the swarming had made. The air, however, was still full of bees. A number moved aimlessly about the face of the hive; a few more, lost from the swarm, came in from the meadow. Now was the time of crisis in securing honey from the hive. Discipline broken, confused and frightened, subject to a kind of strange madness, the bees would attempt to beat back into the comb, choking it; would attempt to loot

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the honey and would forthwith die in the cells. To secure free comb, it would be necessary to act at once.

Stifling in his heavy garments, afraid as yet to take them off, La Place hastily examined the hive. The honey-cells, he thought, were in a long curving arch beginning near the window upon his left and running the entire length of the top of the cupboard. Beneath these tiers were the brood-cells. It would be necessary for him to cut between them. This he prepared to do. He brought the tub to the cupboard and took up the knife. He decided that it would be best to work from the right of the hive to the left, cutting first through the thickest of the comb. None the less he felt hesitancy, as if he were about to cut into the tissue of a living body. The knife was sharp. He placed the point of it against the wall of the hive and pressed the blade through with both hands. As he did so came the first loud peal of thunder. He saw that the sky above the wood where the river turned under the lea of the hill was black with cloud.

He worked carefully, despite this. The walls of the hive gave steadily under the edge of the knife. These cells were in fact honey-cells. The knife grew sticky with amber fluid. He was cutting too high, perhaps, wasting honey. He went lower down upon the hive, into the brood-cells. As he cut, his wonder grew. Each cell was exactly hexagonal in shape, thus giving the maximum capacity for the amount of wax used. It troubled him to think of the months of work represented in the comb that he was destroying so quickly. From time to time it was necessary to brush bees away from the path of the knife. They caused him little trouble, however. As he removed the comb he placed it in the tub. He reached the middle of the hive, where lay the thickest portion.

The air was heavy with the certain presage of the storm. A small fitful wind rustled through the windows and died away. There was an ominous and oppressive quiet. La Place continued to cut into the hive. Engrossed as he was in his work, none the less his eyes brought to his brain a tale of movement, of some change, in the far distance at the end of the meadow, where the wood came down to the curving bow of the stream. This was a prolongation of the shoulder of the great hill. The message was repeated as he worked. Definitely a man was emerging into the meadow from the thickets that edged the wood. "Odd," thought La Place. "How could he have gotten there?" The woods were deep. Beyond were rolling hills, more woods, and the untilled acres of outlying farms. He continued his work of securing the honey.

In an instant his abstraction vanished. The man was moving steadily down the meadow toward the Fouracre house. His progress was swift, almost a trot, possessing an aspect of easy, supple muscle, but—and this centred La Place's attention—upon his shoulders he bore some heavy burden, as yet indistinguishable, but seeming to be the body of some dead animal.

The man came closer steadily. La Place was able to perceive details of his features, his clothes, certain characteristics of his movements. He wore a blue shirt, open to the waist; ragged trousers, which, far too large for him, apparently were folded about his hips and there tied with a bright scarf. He was well above average height, possessing a smoothness, a dexterity of physical

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movement, which, considering the roughness of the terrain over which he passed, seemed remarkable. "He walks as if he had no heels to his shoes!" thought La Place. Try as he might he could not make out the color of the man's skin. He was either light olive or red. Probably the fellow was an Italian —there were many such in the neighborhood—or an *Indian?* The thought was fantastic! The intruder was closer now. His arms, bare almost to the shoulder, were bent upward in support of the burden which he carried on his back. What could it be? A dead animal of some sort? "Good heaven!" cried La Place suddenly. *"The fellow is an Indian and he is carrying a dead deer!"*

He withdrew the knife from the comb. This double apparition was so unbelievable as to cause his hands to shake. The man's head, devoid of any covering, was now a forbidding silhouette against the sky. The features were aquiline; the skin *was* red. The dead weight of the deer rolled limply on his shoulders. The fellow must be strong to bear such a weight so easily. "A young buck with horns of four." The story-book phrase recurred to La Place's mind. The deer's throat was freshly cut. Incredible! No garden in this county had contained a deer. The whole thing was bewildering—impossible!

He dropped the knife, left the hive to itself, and went to the window. The storm was about to break. The wind was straight from the west, whipping the dried leaves that lay about the house into eddies. The trees that stood upon the river-bank were bent in a haze already flecked with rain. There followed the snapping of limbs. Thought La Place: "There's an end of my bees. I shall never see them again." His thought was detached, was hurled by him into the rising bedlam of the storm, was thrown at the enigmatic figure advancing across the meadow.

The intruder was now almost at hand. La Place, if he had leaned from the window, might have touched him upon the shoulder. Instead he instinctively drew back out of sight into the shelter of the room. For the first time he perceived something purposeful, something ominous, in this incredible advance. This figure was truly flesh and blood. The deer was as real as the storm which now loosed a fury of rain upon the house. It would be well simply to let the incident pass, not tamper with some manifest destiny that was moving beyond the borders of his own life. Yet he had the feeling, provocative, frightening, that this stark apparition was in search of himself.

The rain fell in sheets. The room was darkened. He waited to see what the Indian would do. The gate leading from the meadow to the road was open. The road went to the covered bridge, thence gave upon the whole of the county. This ghost had only to walk straight on to vanish forever from his sight, to remain inexplicable, vague, a figure in a phantasmagoria. He wished nothing more. But at the end of the wall of the Fouracre house the Indian hesitated, turned partially back. La Place saw that his hair lay dank upon his head, that his face was drawn with exhaustion. The rain beat upon his shoulders, ran down the dripping body of the deer. For an instant the man paused, seemed to look about him. La Place felt himself to be enmeshed in a dream in which all motion was suspended. The thought flashed through his mind: "Now's the time. Will he turn—or will he go on? *Oh, will he go on!"* As if he had received the sugges-

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tion and was determined to do the opposite, the Indian settled the deer more firmly upon his shoulders and turned up the rutted lane that led to La Place's house.

He moved swiftly. La Place, now thoroughly alarmed, ran after him, not even taking time to remove his burdensome clothing. The cotton, thrust between his galoshes and his stockings, became soaked at once. His coat absorbed water and seemed weighted with lead. The veil, he himself realized, was a colossal absurdity under the circumstances. He attempted to tear it from his face as he ran, failed, and struggled on. So heavily encumbered in his movements that his muscles ached, struggling against the storm which almost blinded him, he felt himself to be taking part in a nightmare so fantastic and tormenting that his sanity would not survive it.

The road was very steep. The terrain up which it ran was knee-deep in grass and weeds. Only the ruts remained unchoked and clear. Down these ran such rivulets of water that the road seemed like a brook. He had not appreciated the violence of the storm. The Indian was well before him. Through the wet denim of his shirt La Place perceived the ripple and play of the muscles at his waist. His rain-soaked trousers gave the effect of nudity. The fellow's legs were like specimens bared beneath a surgeon's knife. Small knots of sinew visibly moved across the calves. His arms, supporting the deer, never varied their position. He moved up the hill as if it were level ground.

Some irresistible force, bred of his own fear and reluctance, pulled La Place after him. It was as if an ever-shortening rope led from the waist of this incredible figure to his own waist. He could not have stopped if he had tried. As the distance between them shortened, La Place began to feel something akin to embarrassment, like one who, having observed some fantastic machine from a distance, is now called upon to operate it. "What shall I do when I reach him?" he thought. Immediately he gave the answer to himself. "Tell him to get off the place! I can't have him here."

His fear mounting, he called out: "Stop! What do you want?" The fantastic creature before him gave no heed. He called again: "Stop, I tell you! What do you want?" The man made no reply. Shouted La Place suddenly: "You have heard. You have heard, none the less!" This phrase senselessly repeated itself in his mind as he continued his interminable struggle up the hill.

He was now directly behind the Indian's back. The muzzle of the deer was brown. "Chalk-brown in death." The animal itself was sleek and fat as a trout. This he found horrible, more horrible in fact than the long gash which circled its throat. The deer lolled upon the Indian's shoulders, swayed gently with his stride. Was any of this fantasy to be believed! Was this Indian, demon, death, thrust into his life for some incredible purpose? He could not rid his mind of the belief that this man had come in search of him. Why then did he not speak! He shouted again—this time with all his strength. "Who are you! What do you want!"

The man turned his head to look at him, seemed to gaze through him at some point upon the rain-washed horizon. They had now reached the turn of the road by the ruined barn, and together were moving straight toward the house now not more than a hundred yards away. Practically, they were al-

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ready beneath Margaret's windows. Thought La Place: "This can't happen! She shan't see this!" At some point he had succeeded in tearing off his veil. His head and face were bare. He realized that he was panting, that he was almost exhausted by the speed of the ascent and the weight of his rain-soaked clothes. "I shall have to stop," he said to himself. "But I shall stop this first." It was now past six o'clock. Willey had gone long ago and there was no chance of his return. If only some one whom he knew would drive in! For the first time he appreciated the courage of an officer who makes an arrest, wished that he had the stature of a giant. The fellow could pull him into ribbons. Yet, primarily, it was not fear for his own safety that deterred La Place from an open attack. It was, he realized with increasing exasperation, fear that he would make himself ridiculous. After all, what had the man done? Produced a deer from some unknown source—committed a trespass? Were these major crimes? Should he call constable or sheriff? Quite suddenly he found himself cursing with a dreadful vehemence: "God damn it! Get off of here!"

They had reached the house. The Indian, without a word, cast the dead deer upon the single stone step before the front door. The animal's head rested upon one of the two irons which flanked the step. The gash in the throat was thrust up as the head sagged back.

This La Place found immeasurably disconcerting. In a sense his way into his own house was barred. The Indian leaned panting against the wall. La Place perceived that his right hand was bloody. Probably it had come in contact with the deer's throat as he had thrown the animal down. La Place felt that he could never forget the scene. The light was fading fast. The Indian remained motionless. La Place perceived that he was young, lithe as a snake, though very tired. In his eyes burned a sombre purpose. His attitude, as he leaned against the wall, was deprecating, almost humble, but sullen, seemingly marked by an unspoken question or demand. The rain guttered upon the two from the roof above, swept in from the circle of the drive. La Place was long past caring, retained but one purpose—to drive this intruder from his land. Beside himself with anger and fear, he cried again: "Who are you! What do you want?"

The Indian spoke for the first time.

"Take the deer, plees," he said. His face suddenly became dark with emotion. An ominous tone entered his voice. He seemed almost to threaten. "You take the deer!" he said.

La Place stepped over the animal's body and into the house, slipping the bolt of the door behind him. His first thought was of Margaret. If she were still asleep, he would have the opportunity to telephone to Wilmington, summon a constable, and have this man removed. Margaret need never know. He said to himself: *"The savage! The damned savage!"*

(To be continued.)

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Charles E. Hughes

BY EVERETT COLBY

Although Mr. Hughes declares he is not a candidate, his handling of the Havana Conference of the Pan-American Union has brought him into even greater prominence than before. Everett Colby, well-known lawyer, former State senator in New Jersey, fellow trustee of Brown University, and closely connected with Mr. Hughes's 1916 campaign for the presidency, paints a revealing portrait of the person beneath the Hughes exterior.

ALTHOUGH I had known Charles E. Hughes for many years, I never felt that I knew him well until I helped to make him a moving-picture star and put him on the silver screen. When I say I helped to make him a star in the moving-picture world, I exaggerate. Mr. Hughes was not a star. In fact, his shortcomings as a special feature for a matinée performance were painfully evident. Even his best friends in those days could hardly call him handsome or a romantic figure. He couldn't scale a wall, rope a horse, or throw a steer. He had no attractive vices, no alluring human weakness.

When I was a boy he was known as the good young man in our church, and was held up to me by my parents as a model for me to follow. I was told to notice the way he walked, with his head up, his shoulders back, and his toes out, and never with his hands in his pockets. Needless to say, at the age of sixteen these veiled comparisons with my own imperfections did not endear Mr. Hughes to me or inspire me to emulate the object of my parents' admiration.

When I thought of all these things and remembered that Mr. Hughes wrote essays on the "Limitations of the Human Mind" and the "Evils of Light Literature" before he was out of short trousers, I began to wonder if I had not undertaken too much when I contracted to reveal Mr. Hughes to the world in a moving picture as a human being, a good fellow, and a genial soul.

But perhaps it would be better to go back and tell something of how this all came about.

In the year 1916, after Mr. Hughes had been nominated by the Republican National Convention, he spent the summer in a small town on Long Island, where the representatives of the press immediately foregathered. Twice a day the candidate interviewed the newspaper men and gave them such news of the progress of the campaign as he thought would be of public interest. The campaign, however, had hardly gotten under way when word was received by the Republican Campaign Committee, of which I was a member, that the reporters assigned to cover Mr. Hughes were in open revolt. They complained that they were uncomfortably housed, that the food was execrable, that the town afforded no amusements, and that Mr. Hughes himself was as cold as a fish. They said there was no color in his interviews, and that if he

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didn't thaw out and become a little more human and communicative, they might just as well go home.

It was a serious situation. Something had to be done, and as I was living at no great distance from the candidate's home, to me was assigned the responsibility of quelling the riot. With the valor of inexperience, I undertook the task. My first diplomatic move was to invite the newspaper men to a luncheon ordered with the abundant hospitality that springs from knowledge that some one else is to pay the bill. My strategy was perfect. The food was good, the talk was good, the crowd was good, the stories were—amusing. Before lunch was half over I was convinced that given half a chance every man present would proclaim Mr. Hughes the jolliest rogue and greatest mixer of all time. I therefore suggested that we visit the candidate as a delegation of Long Island farmers and request that he state his position on the Congressional appropriation for the distribution of free seeds to the tillers of the soil. No sooner had I stated the proposition than it fired my imagination. I saw its vast possibilities. The candidate's speech was already ringing in my ears: "The Republican party, my fellow countrymen, of which I am the standard-bearer, has from the days of Lincoln to those of William Howard Taft ever been the friend of the farmer and of the seed. Has not the Republican party caused the warm rains to fall and the sun to shine that seeds might spring from Mother Earth and ripen into golden harvest? What, on the other hand, has been the record of the Democratic party on this vital issue? What has it done for seeds? Nothing but invite the storm and flood to come that they might ravish and destroy the fruits thereof and send gaunt famine stalking through the land. Did Lincoln free the slave to chain the farmer to seedless, unproductive soil? No, no I say, a thousand times, no! (Cheers.) I hold aloft the standard of this great cause. Let him who dares snatch it from the hand of Hercules. At the coming of Armageddon I shall plant it on the high places of the field. From this resolve I shall not re-seed." What an opportunity! Would he not leap at this great chance to be a little human as a trout leaps from water for the fly? How the papers would play it up—"Candidate Reveals the Real Hughes—Captivates Newspaper Men with His Wit and Humor." Within half an hour the stage was set and we were waiting on the steps of the candidate's home for his appearance. I had sent word to Mr. Hughes explaining the part he was to play in the drama and begged him not to muff the ball. Word was soon received, however, that Mr. Hughes was too busy to come out and would receive the correspondents at five o'clock, the appointed hour.

For a few moments there was complete silence. Then came murmurs, raucous, malevolent, discordant, "Zero Hour," "Alone in the Arctic," "Farthest North." With these animadversions our intrepid heroes, having reached the Pole, harnessed their dogs, packed their sledge, turned their faces toward the south and began their long and weary march over the frozen snows.

Shortly after this agonizing experience the Republican National Committee decided to produce a moving picture with Mr. Hughes as the central figure to prove to the voters of the country that the Republican candidate was a person of normal human reflexes and reactions in spite of what seemed to be

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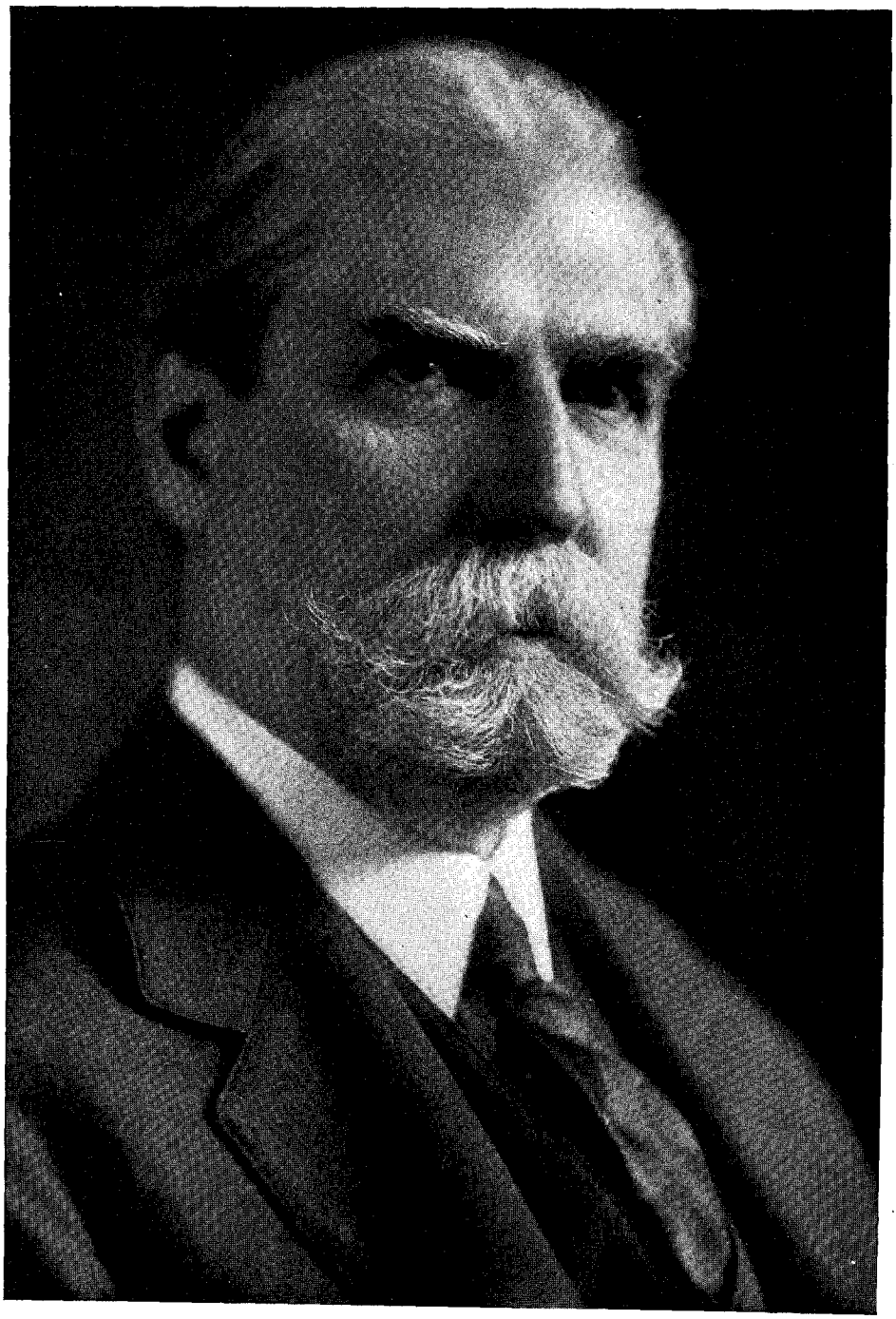

Charles Evans Hughes.

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing.

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overwhelming evidence to the contrary. For some reason never satisfactorily explained, I was made chairman of the committee to produce the picture. We went to work. With the enthusiasm of archæologists looking for an ancient tomb, we dug into the private life of Mr. Hughes looking for a skeleton. Frankly, we were out for sin. Had Mr. Hughes ever cut up, misbehaved, or raised the devil, we were going to know it. Anything short of murder in the first degree would be a godsend. In the absence, however, of a good crime, a misdemeanor involving a reasonable amount of moral turpitude would help a lot. Perhaps he had once smoked cubebs behind the barn, been arrested for disorderly conduct, or found painting a caricature of some professor on the college pump. No such luck, however, rewarded our efforts. We found nothing but a clean, honest, capable record, without one redeeming smudge. It couldn't have been worse. The picture, therefore, was dull. I do not remember distinctly all the features of the reel, but I do remember it began with the National Capitol and ended with a picture of the candidate with a fadeaway into the White House. One picture I do recall. We had Mr. Hughes standing at the mouth of a coal-mine togged out in full miner's regalia—overalls, pick-axe, shovel, head-lamp, and all. This was to show his close touch with the masses. Of this picture I was always a little ashamed until last summer when I saw President Coolidge represented as Rawhide Cal in chaps and sombrero mounted on a cow-punching bronco with a wicked eye. The effect was painful. We at least made Mr. Hughes at the mouth of the mine look as though he knew one end of his pick from the other.

The only excuse for this reference to the moving picture is that while it was being made I became better acquainted with Mr. Hughes than ever before, and discovered that the idea of his character I had carried in my mind for so many years was not at all true to life. It was misshapen and out of focus. It was natural that this should be so. My judgment had been formed by prejudice, rumor, and propaganda. As a boy I had thought of Mr. Hughes as too good for any use. Later I heard that he was austere and cold, and finally, when he entered public life, I saw him cartooned as "Charles the Baptist," dressed in long frock coat, moth-eaten silk hat, baggy trousers, shoes that turned up at the toes, his non-conformist umbrella tucked under his arm, and his whiskers the home of nesting birds. All these things undoubtedly contributed to make the mental picture grotesque and unreal. It was, of course, a judgment without any basis of fact whatever and, therefore, of no value. And yet it was a judgment such as millions of our countrymen form when estimating public men, especially during a period of political excitement and on the approach of a presidential election. No attempt is made to secure accurate information about the candidates or to discriminate or weigh their respective merits. Partisanship decrees that every candidate is either good or bad, saint or sinner, wise or foolish, prince or mountebank, intelligent or moron, patriot or traitor. There is no middle ground. We throw a purple mantle over the candidate of our own party and an indictment over our opponent, and by so doing conceal the deformities and virtues of both from the public view. Although a very great man, to millions of Republicans Woodrow Wilson was a villain of the deepest

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dye. Although human and with defects of character, to millions of Democrats he was immaculate, and to touch the hem of his garment was deemed a sacred privilege. The reaches of character and personality between these two extremes were not explored. It seems always to be so. Each side repeats the jargon, gibber, and gossip of party leaders until shibboleths and party cries are substituted for true values, fair criticism, and sound judgment. Mr. Hughes has suffered this experience. When he was appointed Secretary of State, a national weekly, widely read, said that he was a menace to the Republic and more dangerous than all the Communists in all the countries of the world put together. By others he was hailed as a god straight from the temples and olive-groves of Mount Olympus to set the world aright and "restore the government to the people." There you have two widely different views of Mr. Hughes, and one is just as good as the other, and neither is any good at all. He is not a menace and he is not a god. Somewhere between these two extremes is the Mr. Hughes of real life whom it has been my privilege to know. Let us see what manner of man he is.

First, is he human? This question has been asked me so many times that I should like to answer it, but in order to do so we must understand what the questioner has in mind. If the person who makes the inquiry is thinking of Mr. Hughes as a possible candidate for office, and is himself a politician of a certain type, he wants to know if Mr. Hughes is a "hail-fellow-well-met." In the elegant and polite language of the day, a "hail-fellow-well-met" is known as a "regular fellow." He has in mind a person who shakes hands immoderately, calls men by their first names readily, and slaps people on the back heartily. He is thinking of a man whose gifts to the poor are made by public proclamation, and whose cheery word and kindly smile are little more than political assets and rules of business conduct; in a word, a man who would be at home and make a hit with the folks in the little green house on K Street. If that is what is meant by human, Mr. Hughes does not fill the bill.

Again, if the questioner is an extreme radical, he doubtless wants to know if Mr. Hughes is sufficiently human to advocate the equal division of all wealth, including his own fat fees. He also wants to know if Mr. Hughes will advocate the disarming of this country's military forces without waiting for other nations to do the same, and, if really human, he expects him to proclaim the millennium without delay, and outlaw selfishness, fear, and greed from the human heart. If that is what is meant by human, I must again answer in the negative.

If, on the other hand, the questioner asks if Mr. Hughes is friendly, responsive, liberal, loyal, and keen of wit, and not too critical of the shortcomings of others; if he is charitable in his judgments and quick to help those less fortunate than himself; then I say if these characteristics make a person human, I answer in the affirmative without hesitation or equivocation.

The first evidence I had that Mr. Hughes was quite like other men and subject to the same frailties that beset the rest of us was during a game of golf. I had run down to see him on some matter that had arisen at Republican National Headquarters, and on my arrival he suggested that we might have a game and discuss business thereafter. For the first few holes his ball flew as

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straight as the crow flies, and as we walked along I tactlessly brought up the matter upon which we wanted his advice, without waiting until we had finished the round. Suddenly he topped his ball. His next shot was sliced into the rough, while his next dribbled into a trap, whereupon he turned around and abused me like a pickpocket for spoiling his game by talking shop. Could anything be more human? As the rebuke was well deserved and my offense quite inexcusable, I should have expressed regret and offered my apology, but I was so encouraged and delighted at seeing our candidate lose his temper that I forgot my manners and offered up a little prayer of thanksgiving for this conclusive evidence that Mount Olympus, after all, was not his permanent abode. As we were walking up to the house after this unfortunate affair, I wanted to ask Mr. Hughes if he would give me a few lessons in the game and teach me one or two of his strokes, but my courage failed. I wanted to ask the question because once when a reporter inquired of Mr. Hughes whether he understood French, he replied: "No, but I taught it."

While I have never made a book of Mr. Hughes's wise and witty maxims, I am sure if one were compiled it would confirm my assertion that Mr. Hughes is unquestionably of human origin and is now engaged in very profitable terrestrial occupations.

It is painful for me again to recall the moving picture, but it was on the dramatic day when it was first given to the world that I saw Mr. Hughes at his best. It was the day on which I received notice that the picture was completed and ready to be put upon the screen. It happened that the candidate was speaking in Montclair that evening, so it was arranged to give him a private performance in one of the picture houses of the town in the afternoon. No one was present but Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the somewhat nervous and exhausted committee, and two or three representatives of the press. It seems that, although photographed many times by moving-picture cameras, he had never seen a picture of himself projected on the screen. His surprise and amusement were very evident and his running comments extremely amusing. Assuming the character of a voter who had never had the privilege of meeting the candidate, Mr. Hughes soon made it evident that the candidate was not making a hit with the voter. He directed sharp criticisms at his clothes, his walk, his need of a hair-cut, and his whiskers, and added that if the Republican candidate for President looked like that, his place was not in the White House but in the morgue. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Hughes congratulated the committee on its success in producing such a remarkable piece of propaganda, and flattered us by saying that we had portrayed his character so perfectly that he had decided to vote—for Woodrow Wilson.

There is one more point to which I want to refer in discussing the human element in Mr. Hughes's composition, and that is his tolerance in matters of faith and religion, which is such a conspicuous feature of his character and such a distinctive mark of broad sympathies and understanding. In my judgment it is the best thing about him, and I hope that, although he has said that he is not a candidate for the presidency, he will take a leading part in the campaign, especially should the Democratic party nominate as its candidate the Gov-

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ernor of New York. I say this because I feel sure that if the ugly figure of religious bigotry should raise its diseased and leprous face during the progress of the campaign, Mr. Hughes would smite it with a flaming blade. I must confess that this knowledge of his generous attitude came to me as something of a surprise, as it did not appear in the mental picture to which I have already referred. I am sure it was also a surprise to many of his fellow countrymen who knew that he was the son of a Baptist clergyman, that he was marked from his youth for the Baptist ministry, and that he graduated from a New England Baptist college. With this background many people assume that he must be a man of narrow view and unsympathetic attitude—an assumption not justified by the spirit of modern New England, by the attitude of modern Baptists, or by the character of the man himself. This I know from personal knowledge as a witness of his ten-year struggle as a Fellow of Brown University to have the charter of the college amended so that any alumnus might, without regard to race or creed, participate in the administration of its affairs as a member of the corporation.

It was during the debates on this subject both before the committee appointed to investigate the subject and before the corporation after the report of the committee had been submitted that I heard from Charles E. Hughes some of the most inspiring words on religious liberty and religious toleration to which it has ever been my good fortune to listen. I shall never forget one meeting at which Mr. Hughes answered a member of the board who had presented with great sincerity and no little feeling the arguments of the conservative group, who charged that if we liberalized the charter and made it possible to admit Catholics to the councils of the university, it would be an act of bad faith and a betrayal of the founders of the college. Without showing the least animus, and in a spirit of kindness and conciliation, Mr. Hughes took up the arguments one by one, and with extraordinary cogency and intellectual vigor disposed of them with withering effect. His words were as sharp and incisive as the crack of a rifle; his logic fell with the driving power of a sledge-hammer, relentless, crushing, pulverizing. The collapse of the opposition was inevitable; its dissolution complete. There was nothing left of his opponent but a little dust that settled lightly on the ancient charter of the college which in the year 1764 was the most liberal of its day—probably the first college charter in the world to proclaim absolute liberty of conscience in the organic law of the institution—but which in 1925 had become narrow, rigid, and illiberal, and was, therefore, no longer a suitable conveyance to carry forward the broad intention of the founders of the university. It was a great victory for Mr. Hughes and the principle of religious toleration, and furnished additional evidence of his breadth of view and liberal attitude of mind.

It might be interesting to know how Mr. Hughes himself accounts for the wide belief that he is cold and aloof. During a recent conference I told him that I was writing an article for SCRIBNER'S and that the editor had begged me to make him as human as the truth would permit. At this Mr. Hughes was much amused. "What," he said, "is my humanity to be discovered again? It's discovered periodically but somehow they won't let me stay discovered. I don't understand

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it. What's more, it makes me tired. When I was in college the men of my class thought I was human enough to elect me Class Prophet. This meant that I was assigned to make the so-called funny speech at Commencement. Think of that—the funny speech!" He beamed with delight. "Furthermore, I was frequently asked to preside at class dinners because they said I had a light touch and was fairly good at keeping the ball in the air on occasions of that kind. Then came my fall from grace. In the investigations of the Gas Trust and the life-insurance companies there was such a mass of statistics and figures which I was obliged to master that the public got the impression that I was nothing but an adding-machine, with no human qualities whatever. That's where the trouble began. Later, when governor, my humanity was rediscovered, and for a brief period I basked in the warmth of a reputation for being quite like other people. No sooner, however, did I become accustomed to that reputation than I got into trouble with the Republican state organization and again became inhuman. The trouble seems to be that I don't stay put. As a matter of fact, I don't feel that I have changed at all, and fail to recognize any of the fluctuations in mood and spirit with which I am so frequently charged." In spite of what Mr. Hughes says about not having changed, I cannot but feel that he has changed radically since 1916; perhaps not in character or point of view, but surely in what might be called the externals. In the first place, he has spruced up and is much better turned out and groomed than he was in his crusading days. Furthermore, he is much more approachable, more genial, and, apparently at least, takes more pleasure in general social contacts. I say general social contacts because no one is better company than Mr. Hughes when he is with friends. I not only know this from personal experience but from those who have been with him in the woods and who always find him companionable, adaptable, gay-spirited, keen, and with a stock of good stories in his duffel-bag and kit. In my judgment, his reputation for coldness and austerity is not the result of his conduct during the investigation of the Gas Trust and insurance companies, but comes from a natural reserve and dignity which is as much a part of his nature as a boisterous manner or spirit of camaraderie may be to another. It is not, however, an indication of unfriendliness, of hauteur, or of pride. I cannot but feel, too, that years of prodigious intellectual effort and close confinement to the most exacting labor, together with a hopeless incapacity to dissemble or acquire the light, transient affability of the politician, have made him appear less cordial on the surface than he actually is at heart. A still deeper reason, however, for what some people think to be his lack of the human or magnetic spark is an interesting conflict of character between Hughes the extreme individualist in personal relations and Hughes the cooperationist in the broader realm of statesmanship. This point I shall try to explain later.

Now let us consider some of his other characteristics. How about his mind? There is probably none better in the country; at least, I know of none more powerful, independent, flexible, resourceful, retentive, analytical, or practical. Perhaps there is a lack of the imaginative quality, but of that I am not sure. Otherwise it is a perfect mechanism. On all the matters to which he

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has applied this wonderful thinking-machine I need not dwell. His work as an investigator, his accomplishments as Governor of the State of New York, his masterly leadership at the Pan-American Conference in Havana, his work at the bar and on the Supreme Court of the United States are matters of common knowledge. His administration as Secretary of State, however, I want to examine with some care, because it is during this period that one sees his philosophy and political methods at play better than at any other time in his career.

When Mr. Hughes was suggested for the position of Secretary of State, his appointment was violently opposed by the group in the United States Senate known as the "Bitter-enders" or "Irreconcilables." There were other good reasons, however, for his appointment, the most important being that he was the best person possible to reconcile the two conflicting points of view respecting our foreign policy—the one favoring close co-operation with Europe in efforts to maintain the peace of the world and the other favoring a policy of isolation and fearing that any mingling of our interests and those of Europe would lead to our discomfiture, if not to national disaster. It will be seen that events justified the President's choice.

At the time Mr. Hughes took over the office of Secretary of State there were many perplexing problems awaiting solution. There was the trouble with Mexico and the dispute with Japan over the Island of Yap; the intricate question of German reparations, the Russian demand for recognition, the Knox Resolution declaring the end of the war with Germany, the Colombian Treaty and the Treaty of Versailles with its Covenant of the League of Nations, and the Protocol of Signature of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice. While none of these problems was settled to the complete satisfaction of any one, yet few will deny that they were handled with consummate skill and intelligence. An examination of his approach to these problems reveals an attempt to apply two well-defined policies: first, an insistence that the interests of the United States be recognized and protected in every quarter of the globe, and, second, a corollary to the first, an acknowledgment that this insistence on our rights and the protection of our interests carried with it a reciprocal obligation to do our share in all intelligent and constructive international efforts to draw the nations of the world together in more peaceful accord. In the attempted application of these principles, Mr. Hughes frequently found himself facing a dilemma. When he was forced to assert our rights and interests in terms that seemed to many unduly harsh and peremptory, he was unable to apply the corollary, balance his policy, and take the sting from his diplomatic notes by lending the good offices of our government in co-operative international adventures when appropriate occasion arose for so doing. This gave rise to much bitter feeling and caused us to be looked upon as selfish, imperious, and unfriendly. But these unhappy consequences cannot be laid at the door of Mr. Hughes. It must be remembered that the authority of the Secretary of State is limited by the views of the President and the authority of the Senate, and it was Mr. Hughes's unhappy plight during the first part of his administration of the State Department to

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have the President entirely under the influence of the Irreconcilables, while the Irreconcilables themselves were entirely under the influence of their own intellectual infirmities and distempers. It was, therefore, impossible to get anything done by direct methods, or even by indirect methods if it was necessary to submit the proposal to the Senate. In fact, the test of a statesman's genius in this country to-day is often his ability to accomplish useful things without letting the Senate know what's going on. When there is need of relief from an embarrassing situation which the complexes and phobias of the Senate have brought to pass, some private citizen must leave his desk or some "ambassador of good-will" fly the sea or swim a channel to counteract the influence of a legislative body that has a capacity for mischief that has seldom, if ever, been excelled. There is no news in all this, however. Since the days of John Hay, a few members in the Senate of the United States have balked every attempt to secure the ratification of treaties that would carry the world forward in the high endeavor to outlaw war as a means of settling international disputes.

But perhaps I do the Senate an injustice. I know there is a sect, rapidly dying out, that believes it serves some useful purpose by virtue of its mere negations. That may be true and, if so, its merits should be recognized. I read in the public press recently that the people of Chicago were planning to erect a monument on the spot where the cow kicked over the lamp that caused the great and destructive fire of 1871. If the monument is to be a memorial to the cow in recognition of notable achievement, on the same theory of reward for public service it might be fitting for a grateful Republic to erect a monument to the Senate of the United States.

And so I repeat that Mr. Hughes cannot be held responsible for the failure of policies to which he was committed both by his personal inclinations and his own public declarations.

Acting as the President's adviser in matters affecting our foreign relations, Mr. Hughes urged upon Mr. Harding with earnestness and conviction the ratification of the Versailles Treaty with the reservations he had prepared. The Senate, however, was obdurate. It refused to yield an inch. Not only that. It was by some senators broadly intimated that if the proposed treaty was sent to the Senate they would not only kill it but would refuse to vote on any other measure, domestic or foreign, until the draft treaty was withdrawn from its files. Mr. Hughes's conduct under the circumstances was characteristic. Two courses were open to him. He could resign, or remain in office and do the best he could. If he resigned, which was the easy thing to do, he could not explain publicly his reasons for so doing without disloyalty to the President. That course would, therefore, be barren of result and only make possible the appointment of a successor less friendly to the treaty than himself. He therefore remained in office, and with patience and resourcefulness worked out and made possible the Dawes Plan for the payment of German reparations, the Conference on Limitation of Armaments, and the President's open advocacy of the Permanent Court of International Justice. With this record of honest effort, if not of full achievement, I am convinced that Mr. Hughes did all in his power to put into effect the policies to which he was personally committed

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and his party pledged. I have not until recently believed this to be so, and it has given rise to many sharp and, to me, regrettable differences between us.

And still another interesting thing about Mr. Hughes is his conscience, and a conscience is not as a rule particularly intriguing or exciting. The peculiar feature, however, of Mr. Hughes's conscience that makes it interesting is the seeming contradiction in connection therewith that makes him extremely sensitive concerning his own conduct and astonishingly indifferent to the conduct of his neighbor. While he can always be counted upon to give aid to any sane movement to better social and political conditions in bulk, he has none of the average reformer's passion for regulating the private life of the individual. He can be aroused about the evils associated with the race-track, but I can't imagine him admonishing a gambler for laying a wager on a horse. It is on the whole an engaging quality, but in the case of Mr. Hughes is carried so far that it frequently invites the criticism that he is individualistic and self-centred. This curious detachment toward the personal affairs of others is difficult to understand, but I think I can at least illustrate my point.

When Mr. Hughes first came to New York as a young man to practise law, he attended the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church (now the Park Avenue Baptist Church), of which my father was one of the trustees. At one of the meetings of the board it was found that affairs of the church required the attention of a lawyer, and it was suggested that perhaps a young man by the name of Hughes in the congregation would be willing to volunteer his services. This he did, and his work was done so conscientiously, so thoroughly, and so ably that it made a profound impression. In fact, he worked as hard and with as much enthusiasm on this small matter for which he was to receive no compensation as he did later in the investigation of corporations that was to bring him handsome rewards and marked distinction. He looked upon it as a moral obligation, and that was enough to make him give to the task the best he had to offer. To complete the story, that it may be used as a suitable text for a sermon to the young, Mr. Hughes subsequently was given his first big case by one of the trustees of the church because of the capacity revealed in this matter of no importance and little promise. It is a perfect illustration of Mr. Hughes's fidelity to a personal obligation. It is the same loyalty he shows toward his family, his college, his clients, and any department over which he presides or for which he is legally or morally responsible. For these duties no work can be too arduous, no sacrifice too great, but when it comes to the other activities with which he is indirectly connected but for which he is not directly responsible, he often fails to show the interest and consideration expected by those associated with him in some common undertaking. It has been said that while Mr. Hughes managed the State Department to perfection, other cabinet officers could not get him interested in matters outside of his department, although by so doing he would help to promote the spirit of co-operation or perhaps save some other branch of the government from criticism and embarrassment. Mr. Hughes is quite unlike Mr. Hoover in this respect, who, if report be true, lends his helpful and skilful hand in every kitchen around the place. The reason it is difficult to understand this trait is that

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it cannot be laid to selfishness because of the whole-hearted way Mr. Hughes gives of his time and strength without stint in other concerns from which no reward whatever will accrue. I can only account for it on the theory that he believes his contribution to the world is to do his job superlatively well, and that this cannot be done if he assumes responsibility for the acts of those over whom he has no control. Just as the credit of a good banker may be seriously impaired by indorsing the notes of too many friends, so a public official may destroy the public's confidence in his ability if he becomes involved in the affairs of other departments with the detailed management of which he is not familiar. At any rate, whatever the explanation, it makes for efficiency, if not for popularity and a reputation for being a good fellow.

With this peculiarity in mind, it is not difficult to understand Mr. Hughes's conduct and decision in a question that arose after Mr. Harding's election when it was believed Mr. Hughes would be asked to become a member of his cabinet. Other prominent Republicans of high standing were known to be on the list of possible appointees, and one of them was greatly concerned for fear that if Mr. Harding appointed some of his undesirable political associates to act as his advisers, the administration would sooner or later be discredited and the reputation and future usefulness of all the members of the cabinet seriously affected. He felt confident that if Mr. Hughes accepted and served without the support of men of similar standards, he would be unable to save the administration from certain misadventure. This would be true, he thought, of any member of the group who went into the cabinet alone. In fact, he predicted with uncanny prescience the misfortunes that befell. He, therefore, requested me to see Mr. Hughes and ask him if he would agree with the others not to accept appointment unless all were invited to serve. This would mean that through united action in the cabinet they could in some measure control the policies of the administration and prevent the undue influence of those in whom the people had no confidence. Although I had little hope that Mr. Hughes would consider the proposition with favor, I consented to see him and did so. During the time I was delivering my message, Mr. Hughes looked at me with his "mild eyes of the church," then turned the proposition down with the remark that if asked to become Secretary of State, he would accept and conduct the office to the best of his ability, and that it was not his business to dictate to the President-elect or interfere with his appointments in any way. It was probably the correct position for him to take, but whether correct or not, I felt confident that had I been able to assure him that his colleagues in the cabinet would be Jesse James, Bluebeard, Benedict Arnold, and Jack the Ripper, the answer would have been the same. He would have said that they could attend to their business and he would attend to his, and if they didn't attempt to interfere with the Department of State, they would get along famously. It was the same attitude he assumed toward the Irreconcilables in the Senate. Nothing they did ever disturbed him in the least, even though they confused his plans and destroyed his hopes. He never condemned, never criticised, and never lost his temper. Unlike John Hay, one of our greatest Secretaries of State, who called

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the Irreconcilables in the Senate of his day "unreclaimable cranks" who would "vote on the blackguard side of every motion that came before them," Mr. Hughes pursued his course with a pleasant smile, unruffled and serene.

This determination not to pass judgment on the conduct of others and to mind his own business has become with Mr. Hughes an obsession, and while I must confess they are appealing characteristics, they are not what is expected of uplifters and reformers. What is more, it is unlike the Hughes so many people have in mind — a preacher, something of a prude, a little sanctimonious, and very much of the "better-than-thou" variety. These descriptions, however, do not fit Mr. Hughes at all. He is nothing of a Pharisee. In fact, his unwillingness to condemn is carried to the point of seeming indifference to the moral standards of his neighbor. Indeed, I think of all the people connected with the Harding administration, Mr. Hughes was the least disturbed by the scandals in which some of the members of the cabinet became involved, and this in spite of the fact that he is a devout churchman and a cultivated Christian gentleman. It is an interesting phase of his character that I have tried to illustrate, if not explain.

To this general rule of conduct, namely, not to interfere in the affairs of others, Mr. Hughes made one conspicuous exception when as Secretary of State he defended in a public letter Truman H. Newberry, who in 1918 had been accused of an unlawful use of money in his primary campaign to secure the nomination for the position of United States Senator from the State of Michigan. This he did in spite of the fact that he was not a citizen of that State, a member of the Senate, or in any way connected with the event except that he represented Mr. Newberry on the appeal from his conviction to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Hughes justifies his course in this matter—although he feels no necessity for so doing—by saying that when he undertook to argue the case before the Supreme Court there was no question of moral turpitude on the part of Mr. Newberry involved, all questions of that nature having been withheld by the court from consideration by the jury on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to support the charge. Mr. Hughes was also convinced that the trial was unfair and that the unproved charges were being used against him in an unwarranted and unjustifiable manner in an attempt to declare his election illegal and his seat in the Senate vacant. That Mr. Hughes is sincere when he states his belief that his conduct in this matter should be commended rather than condemned, no one can doubt who discusses the incident with him face to face. I cannot but feel, however, that it is the one positive and aggressive act of Mr. Hughes's career the propriety of which is subject to criticism, the gravamen of the offense being that he used his name and the prestige of his high office to defend a man charged with a serious crime when he had no personal knowledge either of his innocence or his guilt. The fact that an election fraud cannot be proved is not conclusive evidence that it was not committed. Money to be used for an illegal purpose is not openly passed from hand to hand in the market-place or on the public highway.

I cannot account for Mr. Hughes's action in this affair except on the theory that he believed Mr. Newberry innocent of any wilful wrong-doing and, believ-

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ing in his innocence, considered it more in the public interests that the Senate should be permitted to function in orderly fashion rather than have all public business harassed and confused by the effect of a tie vote in the Senate which would result if Mr. Newberry failed to take his seat.

We see too, I think, in Mr. Hughes's decision to intercede in Mr. Newberry's behalf, certain characteristics to which I have already referred—his reluctance to pass judgment upon the conduct of others, his feeling that at all costs the machinery of the law must not be permitted to work an injustice or a wrong, and, finally, that silence on his part would be improperly interpreted to the prejudice of a person presumed to be innocent until his guilt was proved.

That Mr. Hughes is one of the outstanding personalities of our generation I believe will be conceded. He brought to the public service an incorruptible character, extraordinary ability, unusual courage and independence, the highest standards of personal conduct, and unbounded energy. He left it vitalized and enriched. While he mapped his course by the stars, he kept his eyes on the trail and balanced with profound wisdom the life-giving force of progressive ideas with all that was sound in the slow-moving thought of the old school. In spite of his achievements, however, and the fact that at every turn he was opposed by powerful factions within his own party which tested the qualities of leadership and his influence with the people as nothing else could, he has been denied—unjustly, I believe—a place among the magnetic and inspired leaders of our time.

An interesting study and analysis could be made of his character, the times during which he occupied the stage, and the events that made up the drama of his career to determine if possible the reason for this phenomenon. It would be pleasing to discover some mysterious complex, some conflict of the spirit or dark brooding of the soul that in the critical moments of his life warped his judgment and smothered the vital spark. But there would be no such interesting revelation. Mr. Hughes's life is too open, his mind too healthy, his courage too marked, his disposition too buoyant, his frankness too disarming, to make profitable a probing of his character for the subtle or obscure. There is nothing morbid or mystic about Mr. Hughes. The reasons for his failure to catch the public imagination are, therefore, drab and prosaic. They are found in a somewhat formal manner, in his refusal to appoint political friends to office, in a widespread hostility to New York corporation lawyers, in a total lack of dramatic instinct, and in an extremely practical mind, that, for the purpose of accomplishing results, welcomes compromise between extremes, a wholesome characteristic, indeed, but one that leaves him without the reverent disciples of a martyr or the ardent following of a hero.

But the most important factor in Mr. Hughes's career has been ironic fate. Had he on a certain day during his campaign in 1916 met the Governor of California as he passed through the corridor of a hotel to look out across the waters of the Pacific, he would have been elected President of the United States; in which event I am convinced his courage, his vision—yes, and his humanity — would have made his administration one of conspicuous achievement and placed him in history among the foremost statesmen of the world.

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Our Top Sergeant

(SKETCHED FROM LIFE)

BY THOMAS BOYD

The author of "Through the Wheat" contributes the fifth of the group of high lights of the war by fighting writers. This portrait of a sergeant differs from the popular conception. It forms an interesting contrast with "Distinguished-Service Cross," by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., the first of the series.

THE top sergeant came swinging heavily down the cindered path from the company office door and stopped abruptly; feet planted firmly, his left hand insolently spanning his hip-bone, he stood before the uncomfortable platoon and glared with contemptuous hostility.

The sixty men aligned there on the mud road that lay between two of the many rows of tar-paper bunkhouses moved nervously and strove to keep their eyes from revealing any signs of inward feeling or intelligence. From big Marsh, who was number one of the first squad, down to little Higgins, number four, rear rank, of the eighth and last, they were all uneasy under the cold, watchful gaze of the top sergeant. They knew his brazen voice, his gift for obscenity of expression, his ability to make them want to crawl away in shame. He had cursed them often during the three months they had been in France and they had no hope that he would ever speak to them in a different manner: he was chief of the non-commissioned officers of the company, a definite power, a man whom a private had better look at with eyes respectfully filmed or else not look at at all. This morning they had brought about his wrath by refusing to double-time for their own platoon sergeant, Upshaw, who was an irritable sort and who expected them, at his command, to run through a cold April dawn without any breakfast. Sixty pairs of hobnailed shoes shifted uneasily in the mud as their almost motionless wearers tried desperately to appear oblivious of the one man confronting them.

He stood there, his lips now twisted mockingly and his gray eyes sharply raking the platoon. "Wouldn't double-time, eh?" His voice was raised, but it struck a pitch and held it: like a cross-cut saw that rasped and bit into hard wood. "Wouldn't double-time, eh? Who the God-damned hell do you think you birds are, anyhow? A bunch of lousy bums comin' in from the outside after your three squares a day; you get into uniform and think you're soldiers. Why, you ain't soldiers. Ain't a one of you that'ld make a good-sized wart on a real soldier's neck, not a damned one of you." He paused and drew his heels together, his hands at his side but his gaze roving belligerently.

The would-be soldiers, who for the

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most part had been recruited from high schools, colleges, and offices, kept their eyes straight to the front and stood like ramrods.

"Wouldn't double-time, eh? Jist lemme ask you birds how you figure you'll get away with it? Tell the whole damned army to go to hell, wouldn't you? You guys must think you're hard. Hard! By God, you will be hard 'fore I get through with you."

Incautiously young Higgins moved his foot. Raised from the viscous mud it made a sucking sound that the top sergeant heard. He shot out:

"What's that!" Cunningly he discovered young Higgins, down at the end of the line, in confusion. "Any of you hard guys got anything to say?" he challenged.

Young Higgins felt his face turn cold and white. He remained stiff and silent.

The top sergeant swung his attention back to front and centre. "Wipe that smile off your face, Gillespie, or I'll knock it off. I'll knock it clean around to the other side of your dome. You've done about all the God-damned agitatin' around this outfit you're gonna do; first thing you know you won't know nothin'. I'll have you diggin' latrines for the rest of your worthless life. You birds ain't standin' up to no mail-order shavetail now. By the Jesus I'll snap you into it! I'll teach you hard guys to lay down when you get an order from one of your superiors. Won't double-time, hey? The hell you won't! I'll show you: I'll wear your shoes off clean up to the ankles!"

At the beginning the top sergeant's voice had struck a pitch that was neither high nor low. His words, steelly menacing, fitted into that even tone as he continued, giving the command: "Squads right, hrrch!"

Automatically the platoon swung from two ranks into a column of fours and went tramping through the mud of the company street, crossed over the graded highroad, and entered upon the vast, flat drill-ground where, less than an hour before, they had been mutineers.

"Double-time," the top sergeant called out sharply and ran up to the head of the column; "hrrch!"

Hobnailed boots and putteed legs were lifted mechanically. They churned slowly up and down over the soggy earth. The men pounded forward with elbows bent and fists doubled against their breasts. Over to the right a bright flag stirred drowsily in the morning air; to the left a wisp of blue smoke rose tremulously from the black stack of a cook-shack.

"Snap into it; on the double, you birds in the first squad!" Jogging at their heels, the top sergeant drove them on. "Column lay-eft, hrrch!" he shouted.

The leading squad slowed down for the turn, those that followed pushed upon them like stampeding steers; then the line lengthened out again and the men pounded down the field with their backs to the color-topped flagpole.

Around the great, rectangular field they ran, harried by the first sergeant's voice. Rugged from months of training though they were, many began a heavy, uneven breathing, their lips shut tight and the air whistling in through their pinched nostrils. They had refused to double-time for their platoon sergeant that morning, but now they were running into exhaustion at the command of the top. The longer-legged, who made up the first squads, desperately stretched out their pace. Like a folding telescope the moving column

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shortened as the smaller members in the rear tried to regain the proper distance between themselves and the men who were leading; it lengthened as they lost more ground.

In ragged squads the platoon rounded the field and ran past the cook-shack. There other men stood watching, holding their aluminum mess-gear in their hands as they waited in a line by the steaming kitchen for their ration of black coffee, bacon, and molasses with bread. Some of them grinned as the column charged past; one soldier derisively waved a cup, but none of them made any comment that the top sergeant could hear. They had long ago learned that it was better to keep dissociated from the top at all times.

The platoon ran on, passing the cook-shack, where they too should have been waiting for their breakfast. They looked directly ahead toward the rows of bunkhouses. Would they be allowed to cross the highroad and return to their quarters now, or hadn't the top yet finished with them, they wondered. He had not.

"Column lay-eft, hrrch!" he shouted. Breathlessly they veered off and raced down the end of the rectangular field.

"Column lay-eft, hrrch!" Now they were passing the flagpole. Two more commands brought them back to the field-kitchen over the same muddy track they had made before; this time they went by more slowly and the pungent smell of coffee and bacon was enticingly mingled with the air.

In the last squad young Higgins, who was dark, slender as a girl, felt his lips jerk spasmodically and his knees grow wabbly. His heart was beating in strange, long thudding strokes and his chest unnaturally expanded. With panic he realized he was falling behind.

"Close up, that last squad!" Higgins heard the top sergeant's words and sprinted forward, but it was as if he were running in loose sand: the back of number four of the front rank kept receding from him, an inch or more at every stride. All of his muscles strained to recapture that lost distance. He did not notice the top sergeant's exasperated backward glances, that the top dropped back from the head to the rear of the column, that he burst out "Je-e-*sus!*" and swung his heavy hand—young Higgins noticed nothing of this. But suddenly he bewilderingly felt a blow on the back of his head and his overseas cap went sailing in front of him. He stumbled.

"Hell's bells, didn't I say 'Close up!'" shouted the top.

Young Higgins got a sidelong glance at the man's reddened face. Stupidly he raised up, took his cap from the mud, and spurted after the running platoon. His cheeks felt hot; he was humiliated. But the weight of the army system was tremendous and inescapable. And soon it was as if he had not failed to keep up, as if he had not been struck; he ran on, being merely number four of the rear rank of the last squad once more.

Some minutes later the top sergeant took the platoon from the drill-ground back to the company street, wheeling the squads into two ranks facing the bunkhouses. "You birds had enough this morning or do you want me to run you ragged?" He was panting, but only a little. His lower jaw moved truculently outward as he continued scornfully: "Where're these hard guys that wouldn't double-time, eh?" He laughed at their silence. "Dismissed!" he snapped.

They broke ranks, not talking until after they had reached the security of their quarters, which were two double

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tiers of straw-covered bunks beneath a tar-paper roof.

"Boy!" Big Marsh of the first squad wiped his forehead with his coat-sleeve and whistled. "The top sure did run us ragged."

Andrus, who was older and more resigned than the rest, screwed up his lined face and said thoughtfully: "Seem like you birds might 'bout as well of double-timed for Upshaw at reveille in the first place; then you wouldn't had the top shaggin' us all over the drill-ground when the rest of the gang was eatin' chow."

Jack Pugh, the Mississippi gambler, spoke between puffs of a hastily lighted cigarette: "Ah — wouldn' — double-time—fo'—Upshaw no sooner'n Ah'd do it fo' a houn' dog that's back was broke."

"The hell you wouldn't," answered Gillespie, "my next month's pay says if the top said 'Do it' you'd double-time for half a hound dog with a busted back. Top says 'Snap!' " he ended decidedly, "you'd snap, jist like I'd do."

"He sure is hard-boiled," sighed Marsh and looked down at his fist, then along the row of bunks toward Higgins, who sat rubbing the back of his head and not speaking. "Most hard-boiled old-timer in the whole damned outfit."

"I'll tell the world," agreed Gillespie, and went on shrilly: "I'll tell the cock-eyed world I wish they'd transfer him to some other comp'ny for a while."

Andrus cleared his throat. "Well—no. All right if we're gonna stay back of the lines, but way I look at it an outfit that's goin' up to the front needs a hard guy like that."

As this new experience for which the men were preparing was brought to their minds they all grew sombre. Young Higgins, brushing the mud from his cap, was somewhat consoled for the bump on his head by the thought that a man like that had a place where the war was actually fought.

Six weeks later the whole division went up to the front, travelling first in box cars, then in camions, and finally afoot toward Château-Thierry, where four battered regiments of regulars held part of a sector. It was at that time a very active portion of the western front, a place where great shells churned up freshly dug graves.

Being novices at war they undertook the relief in a careless manner. They lighted cigarettes, talked to hear the comforting sound of their own voices as they pushed forward in a column of twos through the summer evening. The tall wet grass, the twisting paths, the enshadowed groves of trees they skirted made them, at most, uneasy. The chasm's brink that was the front lay somewhere in the distance, menacing but to be approached disdainful of its dangers.

"What're we gonna do—walk all night?" Gillespie's voice rose up shrilly from the ghostlike moving column.

In the last squad marched young Higgins, his narrow shoulders sagging under his heavy pack, rifle, and extra bandoleers. Something in Gillespie's tone caused him to shiver, to feel a current of cold air blowing between his sweating shoulder-blades. It passed, but he caught at his lip, and his eyes grew wide with apprehension. How distant really was the front, he wondered; the place where he would stand with nothing but a stretch of ground to separate him from the Germans. He had heard of their liquid fire, their hymn of hate, their fiendishness to prisoners. He wish-

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ed the men ahead would put out their cigarettes that glowed so brightly in the night, that they would cease their muttering.

The column paused, started forward again, and Higgins sensed that they were stepping down into a rock-strewn ravine. Unexpectedly a voice called from the darkness beyond: "What outfit?"

Higgins heard his own top sergeant answer, and felt a swelling of comfort and security in his chest.

"Better ditch them cigarettes and pipe down," said the unknown voice; "you're up at the front and them Heinies 's got a whiz-bang that they work overtime."

Somebody tried to bluff himself with "We ain't scared of no lousy Germans."

After a moment the top sergeant's order sounded briskly: "No more lights and cut out the talk." Cigarettes were hastily extinguished and there was silence, broken only by the breathing of tired men and by hobnailed boots stumbling against the rocks.

It was good, thought Higgins gratefully, that the top was there in front of the column. He was hard-boiled, yes; but wasn't it better to be led by such a man than by one who was afraid? The top would know what to do, how to meet the Germans. To young Higgins that remembered thump he had got on the head was now almost like a blessing, a promise that the top would single him out for special protection against unseen danger.

The column wound into the front line and the relief began. Higgins was aware of men stooping over against the farther side of the ravine, gathering their equipment, trotting quietly away. Officers were talking confidentially; non-coms posted their squads, privates of the veteran division were telling those that were relieving them:

"Boy, it's mean as hell up here."

"Lost a whole battalion the first day."

"See you in Hoboken, buddy."

Higgins found himself standing with his rifle thrust out through the wet grass that grew at the top of the ravine. Somewhere opposite in the night a German soldier, standing as he was standing, faced him. All along the front it was like that. This consciousness made his cheeks feel stiff and his chin tremble inside the leather strap of his steel helmet. He wondered anxiously if that was a symptom of fear, if he was a coward. But, good Lord, he couldn't be a coward; he didn't dare.

A whining noise came from the blackness beyond. It was slight at first and apparently harmless. It fascinated Higgins and he strained his nerves to listen. The noise grew louder, became like the frenzied scream of some one shouting against his ears. He felt himself tighten and press his body against the bank. Then the ground shook and through the darkness floated a stinging vapor that poured into his mouth and nostrils. It cut at his chest like a finely pointed knife. His cold hands went shakily for his mask. He got it on, but it was of no use. The high explosive smoke passed unharmed through the chemicals and cut into his lungs.

The roar still echoing in the ravine, that little whining noise was heard again: a shell burst closely, throwing mud and rock and jagged steel casing. Young Higgins cringed.

"Help—help—oh!"

"Stretcher-bearer, for Christ's sake a stretcher-bearer!"

Again a shell leaped into the ravine and broke up thunderously. As the dé-

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bris flew past, Higgins shut his eyes and pressed his face into the soft embankment. The top, he thought; good Lord, why didn't the top do something about it!

In a moment's silence he heard a tree-limb cracking, splitting slowly away from the trunk. Before it fell, there was another roar and the smoke was almost palpable.

From the right came a querulous voice: "I'm hit, oo-oo-oo, I'm hit. Don't leave me lay here. I'll bleed to death."

Heavy feet tramped doggedly about through the smoke-filled ravine. Officers shouted words of encouragement that were only half intelligible. The bombardment crashed maddeningly on. It was a thing of inexhaustible fury under which the unmaimed lay in silent helplessness.

The hurtling shells came out of the night and ended with the night. Dawn spread a ghastly quiet over the ravine, but Higgins remained looking out over the field that had now become a rolling sea of green wheat-stalks. He dreaded to turn his head, for he knew that fear and horror had left their marks in his eyes and in the shape of his mouth. . . .

After a while there were steps behind him. Somebody stopped within arm's length. Slowly and reluctantly Higgins twisted himself about.

The top sergeant stood before him, looking at him with bleary, uncertain eyes, his jaw drawn down and hanging loosely. "Jee-sus," gasped the top; "Jee-sus; s-say, Higgins, you got a cigarette?"

Young Higgins dropped his head and his gray eyes slid away in embarrassment. Even in that place where the first dead men he had ever seen lay stiffening under the hot June sun—even there he could not help being aware of the altered conduct of the top; and, knowing the way this man had once been and how he had so changed, young Higgins could not help feeling the indecency of the situation. It was with unconscious pity in his eyes that he reached beneath his service-belt for the package of cigarettes.

Royal Palms

By Irene H. Wilson

The royal palm-trees stand in quietness,
Stately and motionless and beautiful
Against the tropic night.
Between the slim fronds of their drooping branches
Tremble the jewels of the Southern Cross
And gold Canopus; while from the brim
Of her bright, alabaster chalice Isis pours
A silver light upon the pale gray stems,
Tapering, ringed, like ancient-builded columns,
Thinking she stands again beside the Nile,
On Philæ's templed isle, at Elephantine,
Or in the lofty, immemorial hall
Of Karnak.

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George Bellows—American

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS

A real and intimate portrait of George Bellows, who "arose surrounded by Methodists and Republicans" in the Middle West, was Ohio State's best shortstop, and contributed remarkable vitality to American art. The story of a typical American turned artist and blessed by genius.

GEORGE BELLOWS's short life was a joyous, unaccompanied pursuit. He looked about on the face of the earth and said: "Not so bad—as raw material. I wonder what it would all mean if you could get it straightened out so you could see it. And I wonder what it could be made to look like to anybody else." Before the bright terrestrial flash should pass he meant to explore as far as possible. There was not much to guide one. Why not inform oneself and act as one's own guide? Why not? He had all the capacities of a "lone wolf."

In trying to understand what he was about, his family, his friends, and the public were always a step or two behind; in trying to anticipate the direction of his next move, they were always wrong. His mother early dreamed that her slender, light-haired son would become a bishop. Every Sunday morning he was hauled to church in the high-wheeled surrey in the hope that his pushing young spirit would be impressed with the solemnity of mortal existence. Charley, a boy indentured by the family, had been so tremendously impressed that he decided to become an undertaker. In the back yard, in Columbus, Ohio, he fenced off a miniature cemetery and began with great enthusiasm to conduct funerals and inter remains. But George Bellows was interested only æsthetically: he made the designs for the tombstones that Charley erected. And as for the bishopric, the nearest he ever came to it was singing in a church choir—which is not necessarily a close approach. His father saw, evidently, that the bishopric was too far a reach. He proposed that his son become a banker. It would afford him an infinite peace in his last years to see this exploring son intrenched in an occupation of such solid respectability. But George said: "I don't want to be a banker. I'm going to Ohio State. I believe I can 'make' the baseball team."

In college he was a sprawling young barbarian very much concerned with finding something to do. When he reported for baseball and the coaches and fans said, "He looks like an outfielder," he replied: "Oh, no; I'm a shortstop." And, despite the fact that shortstops are usually not six feet two inches tall, he went daily with a team-mate and practised throwing to first base from every position on his side of the infield until he was accepted generally as the greatest shortstop that had ever played on an Ohio State team. He

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played basket-ball too, and he sang in the glee club. Still there was energy left. So when his fellows had played or sung until they were exhausted and begged for sleep, he devised ingenious means of keeping them awake. But still there was energy left. So he made cartoons of his professors.

The newspapers were full of comment on this boisterous, good-natured athlete. Fellow collegians and fellow townsmen said he was good enough for the big leagues. "Of course you will go into professional baseball." But he amazed them by replying: "Hu-uh! I'm going to be an artist."

"Whew!" was all they could say; and they said that under their breath.

It had never occurred to him that there might be any doubt about his qualifications as an artist. He had begun the fundamentals early. In the rigid Methodist days of his childhood he had been permitted two activities on Sunday—reading and drawing. Since his mother always delighted in reading to him, he could draw undisturbed while he listened! That meant that he drew all the time on Sunday afternoons. This experience—and he always thought it had much to do in determining his career—enabled him to draw better than any of his fellow pupils in school. He was known as "the artist." In college he illustrated undergraduate publications. Professor "Joey" Taylor, sympathetic confessor for all brave spirits at Ohio State, encouraged him to believe that his ability was important. But in New York he encountered people who were not so sure. How did they know that he was not merely another prodigal moth to be singed in the brightness of the Great White Way? He came from way out in Columbus, Ohio, did he not, or some other unheard-of place? What did anybody know about art out there?

He met one teacher, however, who immediately supported his confidence in himself—Robert Henri. Henri had come from the Middle West himself, and he liked this stalwart chap with the intent face and the healthy will. A pupil who was always gay, always full of deviltry, yet always serious about the business of painting, was not to be found in the New York School of Art every day. From every word his original-minded teacher uttered, from every movement he made, from every criticism he offered, Bellows learned with white-hot mind. Henri never criticised any one else so severely. He knew Bellows could stand what would crush others. But he also encouraged him. "You will succeed," he assured him; "some degree of success is certain. The quality of your success will depend upon the personal development you make." So, after all, maybe he might paint just as good a picture as anybody!

His fellow students looked upon him with inquiring, amused eyes. He was so little acquainted with the life of New York that the only social organization he knew when he arrived was the Y. M. C. A. It maintained a swimming-pool and a basket-ball floor, and he knew how to use both. In appearance nothing marked him as a devotee of the æsthetic. He was self-conscious in the presence of so many artistic strangers; he sprawled—there was so much of him that it was difficult to be graceful except when standing up; and he laughed with such untrammelled heartiness that everybody turned and stared at him whenever anything set him going. But how much did he care? Perhaps, if he only knew the truth, they were all just as raw as he was. Maybe

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they didn't know half as much about painting! Certainly they didn't know one-tenth as much about it as he meant to know some day.

No one could deny that he was interesting. His fellow students soon became busy in trying to make him out. His clumsy externals could not prevent them from seeing his essential good nature, his essential dignity of spirit, and his sound emotional and intellectual power. They liked especially his glowing vigor. When the school had its first dance of the year he took a very beautiful Scandinavian girl—from Minnesota. His friends stood in wonder at the magnificence of this light-haired couple. "Wouldn't they make a prize-winning bride and groom?" every one asked. But when the whisperings came to Bellows he exclaimed: "Oh, no! You are absolutely wrong! I'm going to marry that dark-haired girl from Upper Montclair!"

This girl from Upper Montclair, Miss Emma Louise Story, out of sheer pity for an overgrown boy who was spending his long Christmas vacation away from home, invited him to come to her father's house for a meal. "The steak," she assured her mother, "must be the biggest one you can find; for I never saw such an eater as he is." But George was so nervous he could not handle the silverware, much less eat. His embarrassment was increased, too, by the young lady's father. He did not care much for male artists. He had known one, a man who could paint a feather so perfectly that you couldn't tell it from the real thing; but, apart from being able to do that, he did not count for much. This feeling against artists was accentuated, too, when George Bellows began to appear on the landscape with a degree of regularity. But George was ready to contest with the father as well as with the hesitant daughter. What does a little matter of waiting around for six years amount to?

All the while he was painting, painting with unequalled persistence. "No time to waste! No time to waste!" One day John W. Alexander went home from his duties as a juror in the National Academy's annual exhibit and said to his wife: "There's a picture over there, by a young fellow named Bellows, from out West somewhere—'Forty-Two Kids' he calls it—that you must see. There's genius in it." Others saw it and were startled. "But," some of them asked, "is it an artistic subject? Do such things as boys in swimming lend themselves to artistic treatment?" "Why not?" Bellows asked in reply, and went on painting. He painted the river front, the prize-ring, the crowd in the steaming street, the city cliff-dwellers, the circus, the stevedores on the docks. All the things possessing every-day dignity and significance but long treated with disdain, all the unglorified struggle of his kind, cried to him for expression. The uncomprehending dismissed it as wild art, decadent art, drab art! They declared that Billy Sunday had broken into the æsthetic world. Those who were more sympathetic said: "Now we are getting him. He believes in painting the red-blooded American life. He is the painter with the punch!"

So he was hailed as the artist who made things anybody would understand; so, too, was he as completely misunderstood as ever. For if he was the painter of the vigorous, the physically dramatic, he was to be even more the painter of the subtle and the intimate. If he could produce "Sharkey's," he

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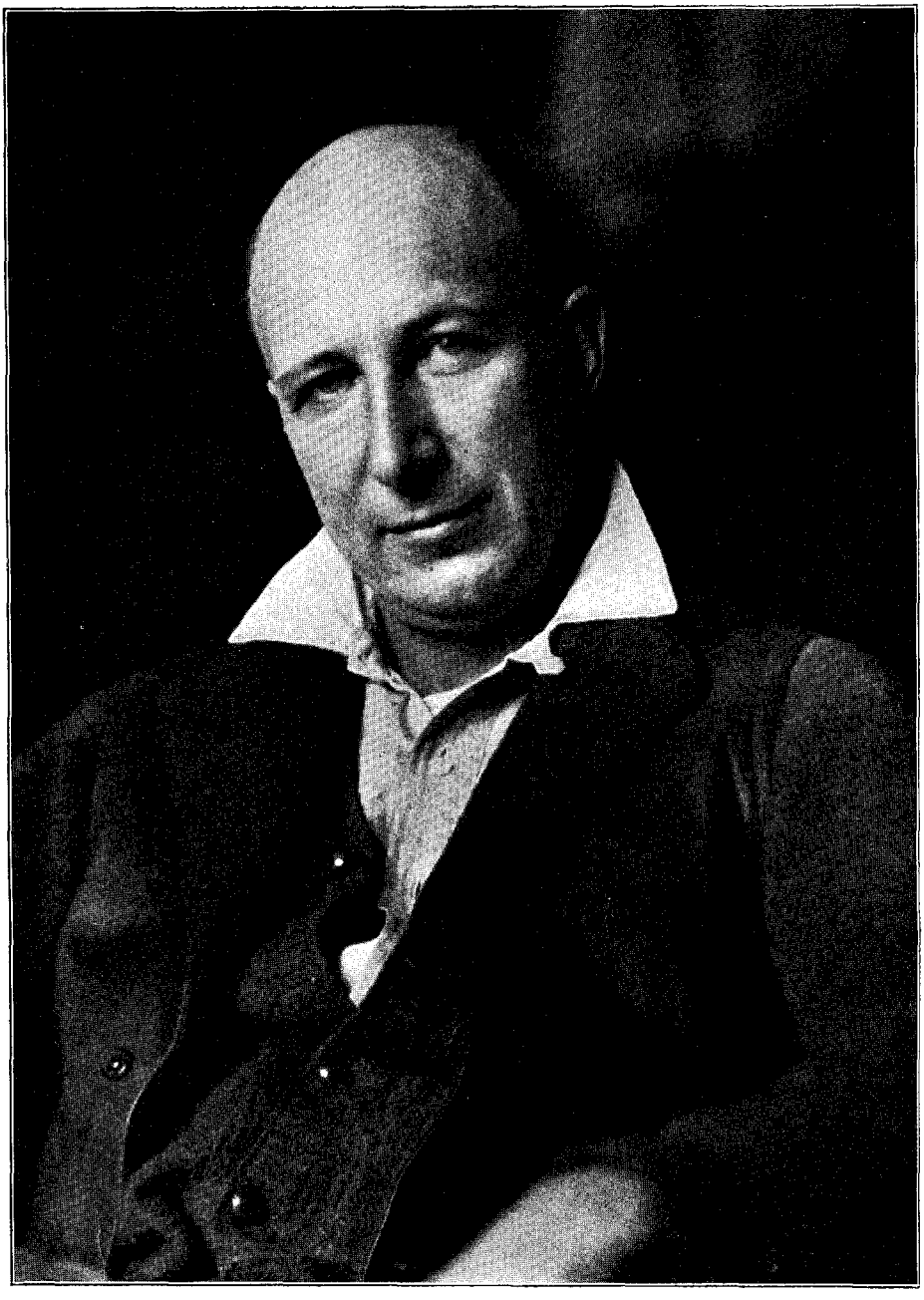

George Bellows.

From a photograph by Nicholas Haz.

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From an unpublished drawing by George Bellows.

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Mrs. George Bellows.

From an unpublished drawing by George Bellows.

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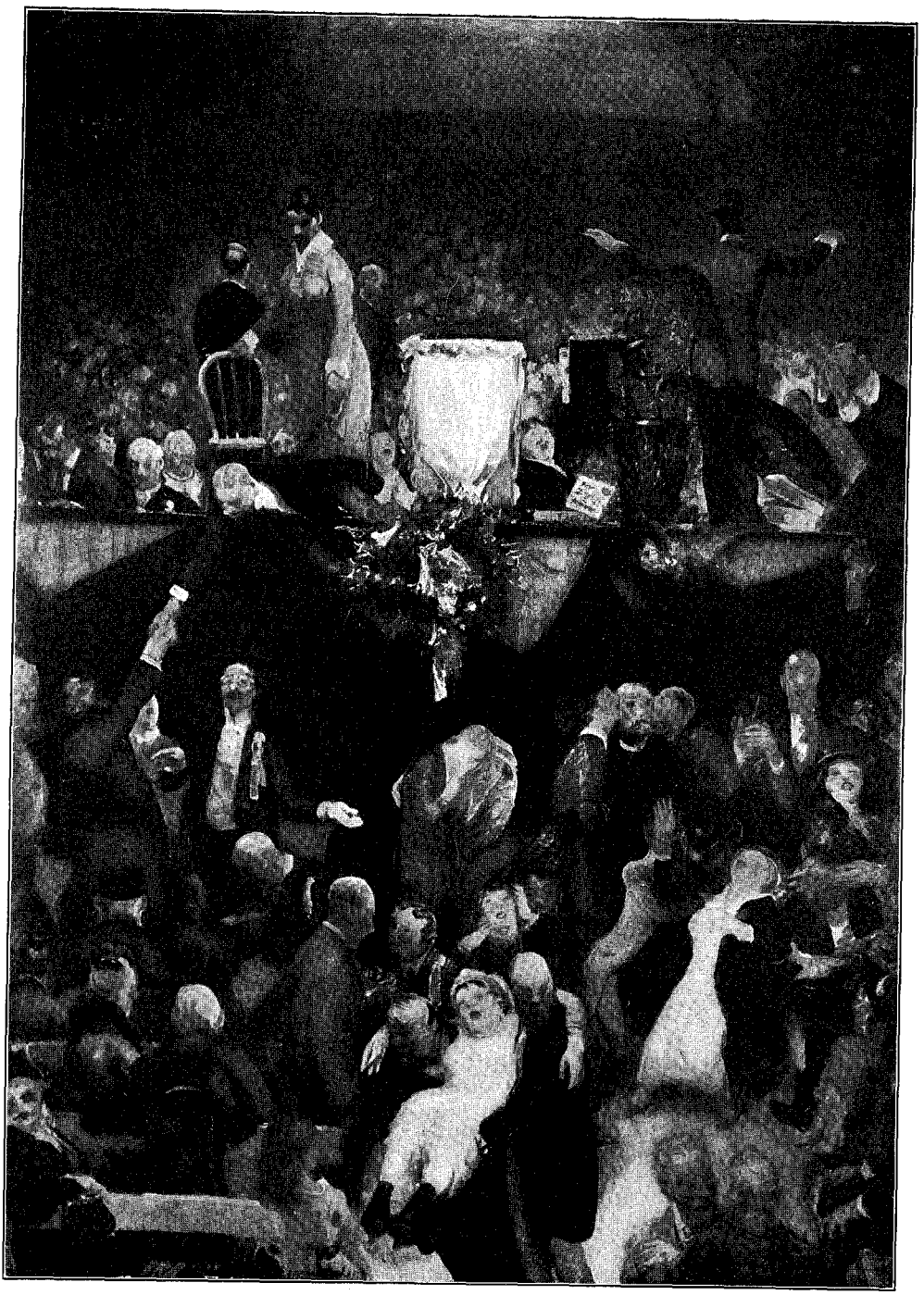

"The Sawdust Trail."
Billy Sunday at Work.
From a painting by George Bellows.

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could also produce "Spring, Gramercy Park"; "Blue Snow, the Battery"; "Crehaven"; "Aunt Fanny"; "Portrait of My Mother"; "Emma in Purple Dress"; "Anne in White"; "Lady Jean"; "Portrait of Katherine Rosen"; "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna."

His diversity had kept the public guessing, yet he did not find enough in the entire range of painting to keep his own mind busy. It is not so easy to paint in New York in the dead of winter. Inasmuch as he liked black and white and enjoyed working on stone, he took up lithography. "But what are you doing that for?" his admirers asked. "Who cares anything about lithography in these days? If you want to work in black and white you ought to etch."

"But I can't etch," he insisted, "and I can make lithographs."

"But don't you wish to sell your work?" dealers protested. "There is no demand for lithographs."

"Then," he replied, with characteristic braggadocio, "we'll put lithographs on the map!"

And he did. The first prints attracted favorable attention. One of his intimates counselled him: "You had better slip one or two proofs of each stone away and keep them awhile. The price might go up; you might make some money." He took the advice and he and his wife had much amusement over the fund they were going to develop for the college education of Anne and Jean. They never dreamed that the day would come when some of these prints would sell for a thousand or twelve hundred dollars apiece.

In lithography he found just the right opportunity to round out his record of America's emotional life. The stone served perfectly for many brief chapters that did not readily admit of treatment in color: "Village Prayer-Meeting"; "Initiation in the Frat"; "Benediction in Georgia"; "The Shower-Bath"; "Dance in a Mad-House"; "Old Billiard-Player"; "The Law Is Too Slow"; "Billy Sunday"; "Sixteen East Gay Street"; "Dempsey and Firpo"; "Business Men's Class, Y. M. C. A."; "Electrocution." In lithography, too, he could laugh as much as he liked. His "Reducing," the representation of a meek-looking husband calmly asleep in bed, and his very stout wife flat on her back on the floor doing some very energetic exercises, will be amusing as long as there are fat women of social importance in the world. A very stout woman, one day after Bellows had become somewhat the vogue among those who interest themselves in art socially, entered a museum and asked what there was new to be seen. She was told that yonder was a new lithograph by George Bellows. "Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed, bringing her lorgnette to bear upon it as she moved nearer. "What is it, a shell?" When she saw, she was scandalized, and turned away with disgust that could be expressed only in a violent crescendo of "Pooh! Pooh!! Pooh!!!"

"Now we have him at last," the public said, after his lithographs had become current. "He gives us life just as he sees it. He has ability—great ability, perhaps—but he lacks the imagination to make anything wholly new from simple elements. He cannot express himself in the symbolic." Then he produced "Edith Cavell," and later "Allan Donn Puts to Sea"; "The Return to Life"; "Amour"; "Punchinello in the House of Death"; and "The Crucifixion." In truth, he began to reveal so much interest in such subjects that some

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of his contemporaries were disturbed. Joseph Pennell, known for his ability in combat as well as for his ability as an artist, on one occasion at the National Arts Club enlarged upon the dangers of painting when one has not the object before one at the time. "George Bellows," he went on to say, "would have made a better painting of Edith Cavell if he had been on the spot and seen with his own eyes. He was not there, certainly." When he had finished, Bellows was asked to discuss the point. In proceeding he said: "No, I was not present at the execution of Edith Cavell. I had just as good a chance to get a ticket as Leonardo had to get one for the Last Supper!"

II

When a man of such capacity to go his own way emerges from surroundings where he might little be expected to appear, he soon becomes a legend. Everybody wants to know about him. Few had learned about the personal George Bellows. He had not been seen much either in high places or in Bohemia; he had been too busy. But when people did see him, unless they came to know him intimately, they were as much mystified as ever. He did not conform to their notions of a great artist. He was only one of those typical Americans whom Americans are always talking about but rarely see. When they do see one, they have difficulty in believing their own eyes; he seems too good to be true.

Most of those magnified American qualities whose names have been outworn, but whose essences have not, he possessed. For instance, he was full of the American's gusto. He was unafraid to like things. Wherever he went everything was interesting and moving. Life was full of emotions to which he would give organized expression, architectonic integrity. The spectacle of New York—the Hudson, the East Side, the Battery, the parks—filled him with such enthusiasm that he confessed great difficulty in stopping long enough to paint what he saw. Columbus, Ohio, was just as interesting; people back there were bully, even if he did sometimes laugh in their faces. The spectacle that men make for themselves was fascinating, too. When he went to the theatre—and he went often—he laughed with such unrestrained and honest joy that he heartened not only the audience but the actors. "Can't you see anything interesting?" he asked somewhat impatiently. The soporific "pure art" that the disillusioned and the burnt-out produce in an effort to "escape" something or other did not concern him. His times were overwhelming in their possibilities. He had fun in finding what seemed most significant, and he had greater, agonizing fun in struggling to expression. When one of his most brilliant portraits had been placed on exhibition with a note in the catalogue implying that it had been painted as a commission, he corrected the error by writing: "Painted for fun." He liked the world. He liked his friends. He liked himself pretty well, thank you, and his own work. And he liked good work done by others. No one ever joined the procession of honor with more enthusiasm than he did when he discovered genius in the work of somebody else.

American, too, was his feeling that he was just as good as the other fellow—at least. He never felt inferior; in fact, he liked the centre of the stage. He was a brother to a certain manner of Ameri-

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can soldier who boasts before a battle that he will do thus and so, and then makes good his boast. He was not awed by sophistication; he could always match it with homely wisdom. He would pit himself against the most skilful, the most argumentative, and enjoy the experience. From the Catskills he wrote: "I have called it a summer, taken stock, showed the work to everybody, and am ready to pack up, go to New York, and start arguing with Pennell." And his feeling of equality or better he maintained in the presence of the most experienced, most "authoritative" art critics. Instead of waging a defensive war, as Whistler so often did, or suffering unspeakable agony, as Edward MacDowell did when assailed by the unintelligent, Bellows smoked the matter over a little, took his sturdy pen in hand, invited the critic to draw and paint awhile in order to discover how much he did not know, and told him to go to hell. "So that's that. I've got to paint."

In keeping with the great American legend, too, he was a family man. He gave the best of himself—his ability, his good humor, his boyish fun, his profound affection—to his kin. His father, an "Amen Methodist," was fifty-five years old when George was born. He was unapproachable on many matters close to a boy's heart. Yet George loved him while he stood in awe of him. "By charging less than he was worth," he once wrote of his father, an architect and builder, "and by investing in worthy causes, his fortune remained reasonably easy to calculate. He planned for me to become president of a bank. He had, however, the greatest respect for Michael Angelo, holding him second to no man with the exception of Moses. His main feeling seemed to be sorrow for the hard life I would be forced to lead as an artist in this generation. In this, owing greatly to his own support, he guessed wrong."

With this father it was not easy to be whimsical. But he could be with his mother. With her he could play the clown and the tease as much as he liked. He never ceased to chide her about his poor bringing-up, to make pseudosacrilegious remarks about the things she held sacred, to enlarge upon her son's financial plight, or to be shocked by the great range of vices that her Methodism permitted.

"DEAR MA:

'The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
When the sluice gates of the pocketbook
Are opened from the rear.' "

Or:

"And what is the name of the new pastor?

"And does he Chew?

"Now, now, now, don't be angry. Don't you remember Dr. Smith?

"Have you been flinching from Dominoes or dominoing from Flinch?

"Answer yes or no."

And who ever had such a wife and such daughters? Emma, whom he had won after six years of the most studious persistence! With all of his uproarious nonsense, he could never be wholly nonsensical about Emma. He loved her too passionately, too profoundly. And there were "the kids—Anne the slim and Jean the bean." He romped with them; he devised and wore the most astounding costumes to startle and delight them; he gave them the liberty of the studio while he worked; he wrote them letters in verse—good enough to be published; he dreamed of them; and

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he painted them in the best pictures he ever made.

And when the lean years were over and he seemed to have a long stretch of full ones ahead, he began to express his affection for his kin in new ways. To Aunt Fanny—the Aunt Fanny of the portrait, and the Eleanor of the "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna"—he always felt especially attracted. She had helped to look after him when he was very small, and had kept him immaculately combed up and clean; and she had experienced the great romance of refusing twice to marry the man who loved her, and then accepting him the third time! But her possessions were few and her pride great. So when he once invited her to come to the Catskills for a visit, and received no reply, he suspected the reason. In the course of a shrewdly tactful letter, he wrote:

"I am aware, my dear Aunt Fanny, that you have not been blessed with the best of luck. I have. Therefore, I think it would be a nice idea to try and strike something like a mean proportion.

"I have what I think is a well-grounded belief that both you and your daughter Laura would welcome a vacation from the same scene—if you are anything like me. I must change around a bit.

"Further than this, I want to feel that you are not needing to worry about the future. As the chances are that it would not be a very available plan to leave you something in my will, I think I will leave you something right away. My mother is going to do exactly what I am proposing for myself, and between us you are to have a regular income of a thousand a year, which added to what income you have of your own, should make the days comfortable."

Then, after a description of his country place, and the information that the round-trip tickets and money for incidentals were on the way, he added the clinching postscript that he had chosen his picture of her to represent him in "the great exhibition in the Luxembourg, Paris."

He met the requirements of the national legend, finally, by combining a homely exterior with an essential refinement. He was tall, he was ungainly in some of his movements, and early he became bald. In addition, he was a believer in the informal. As a result, he looked much of the time like a plumber. Always he was making something at his work-bench on the mezzanine floor of his studio. He must have at hand every conceivable kind of nail and screw and bolt. For these he went to a neighboring hardware-store, where the salesmen liked him so much that they proudly kept the newspaper reproductions of pictures made by this customer who knew the names and sizes of nails as if he might be a person of solid character. In the country he plunged into every kind of manual labor. When his new house was ready for the roof he went to work on it. "Why don't you hire a man to do it?" his wife protested. "Can't ask anybody else to do what I'm afraid to do myself." But sitting on an unroofed house in the summer sun is not the easiest of chores. His untoughened body became so sore that he could scarcely proceed. But he stuffed a pillow into his overalls and worked valiantly, painfully on, until he had driven the last nail in the last shingle.

In general, strangers gained the impression that he was uncouth. When he was not sprawling he was rocking. He brought from the Middle West the rocking-chair state of mind. So, whenever there was nothing else to do,

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he rocked—energetically, obliviously. Sometimes one of his intimates, who confessed that he loved the man more than a brother, would command: "You stop that rocking!" He would stop for a time. But as soon as the conversation or the meditation became absorbing again he fell into his rolling, swaying pace.

Yet in all the matters of the spirit he was one of the most sensitive of men. He could not endure any music short of the best; he refused to listen to it even when played by Emma! He read not only great books, but books which require unusual refinement of intellect and feeling in the reader. Plays, too, must have quality. And his friends had to come up to the same requirements as his plays and books and music. When some one criticised him for having only friends of intellectual or artistic brilliance, he retorted: "What do you suppose I have friends for—to be bored by them?" His handwriting was that of a crude country boy, and he did not always spell according to the dictionary; yet he possessed a startling sense of fitness in words, a feeling for the rhythmical power in a sentence, and a perfect intuition for the total effect that a paragraph or a letter would produce.

III

Now a man with such an array of traditional American qualities would excite wonder—if not scepticism—wherever he chanced to appear. But the wonder was almost inexpressibly great when he chanced to appear in the world of art. Questioned concerning the peculiar artistic circumstances in which he arose, he replied jovially: "I arose surrounded by Methodists and Republicans!" And what he humorously implied was literally true: almost everything surrounding his early life, viewed in the obvious manner, was non-artistic.

Yet it is just because his individuality came from such an environment that he was able to make his greatest contribution to art. The tendency of art when it is wholly in the hands of organizations devoted to its perpetuation is to become ascetic, overrefined, "arty." American art schools for some decades have been filled, in the main, with young ladies who develop a technic for doing nothing in particular with great skill. If art is not to become drivel, there must constantly be injected into it some of the life of the soil, something that corresponds to the uncultivated health of a robust body. It requires a cross-fertilization of sanity from "the provinces." Somebody must occasionally give to it a strain of life comparable to what Abraham Lincoln gave to politics.

It was this fresh life, this instinctive feeling for a healthy relation, that Bellows brought to art. He was unalterably a lone wolf. If somebody who professed to be very wise said in patronizing fashion, "Now, that is the way artists do that," Bellows was certain to reply: "Well, hold on! Let's take a look. I don't know whether it is or not!" Not that he had any closed system of his own! "He was the readiest man in the world to have you prove that you were right," said the person who was the greatest single influence in his life as a painter; "but you had to prove it. He always brought himself to his work." This habit of bringing himself to his work was what led many to call him a revolutionist. "If I am," he said, "I don't know it. First of all, I am a painter, and a painter gets hold of life—

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gets hold of something real, of many real things. That makes him think, and if he thinks out loud he is called a revolutionist. I guess that is about the size of the matter." The reasonable thing to do, he contended, was to "watch all good art and accept none as a standard for yourself. Think with all the world and work alone."

Many, in attempting to evaluate his contribution, have compared him with Kipling, with Jack London, with Whitman. In each comparison there is a certain soundness. But he had more warmth, more fluidity, than Kipling; and he was more comprehensive in his sympathies, more healthy in his vigor, than Jack London. The parallel with Whitman is closest. Both were impatient with outworn forms and outworn subjects; both felt the energy of American life and were able to express it; both believed in the sacredness of the individual and hesitated not to take pride in themselves; and both believed that the artist should celebrate all life, whether "beautiful" or not, that reveals significance.

But Bellows was a more complete person than Whitman, a more representative person. Whitman was, with all of his democracy, an exotic democrat. He was an exotic American. He was not himself representative; he only wrote about representative things. He was, moreover, in his sympathies a remote pagan, and George Bellows was close and warm and reverential. Bellows might easily have painted something comparable to "The City Dead House," "By the Bivouac's Fitful Flame," "O Captain, My Captain," or "With Husky Haughty Lips, O Sea," but if Whitman had lived a thousand years he never would have written anything having the emotional tone of "Aunt Fanny," "Emma and Her Children," or "Lady Jean."

But any attempt to compare Bellows with somebody else must always be for convenience of discussion merely. The comparisons always turn out to be contrasts. He was made in his own proportions of vigor, understanding, dramatic power, humor, intimacy; and he had his own methods of supplanting the malarial sentimentality of American art with a robust sentiment.

IV

By the time he had carried on his pursuit until he was forty, he had become the enriched person that must go into the making of a great artist. He was a philosopher, wise in his own increasing humility. "Try it in every possible way," he once told some art students. "Be deliberate — and spontaneous. Be thoughtful and painstaking. Be abandoned and impulsive. Learn your own possibilities. There is no impetus I have not followed, no method of technic I am unwilling to try. There is nothing I do not want to know that has to do with life or art." He was no longer—if he ever had been—a good-natured barbarian who had hit upon good painting and good lithography, but a man who had some coherent notions of the ways of men and artists. "Art isn't made in Bohemia, neither is it not made in Bohemia. It is wherever life exists and expresses dignity, humor, humanity, kindness, order." He quoted with approbation the words of Robert Henri: "To hold the spirit of greatness is in my mind what the world was created for—and art is great as it translates and embodies that spirit."

More and more he became impatient of mere formalities. "The Independent

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show this year is a hummer," he wrote in a letter. "The only stalling was on this damned dance which none of us want to go to. *And will not!*" What he wanted was a day that would give him a chance to work his head off, sometimes on a new canvas, often enough on one that he had kept about for months or years. In 1920 he wrote to a friend: "Have three fine portraits of Anne, Jean, and Emma, with no heads on any." Three years later the satisfying head was still not on Emma. After repeated attempts at it, he had her sit for him again one morning in the country. "Can't do it! Give it up! Go on!" he cried. But before she got away he called: "Come back here! Let me try just once more!" And in an hour the head that has been so widely praised for just the right reflective attitude was completed.

When he had worked himself to exhaustion he would call up one of his friends: "Hello! Is this Franz Hals?"

"Why, yes, Michael Angelo!"

"Well, how about a game of pool?" Or, if possible, baseball or tennis; he was not enough of a loafer to master pool.

Then dinner and music, or the theatre, or some hours over a new lithograph, if he chanced to be in the city. Sometimes he worked on his lithographs till two in the morning, up on the mezzanine floor of his studio. That was the life!

There was always a little crusading to do, too. Less than a year before the brief, agonizing days in the hospital that brought all to an end, the editor of a journal cut shamefully an illustration that Bellows had made under contract. "Result," he wrote, "the most awful botch imaginable. Emma has ordered me to war. I have gone. After two letters, very well done, not a glimmer of guilt from the editor. So I have started a legal attack.—I expect to lose money, but I hope to line up the art world and get some kind of protection against the arbitrary changing of artists' work."

But nothing could permanently ruffle him. He was still the boisterous adventurer. The night before he was stricken—and he was only forty-two—Robert Henri had a number of his friends in for the evening. They were the group that Bellows called "The Society of Perfect Wives and Husbands." As usual, he was much in the centre of the stage. Some sitter in Henri's studio had been wearing nineteenth-century dresses. Bellows found these and made himself up as Queen Victoria. Either because his friends were in special need of amusement or because he was in very high spirits, he never seemed such a perfect clown. The evening lasted until one or two o'clock. When the guests departed they descended from the studio—on the third floor—together. In the quiet that followed, the host of the evening stood by the window looking reflectively out. Below in the street there was a burst of laughter—genuine, honest, infectious laughter. It was George Bellows moving off into the night.

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Flood and Wind: Blessings in Disguise

BY EARL SPARLING

Even the Florida hurricane and the Mississippi flood have their good points declares this Southerner, author of "Under the Levee." At the time when flood-control threatens to become a political issue, Mr. Sparling's comments are illuminating.

"The South!" growled the customer in the next seat. "These guys that do all the singing about the South, they ain't never been there!"

And that was his only applause for the black-face song-and-dance man who, bellowing strenuously concerning darkies and Mississippi mud, had just vacated Mr. Keith's stage.

"I mean," explained this heretic as the lights blazed up a moment later for the intermission, "I mean all these songs about the South give me a pain."

He was quite an ordinary customer, with red face, fat neck, and blinking eyes, but something had turned him insurgent and plainly he wanted to talk about it.

"Me? Yeh!" he said. "I'm from down there. I was there a whole year and a half. And that country don't feel like the songs sound."

Over a cigarette, down in the lounge, his sad, illuminating story was unfolded.

"As I was sayin', me and Bill are there in Miami with a Quick Lunch, but when that wind stops blowin' we ain't got a ham sandwich left even for ourselves. I get out of that burg with only one pair of wet pants to my name. I ain't got enough cash to get no further away from Florida than New Orleens. And what the hell! I ain't hardly got settled before that Mississippi starts a racket. That river just keeps risin' and risin' until she's standin' on end, and I see I'm saved from a hurricane just to get drowned in a flood. I mean I grab the first train out I can get room on. Dixie? Say, brother, that mammy and cotton stuff is all noise."

The blame rests, perhaps, on Mr. Al Jolson.

What can be expected of lesser coon singers when, in not one of the Dixie ballads that won him fame and fortune, did the maestro even hint that there might be wind and water down where he was always so throatily anxious to go.

He should, of course, have been suspected, for, after singing of his proposed journey for a decade, he actually took it only some two years ago, and then, recovering from his first glimpse of the land he had lauded so long and well, rushed into print with an intimation that it was not so much after all.

Thousands of Northern people, at any rate, trekked southward following the World War, knowing of the land of sorrow and sunshine only what they had learned from ridiculous histories, more ridiculous songs, and still more

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ridiculous theses on why the South was what it was.

The emigrés went to speculate. They remained to supplicate. They dreamed the Gulf-coast country a place to fill their pockets. They found it instead a place to test their souls. And out of it all, humorously enough, there has come a new appreciation of at least some of the things the South has faced for long virtually without aid or comfort.

It is humorous that a wind had to come up from Yucatan and destroy Northern investments in Florida before the North could realize the terror of this scourge that comes yearly, or more often, out of the summer sea. Throughout the North the Florida hurricane of 1926 was a seven days' yarn. In 1915, when two devastating hurricanes desolated the Texas and Louisiana coasts within six weeks, a Gulf-coast catastrophe was barely front-page news for one day even in New York. Each of those 1915 hurricanes was perhaps as bad as the Florida one. They killed together at least 550 persons, the wind reaching a peak velocity of 140 miles an hour. The Texas hurricane, August 16 and 17, 1915, was the first great wind to test the Galveston sea-wall constructed after the 1900 storm in which 6,000 to 8,000 persons were killed. Even so it was good only for page seven of the New York *World*, reaching the front page not until August 19, and dropping back the very next day to journalistic oblivion. A World War explains, perhaps, why the Northern press failed to get excited over the 1915 hurricanes, but that does not explain why the American Red Cross, which distributed $4,447,170 in relief of Florida in 1926, was so little moved by the 1915 hurricanes that it fails even to mention them in its annual report for that year, except for an ambiguous notation that "storm victims in Texas" were given $1,000.

And, as the North disregarded purely Southern hurricanes, so did it also disregard purely Southern floods. That the welfare of the whole nation was being threatened was realized only after a decade of post-war development in the South, during which thousands of Northern people and millions of Northern dollars found their way southward. Nor can one speak even now of true realization. Even in 1927, with 18,000 square miles under water, with 600,000 persons destitute, with up to $600,000,000 in property destroyed, with local levee boards bankrupt and seven States in distress — even then there was not sufficient realization to force a special session of Congress.

Nevertheless, there was improvement over 1912, when a flood desolated 15,000 square miles, to be followed just twelve months later by one almost as bad, inundating 10,000 square miles. Instead of the $17,000,000 relief raised in 1927, the relief in 1912 totalled only $1,190,000. And when the Mississippi again broke its bounds the next year it happened that the Ohio River was also in flood. Of the $3,200,000 total relief in 1913, Ohio alone got $850,000 in one lump sum. How much went to the twice-devastated South is not told, but the Red Cross, in its annual report for that year, after describing Ohio valley flood conditions in detail, dismisses the Mississippi valley with this illuminating notation: "The Mississippi was also raised to a high point, with the result that extensive damage was done throughout its course from Cairo to New Orleans. The chief destruction along the Mississippi was in the State of Louisiana."

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And what did Congress do toward making such a Southern catastrophe never again possible? The flood of 1927 is proof sufficient that Congress did nothing.

Calamity, however, has brought its own compensations. Wind and water have perhaps saved the South from a catastrophe even more interesting.

Things besides real estate were involved in this recent winning of the South. For things Southern the influx of go-getters following the World War was even more upsetting than the influx of carpetbaggers following the so-called Civil War. Like the carpetbaggers, the go-getters swarmed into the South all on fire to make it into a new and nobler land, and they came so near to accomplishing what their predecessors had died believing a hopeless and thankless task that there were surely heavings in more than one alien grave down under the palms and magnolias. Truth, so close did these new missionaries come to converting the land of mammies and cotton that Florida, even to-day, is not quite certain what happened.

But in high-powered regeneration, as in other things, the Southern people are best when they drawl. And considered from this view-point the hurricane of 1926 and the flood of 1927 were, at least to some extent, blessings in disguise. Two such catastrophes in such quick order have undoubtedly checked the new Northern invasion and given the South a breathing-spell in which to evaluate losses and gains.

Up to 1918 the South was still an isolated land. It was isolated intellectually, politically, and racially, nor did this benighted condition cause it great alarm, for the Southern people had become accustomed long before to the prospect of going it alone, as much alone, one might say, as the rest of the nation would allow. And, though isolation grows entirely theoretical when Northern States dump flood waters into the South in ever-increasing oceans, the Southern people exhibited this tendency to go it alone even in flood-control, scores of local levee boards preferring right down to 1927 to build levees according to their own specifications rather than to participate in the more irksome Federal aid system.

After 1918 the South found itself suddenly admitted to the United States. Not only did the press associations begin to open bureaus and discover news below the line, but Northern trains venturing southward began to feel some necessity for running on time, and when several third-string Broadway shows had actually found their way to Birmingham, New Orleans, and Miami, a feeling became prevalent that the millennium was at hand, and that Oscar B. Underwood might really be nominated to the presidency, and that Florida might even go Republican. Meanwhile all roads were filled with Ohio and Iowa flivvers bound for Coral Gables.

But all of this was only the surface of the phenomena. Underneath there were currents which, even more than those of the Mississippi, threatened to sweep Southern life from its ancient moorings. Into Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas marched a conquering army of New England mill-owners, and the South was so bewildered that it applauded when its people were herded into the loom-rooms for the longest and most underpaid working-hours in the land. The United States Steel Corporation had already captured Birmingham, and the South learned now how to boast of its "Little Pittsburgh," and how to fête

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the philanthropic Judge Elbert H. Gary as, by his own confession, he was fêted nowhere else in the nation. And the South, in its new glorification, grew chronically peevish with those who protested against too much haste in giving to the national power combine a free option on prosperity in the shape of every available water-power site in the South. Southern people had known only cotton for so long that they were proud of this new ermine, even if some one else were to wear it; and who shall blame them?

But the ermine spread an infection and soon the germs were blowing everywhere. How the fountain of Southern life became contaminated can best be studied, perhaps, in New Orleans, for New Orleans was peculiarly exposed. Here was enshrined the very spirit of the land. Here there persisted, despite the ravages of war, poverty, pestilence, and calamity, a Dionysian epoch that had become the wonder of a standardized, unhappy world.

Even before 1918 the issues had been drawn in New Orleans. The World War merely brought things to a head. When New Orleans newspapers began referring to Louisiana soldiers in France as "Yanks," there were already boosters there by the bend of the river, and they faced northward when they prayed. In its desire to become as new as New York, New Orleans had already razed a square of its historic Vieux Carré to make room for a new Courts Building, a white, atrocious marble mausoleum that stands a symbol to-day of what can still happen to everything old and dear. The Vieux Carré, with its memories of three flags, was eventually saved. Older residents rallied around its decaying buildings, realizing that these, in the end, would be more valuable than all the tropic skyscrapers Northern capital might raise.

But how were the less tangible assets of the old civilization to be rescued? What could be done when a New Orleans editor, emigrant from regions North, began clamoring editorially for more lights by night in the office-buildings? Nor was New Orleans, the happy and care-free, sweating enough to satisfy other hard-fisted emigrés come out of the North. There were rumors of protests from the chain-store merchants and the branch-office managers when the hired help drifted from business at ten of the morning and four of the evening for the customary café au lait. The emigré business men disliked also the New Orleans ardor for seven-and-a-half, six-and-eight, and like pastimes, including roulette, faro, and even straight poker. A pair of kings were still called "Planters" in New Orleans, but a new royalty was rising, a new régime was at hand, and the pennies of the people must find their way to the proper coffers. And no longer now was lagnappe forthcoming at the stores, little gifts of candy for esteemed patrons, and no longer now could newsboys board the street-cars to vend their wares more easily. Once in New Orleans a street-car was right of way for any urchin, black or white, who bore papers in his arms, and he could ride almost as far as he wished, the conductor being in good humor.

There was quiet agitation against even the Mardi Gras, for this was an expensive, foolish institution, supported for no reason whatever except that it gave New Orleans pleasure. Nowhere else in America would it be tolerated, and why here? Why should the business life of the city be paralyzed weeks each year, months even? The murmur

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against the annual feast of the flesh had been heard before 1918, but it became serious thereafter, the opposition feeling encouraged by the post-war lapse of several years. The old spirit was strong enough still to prevail. The carnival came back, but it had to be defended henceforth not as a folk festival but as a business proposition, an attraction that aided commerce. And it was quietly agreed among the go-getters, native and emigré, that New Orleans must be known no longer as "The City Care Forgot." That was no nickname for any forward-looking metropolis.

And had Mr. Al Jolson ventured southward in time he might have found strange things happening in music, too. When what is now called jazz was creeping up from the back barrooms and dancing-dens of the South it was a natural expression of the land. Joe Handy wailing his "Blues" in Memphis, Bud Scott playing "Shake It and Break It" through the Delta, Joe Orrey leading down in New Orleans the sad, stately, atavistic measures of "High Society"—those black bandmasters were of the South and their music has never been equalled. They sang their own songs and made their own music, nor was the creation racial so much as geographical, proof being the fact that Harlem has yet to produce a genuine piece of lowland music or a true negro spiritual. But the North discovered jazz, and, though there was reason for old Joe Orrey to hang his brown derby hat on the end of his cornet, that being the only manner of muting he knew, soon every vaudeville cornetist from Buffalo to Boston was muting with a derby, too. And soon the South was buying back from the North a milk-and-water copy of its own creation, even as it had once bought back the cloth made of its own cotton. No longer now did the Southern bands create. The songs and music came from tin-pan alley, and the band that failed to play was soon neglected. New Orleans deserted the old music for the new even as it was deserting its wonderful French and German cafés for cafeterias and Childs and Thompson chow-halls.

The climax and culmination of what was happening throughout the South was reached in the rape of Florida. As land values soared down the peninsula all the lower South caught fire. From Mobile Bay to Maurepas Lake there were sounds of a great stirring. The wild beauty of this winding, wooded shore had become suddenly a reproach, reminding its people how long they had taken pleasure and neglected profit. These friendly, happy homes, scattered haphazardly through pine and oak—they must be made from rustic retreats into millionaire mansions. These mile-long, rotting piers, along which little groups at dawn and dusk went bathing—they must be turned into concrete causeways. These languorous, laughing waters of the Sound—they must be so filled with tourists and investors that never again would friendly porpoises come playing at sunrise. There must be progress and prosperity, and the soil must be a thing not to own but to sell.

What chance could there be of saving old things if this stampede for wealth continued? The final fate of Florida showed dramatically where the South was being led by its emigrés. And a hurricane ended the boom in Florida not until the stage was set for the last remnant of the Old South to go down to political defeat in Mississippi. Up to 1927 the old planting aristocracy, somewhat battered, still ruled in Mississippi, a State of miniature cities that

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had once passed a law limiting the amount of land that a foreign corporation or person might own. But in the 1927 election Theodore G. Bilbo, supported by the new real-estate and commercial plutocracy of the coast, was elevated to the governorship on a pledge that he would bring Northern millionaires to Mississippi, that he would make Mississippi a good place for Best People to live in, and, by grace of a limited inheritance tax, a better place to die in. *Fronti nulla fides!*

Always there will be wind and water in the South. The water can be curbed no more completely than the wind. Eventually the engineers will reach a compromise with the Devil River, but it can only be a compromise that allows the river, when it wishes, to reclaim thousands of its 27,000 square miles of natural basin. The solution of the flood-control problem will be little more than an agreement as to which parts of the South shall be flooded.

And, since wind and water have shown so well their capacities for mischief, it is possible that the pending industrialization of the lower South will be delayed sufficiently to allow a proper realization of values. No one can say that the South does not deserve, and will not eventually achieve, industrial prosperity. All that can be asked is that the South be as much itself in prosperity as it was in adversity. Having been isolated from the general civilization and culture for half a century, it can in its final capitulation accept only what is good and reject all that is bad. It can, if it will, avoid any number of pathological pitfalls.

And nothing could be more valuable to the nation as a whole than that the South continue its evolution in its own and natural way. Nowhere else under the sun have English-speaking people experienced what they have experienced in this land of sorrow and sunshine. Out of the travail will come eventually something of inestimable worth, but it cannot come if, just as the miracle is being accomplished, the foundations of fifty years are swept away by alien currents. The conflict of those who would live on the soil and those who would live by it is still abroad in the land, even as it was in 1860, and the South, if it remains sufficiently solid and itself, may yet have something of merit to say before final settlement.

The Stab

By William Hamilton Hayne

Love lay bleeding from a wound so deep
Nothing could heal the furrow in his heart,
Nor soothe the anguish of his stricken soul.
His mighty passion perished at its height,
Stabbed to swift death with cold and keen-edged words,
Slashing his golden garment into shreds.

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We Went West

BY J. HYATT DOWNING
Author of "Closed Roads," "The Distance to Casper," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

FOR a month we had been drawing nearer and nearer that wall of wavering blue which was the Wind River Mountains. It was early October when Crandall came to us. I remember I welcomed the crisp, frost-spangled mornings because they meant the end of a long hot summer, and a task which had become distasteful. The sight of a white-painted whistling-post began to arouse feelings of active animosity, and the hand-car, with which we pumped ourselves along the miles of new grade each day, became loathsome in my eyes. When a laborer reaches that stage it is time he went in search of a new vineyard. For five months I had, in company with a miscellaneous assortment of helpers, been putting in track signs for the Northwestern Railroad on its Wyoming division. Having responded rather eagerly to Mr. Greeley's famous advice, I had gone West, with little thought of what I would do once arrived there. The result was, after declining with dignity to herd sheep, that the offer of eighty dollars per month, grub, and a bunk-car where I would sleep with the men had seemed an opportunity heaven-sent.

But now, after five months of diligently lettering and numbering bridges and culverts, decorating the whistling-posts with the two-tone effect so much admired by railroads everywhere, erecting the admonitory "Look Out for the Cars" signs at road-crossings, making flying trips over the new road-bed checking chainings between station so-and-so and station so-and-so, there appeared to be other and more desirable places to go than the particular part of the West which I had chosen.

These thoughts were running through my mind as I sat, with Muldoon, my brindle English bulldog and real friend, watching day fade out of the matchlessly colored western horizon, and feeling the peace of that wide land of sky and gray-green plain. Old Jim Boyd was boiling his clothes over a fire of split ties, a weekly custom which he followed to the open derision of others of the crew who believed that since man was ordained to eat at least a peck of dirt during his lifetime, what harm if he had a little extra of the same on him? "Yes," I was thinking, "it will be nice to feel the cool, fresh sheets of a real bed again, and to get up at ten of a week-day morning." My thoughts were interrupted at this juncture by a step crunching on the cindered road-bed, and I turned to observe an elderly man approaching me. I felt an instantaneous impression of incongruity, of wrongness, about him. There wasn't time in which to analyze or clarify this feeling, for he began to speak as soon as he drew near enough. "I understand you need another man in your crew?" I nodded.

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"Then I'd like the job if you think I could do the work."

I did not reply at once. I was too surprised. It didn't seem possible that this old man, with his gentle, refined face, could be asking for work in a rough-and-tumble track crew. Everything about him was a contradiction, from his obviously new but dusty working-man's garments to the cultivated accents of his speech. He must have sensed that I doubted his fitness, for he spoke again: "I suppose I am a little old, but if the work isn't *too* heavy, I believe I can hold up my end."

"Why, as to that," I answered hastily, almost apologetically, "it isn't particularly hard, and I guess we can find a place for you in the bunk-car. Have you ever done any track-work?"

"I have never done any manual labor that I can remember," was his rather astonishing reply.

"Then what the devil—" I burst out; but abruptly checked myself. There was a certain dignity and reserve about this old man which forbade interrogation. After all, I told myself, how an elderly gentleman, who should have been telling fairy-stories to his grandchildren or dreaming through a club window, chose to conduct his life was his own affair. It certainly was not mine. I called to Jim Boyd. "Jim, this is Mr. ——?"

"Crandall," the stranger prompted me. "—Mr. Crandall, who is going to work with us." The two old men shook hands, and as they did so I was struck by the vivid contrast. Boyd was a hard-bitten old Turk, his face ploughed and ravaged by life, the taste of which, curiously enough, had never turned bitter in his mouth. Crandall was gently aged and kindly, with a definite suggestion about him of well-lived years, even though there was a certain sadness and defeat in his eyes. Yet here they were, at last, fitting into the same groove of existence though so differently equipped for that existence. Boyd was a toughened old brier, seasoned by the continuously adverse winds of life. Crandall, unmistakably a gentleman, had awakened, it appeared, one morning, and donned workman's garments by mistake. Yet there was about both of them a quality of gentility of the spirit which each must have recognized instantly in the other; for one sensed immediately that they found favor in each other's eyes. Thus was born a friendship which, if they are both alive, I have no doubt endures to this day, little as it is probably evidenced by either.

Muldoon, my English bull, conferred upon these two strange old waifs the seal of his approval almost at once, and they returned his regard in full measure. Boyd observed his barrel-like chest, benched fore legs, and slimly tapering rear quarters for long moments on end, talking to him in tones of the most sincere respect. Muldoon, his homely, wrinkled head cocked on one side, understood, I am certain, every word Boyd uttered. Crandall was hardly less open in his admiration for his ugly-visaged friend. If the morning appeared to be a trifle cold, on his way out to work on the hand-car, he never hesitated to doff his coat and wrap it about the shivering form of Muldoon, who always accompanied us. The three of them were never apart, and the noon hour, after our cold lunch had been eaten, was generally devoted to assisting Muldoon in his unshakable belief that he would one time catch a prairie-dog. Boyd or Crandall would openly approach the suspicious yet jerkily defiant little animal from one side, while

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Muldoon, advancing with lifted foot a step at a time, attempted to ease himself within striking distance from the other. He seemed, however, wholly unable to control his emotions beyond a certain pitch, the boiling-point of his turbulent excitement being easily determined by the increased twitching of his ridiculous corkscrew tail. With a gurgling bellow he would launch himself through the air at his quarry and come off with no more than a skinned nose, with which he had ploughed up the ground, for his pains.

The three of them soon became known up and down our branch line running from Casper to Lander, and I never heard one of them discussed singly. If you thought of one you inevitably thought of the other two. Occasionally, becoming bored with the uneventfulness of his life, Muldoon boarded the passenger-train which ran each day to Lander, returning to Casper on the next. The two old men were always greatly troubled at these excursions, and never failed to wire the conductor if our car had been moved, as was sometimes necessary, during his absence, advising him where to put off the dog. "What do ye think ye are, a damned travellin' man?" Boyd would question him complainingly after Muldoon had rejoined us. "If 'twas a romance, now, 'twould be different. But to go traipsin' around with a damned scab conductor——"

Of the two human members of this triple alliance it would be difficult for me to state which interested me the more. Old Boyd was infinitely pathetic in his futile battles with his nemesis, whiskey. He fought these battles as long as his strength lasted. Then he disappeared, to be brought home at last by Crandall and Muldoon, walking weak and shaken between them. He wrote labored and wistful letters, with which he always asked me to assist him, to a daughter in New Jersey whom he passionately wished to see again yet knew that he never would. He was almost foolishly kind, and would always stake a "brother of the road" to a meal, a smoke, or what loose change he had in his pockets. It was this characteristic which completely won my regard and helped me bridge over his lapsations when he disappeared altogether for two or three days at a time.

As for Crandall, it became increasingly obvious that he was thoroughly enjoying himself. His cheeks filled out and a healthy glow crept into his skin. His face wore a continual expression of pleased satisfaction like one who has found within himself a capacity for happiness hitherto unsuspected. I became more and more convinced, as the weeks flew by, that the work he was doing, the society in which he found himself, was precisely the seasoning he most wanted in a life that had, somehow, been unsatisfactory, perhaps tragic. His past he never mentioned, and only once did Boyd fail to respect his reticence. "Ye'll be goin' back wan av these days."

"Back where?" Crandall inquired.

"Back to where ye came from. Ye'll not be tellin' me ye've always been a rough-neck."

"I wasn't aware that I had told you anything."

"Yes, and ye can go to hell wit' your damned mysteriousness. It's not me that'll be askin' ye." Crandall did not reply. Only his eyes, which, since he had come to us, had somehow lost their deep look of sadness, twinkled humorously.

In November I received word from the engineer in charge of construction at Casper that work on the track signs

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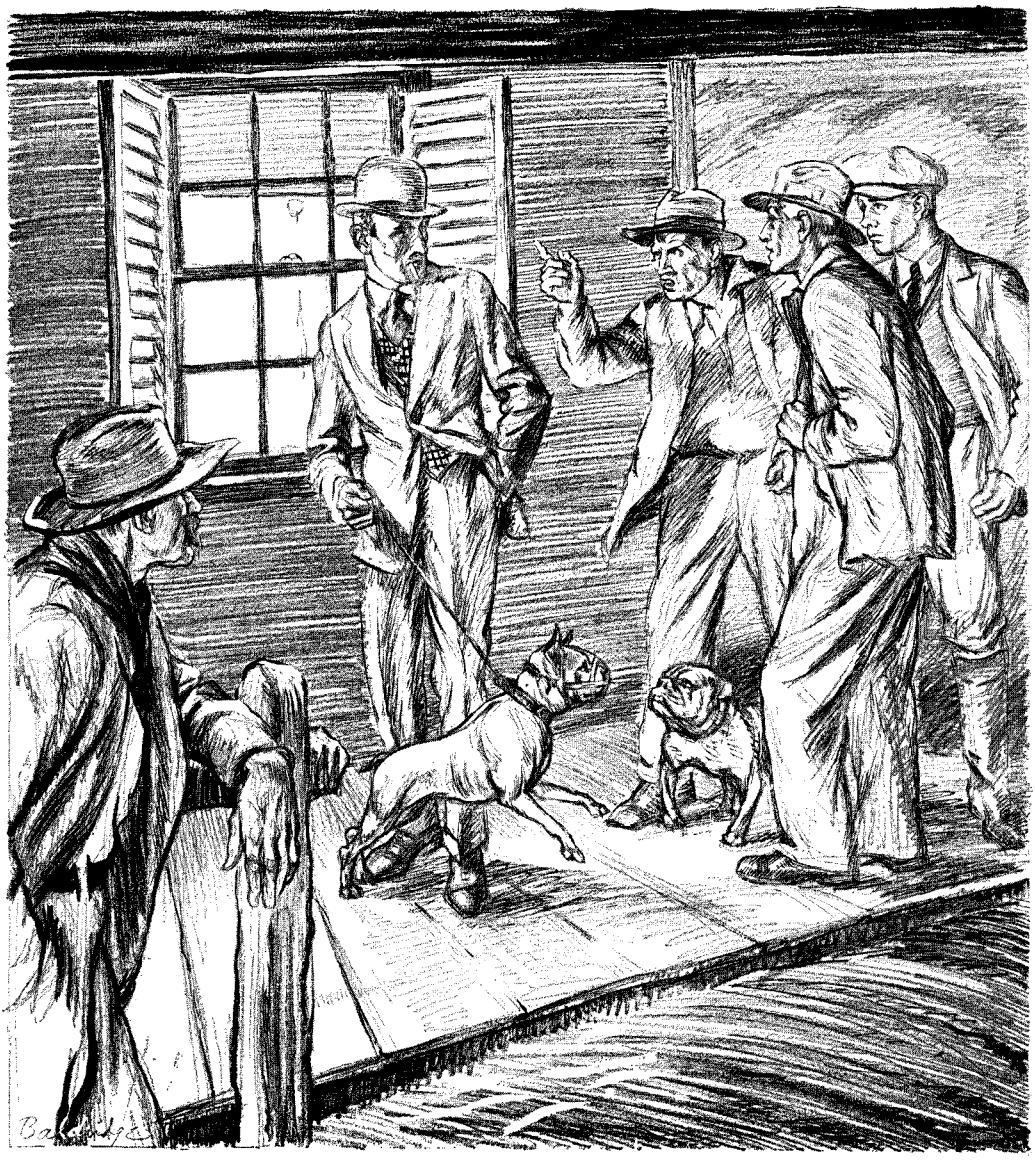

"How much would you let your dog get 'dirtied up' for?"—Page 601.

From a drawing by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

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would be discontinued for the winter, and that my services would be required in the drafting-rooms there. I became worried about Boyd and Crandall. What would they do? Drift off, I supposed, to other places where light work could be had paying two dollars a day.

I need not have concerned myself, however. Upon my assurance that the car would be sent out again in the spring, Crandall secured a small house down near the material-yards and there he, Boyd, and Muldoon established themselves. The fact that Muldoon would remain with them I never questioned. Certainly, had the dog been permitted to choose for himself there would have been no issue. My control over him was purely nominal. His heart, I knew, lay with the two old men who were his friends. Reports came to me throughout the long winter concerning the activities of the three of them. They were often seen together in one of the many brilliantly lighted saloons upon Casper's principal street, where orchestras played and sheep-herders squandered their religiously hoarded dollars in a night or day of debauchery. They took their meals at one of the boarding-cars where the labor crews of the material-yards ate.

It was a rather perturbed Jim Boyd who presented himself to me late one afternoon just as the swift winter twilight was shutting down over the sprawling little Western town. "Cud I talk with ye a minute?" he whispered hoarsely. I drew him to a far end of the office-car where we could have comparative privacy. "It's about this damned old fool av a Crandall," he began mysteriously.

"What about him?" I asked sharply. I was fond of the gentle old man and a dozen fears were in my mind. Was he hurt? Had he fallen ill in that shack where they lived, with this helpless and none too tender old Irishman to care for him? I was reproaching myself for my neglect of the childish old pair when Boyd interrupted my thoughts. "Wan would think he was reekin' wit' money. He won't let me spind a cint, and is always tellin' me to keep my money to endow a home for useless alcoholics like meself. Me that ain't had a respictible drink for so manny weeks I disremember thim." I gave him what comfort I could, telling him he was not to worry about Crandall and his eccentricities. "Perhaps he robbed a bank before he came to us," I suggested facetiously. The old man shot me a burning look of contempt, and stumped down the stairs leading from the office-car door to the ground below. "How's Muldoon?" I shouted after him.

"How wud he be, bein' the respictible gintleman that he is?" he answered tartly. "There's some that could folly him with profit to thimselves." With which Parthian shot he left me.

Spring came early in Wyoming that year. Suddenly the snow was gone and the peaks of the Copper Range showed rosy in the rushing dawns. A mysterious hush seemed to lie over the desert country about Casper, and the sage took on a tinge of green. Boomers from other camps, restless for far places with the coming of spring, began crowding the employment windows, and in the soft gloom of the hushed twilights came the sad, plaintive voices of the Mexican laborers, wistfully singing their songs of home. I received word to reassemble my crew, with the additional advice that I would have charge of a dirt-moving camp which would fill in at bridgeheads and culverts. I wondered if Boyd

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or Crandall had ever driven a team of mules. Certainly not Crandall, I surmised, remembering what he had said regarding himself when he had joined our track crew. Boyd probably had. He had done everything. But would they come with me at all? I earnestly hoped so. I sincerely liked the odd old pair. But perhaps they had found lighter and more profitable work in the material-yards, where it would not be necessary for them to undergo the inconvenience and often hardship of constantly shifting camp. It takes young men for that sort of thing. But an event occurred shortly which was to prove far-reaching in the lives of the two old men, and upon my own leave an indelible impression.

I met the three of them, one evening, walking toward town, where I was bound for cigarettes. Muldoon acknowledged my formal greeting with an ingratiating twist of his corkscrew tail and a friendly wheeze through his pushed-back nose. We talked of the coming job. They would, they assured me, be glad to go—had expected to from the beginning. Presently we were before Long Jack's saloon, where an orchestra was filling the soft spring night with the raucous blare of trombone and cornet. "Will you have a drink, gentlemen?" I suggested.

"I will and he won't," Crandall replied. The long lower lip of old Boyd was beginning to protrude stubbornly when, suddenly, the door of the saloon flew open and I heard a sibilant whisper: "Get him." There was a rush, an eager whine, and a blurred streak of white hit Muldoon, bowling him over and off the high wooden sidewalk. I stepped closer through the growing darkness, and discovered that the thing was a white pit bulldog, such as is bred for the fighting-game, muzzled, and, therefore, unable to cause damage but nevertheless going in with short, savage, determined rushes. Muldoon was throwing his great shoulder and loose-hanging jowl against the white dog's attack, and glancing questioningly at his friends. His ridiculous short tail was wagging, but he was puzzled and appeared to be asking: "What's this? A new game?" The two old men seemed for the moment speechless, and gazed wonderingly at the now frantic but impotent pit dog. It was then that I heard a laugh and a voice saying sneeringly: "Seems to be a good thing for the old lap-dog he's muzzled." A man, one I recognized as a faro-dealer in Long Jack's place, came out the door, and glanced at the struggling dogs with amused contempt. By this time Crandall had a firm hold on the collar of the white brute, and in that instant Boyd came to life. With a leap, surprisingly nimble in one so old, he was before the gambler, his voice cracked and scarcely audible from rage. "Lap-dog, is ut?" he screamed, jumping about in front of his tormentor and waving his arms. "Mully could eat your pot hound's guts out while ye're flippin' a card, ye damned tin horn. Take your alley scum and get out of me sight before I murder ye both."

But the gambler only laughed quietly. "How much have you got that says so?"

"I have no money and it's you that knows ut. But Mully'll kill him for nawthin'."

"I wouldn't let the pup get dirtied up; but I *would* like to see him eat up that damned bow-legged pet you lug around for a dog."

I had forgotten about Crandall, and just as I stepped forward, reaching for

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my slender supply of bills, the old man suddenly brushed past me, still clutching the collar of the pit bull. "Take your dog, sir," he said, with an air of quiet command in his voice. The gambler drew a leash from his pocket and snapped it onto the dog's collar. "Now," Crandall continued, "you said something about money, I believe. How much would you let your dog get 'dirtied up' for, to use your own expression?" There was a knife-edge to his voice, and the gambler glanced at him curiously. "Oh, I don't reckon you could bet a heap," he replied, allowing an insulting glance to rove up and down the denim-clad figure of the belligerent old man before him. "Whatever you want. Five hundred?" He laughed outright.

For reply Crandall's hand dove into a hip-pocket, and brought forth a much-worn bill-folder. "Here," he said quietly, "are five traveller's checks, making a total of one thousand dollars. I can have another thousand or five thousand in the bank here by noon to-morrow. I'll bet it all that Muldoon, here, can kill your vicious beast in a straight fight to be held no earlier than one month from now."

The face of the gambler was an interesting study. He swallowed and the easy smile left his lips. Finally he spoke and there was sudden respect in his voice. "I can't cover your thousand, old-timer, but I can raise the money if you'll give me a little time."

"I'll give you until nine o'clock to-morrow to have the money in Long Jack's hands. If it isn't there at that time, I'll see that you're laughed out of town." With that the old man turned on his heel and, followed by Boyd, Muldoon, and me, proceeded down the street. Feeling Boyd tugging at my sleeve I glanced down, and the face that I saw peering at me in utter bewilderment was that of a sleep-walker. "Five grand," he whispered; "you wuz right. The old scout's been robbin' a bank."

The month that followed was one of feverish activity. I can see them yet, those two old men, laboring at the pumping handles of the hand-car while Muldoon, his tongue lolling from between his great jaws, his bloodshot eyes seeming to ask his friends what it was all about, toiled after them. They had made him leather pads to protect his feet against the sharp cinders of the track. When they stopped for rest Boyd would pick the dog up in his arms while he cursed him lovingly. Each night, after a long, hot, dusty day behind a pair of mules, pulling a slip or a Fresno, they did their required stint, exercising Muldoon. Soon they were running him three, four, even five miles. How Muldoon must have hated the sight of that hand-car! Yet, he never faltered in his faith. His love for his two friends was greater than the agonies of weariness he suffered. His ribs, hitherto so well padded with easy living, began to mark his brindle hide. Great bunches of muscle corded his legs and chest, and his head seemed to sink lower between his huge shoulders, his benched legs to spread farther apart. "Would ye look at him?" Boyd would ask admiringly. "The deapth av his chist. Lung power there, me bhoy, and endurance. Have a look at thim jaw muscles! They could snap a dog's leg like I'd snap the stim of me clay pipe."

The question of diet was a source of bickering and discussion between the two old men. Never was a prize-fighter's menu watched more closely than were the daily rations of Muldoon. Much free advice was given by the other

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members of the crew, whose interest in the coming battle waxed as the days flew by. "Keep to your mule-skinnin' and leave the care av a fightin'-dog to thim that understands it," Boyd would sniff contemptuously. Nor did he take more kindly to the probably expert suggestions offered by the sporting fraternity of Casper. Here interest was almost as keen as in our camp. When, as was occasionally necessary, I went in for supplies, I was besieged with questions. The town, I found, was solidly of the opinion that Muldoon would be killed. "Sure he's got the guts," Long Jack said to me, "but he can't hold. Not with that undershot jaw. The other dog was made for fighting. Muldoon wasn't. If he should be lucky enough to get his back teeth locked on a leg it'll be good night. He can hold with *them*. But I don't think he'll ever get that hold, and he must if he's to have any chance at all. Why, look! How could he ever hang on with that lower jaw sticking out a half-inch beyond the upper? You should never have allowed the fight. Not if you want to keep your dog." And I was afraid, bitterly afraid, that he was right. Stopping the affair, however, wasn't thinkable. No, disastrous as the end might be, the thing would have to go through. As the day for the fight drew nearer my spirits steadily declined. I, too, loved this great, kindly humorous friend of mine, and the thought of him dying in a pit fight before my eyes made me a little sick. Die he might, but quit he never would, I was certain of that. Not with the gallant heart that has ever been an attribute of his breed.

Two days before the date of the fight both the old men appeared to be satisfied with Muldoon's condition. They had done everything humanly possible to prepare him for the terrible ordeal which he was to go through, an ordeal which even their blind faith in the powers of the English bull could not minimize.

We were a silent company as we rode, on the train, from Shoshone to Casper. Muldoon occupied a seat with Boyd, while Crandall and I sat facing them. He was a privileged passenger, always, on that line. Of the four of us he appeared to be the least concerned. A scuttling rabbit brought him up against the windows of the car, giving vent to his rusty, unused bark. He had never been able to bark properly, nor had he succeeded in driving from his mind the conviction that one day he would literally run a cottontail to death. His faith in his own powers was sublime.

The fight, we found after arrival in Casper, would be held in an unused ice-house back of Long Jack's saloon. Here the footing would be good and rude seats, hastily knocked together, ran to the low roof. Jack had ever an alert eye out for business. Admission, at five dollars the head, was to be charged. I cared nothing for that. What I would have liked, better than anything I could think of, was to be back in the quiet of my camp, sitting lazily in the sun, watching the misty edges of the Wind Rivers where streams rushed and there were valleys, cool and deep and sweet. I regretted, bitterly, the deliberate insult on the part of that inconsequential faro-dealer. Yet I did not blame old Crandall. I would have put up my puny capital if he hadn't stepped into the breach. Where had the doughty old chap gotten all that money? The thought occurred to me even as Long Jack, in the person of master of ceremonies, began to instruct Boyd, Crandall, and the faro-dealer, the most interested parties, as to the rules which

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would govern the contest. Where had he unearthed that money? A thousand dollars he had wagered without so much as the tremble of an eyelash, and offered to get five thousand more. The gambler had eventually raised his end of the stake among his friends. Among these there appeared to be an atmosphere of assurance. The white dog, they seemed to believe, couldn't lose. I heard grim stories of bloody battles from which he had emerged the victor—tales of a foot stripped of its flesh in breaking a hold, of bowels ripped by the long, razorlike claws of a badger in a fight down on the island. Certainly, I thought, he looked the killer. Already he was whining and straining toward Muldoon, who sat, with Boyd and Crandall, at the edge of the cleared space, wagging his ridiculous tail, his long tongue lolling out.

The stentorian voice of Long Jack rose above the babble of sounds about the ring. He held up an admonitory hand. The fight would take place immediately, the dogs would be put down at their respective sides of the ring, and the fight, from that point on, would go as they elected. There would be no intervals, no picking up of dogs, no help from an owner, once the fight had begun. These rules might not be in any book, but they were *his* rules and, by God, he would see that they were enforced. Are you ready, gentlemen? Put down your pups!

Old Boyd, his arms about Muldoon, had been whispering rapidly and continuously into his ear, pronouncing, I have no doubt, a spell upon the white beast across the ring, straining forward so eagerly in his master's arms. At the word of Long Jack he gave Muldoon one parting squeeze, sighed a deep, almost sobbing sigh, and stepped back. I observed that his furrowed cheeks were wet with tears. "Go git 'im, bhoy," he whispered.

Muldoon turned to glance up into the face of his old friend, and as he did so the white dog hit him. Instinctively, the great shoulder of Muldoon met the attack and his jowl, tough as the sole of a track-walker's boot, took the rip of the gleaming fangs. He whirled; but he was a split second too late. The pit dog, trained machine that he was, had flashed back to the attack hardly changing in his stride, and before the slower-moving Muldoon, still not quite certain that this wasn't a new and friendly game, could meet the charge had secured a hold just back of the jaw on the throat. A yell rose from the crowd. "He's got it. The fight's over. Good night." Then I saw something and, unconsciously, I groaned aloud. With each movement of the struggle which gave a fraction of an inch of slack, the smaller dog's punishing matched jaws ate in deeper toward the pulsing life which lay just below. It was then that I heard it first—that strange, deep, rusty growl. I saw his great head flash down with the speed of a snake's and, twisting in the loose hide, turn under the jaws of the pit bull. Then, with the leverage thus obtained, Muldoon began to gather himself. With a mighty surge of his great muscles he threw the other upward and out, breaking the hold. But not without price. A spurt of blood followed the ripping teeth; but from that point Muldoon began to fight. Instantly the crowd caught the difference, and there was wild cheering. This wasn't the good-natured old chap who had gone into the fight his stump of a tail wagging. There was something deadly in the slow, methodical pursuit which he then took up. The pit bull was in

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and out, striving, always striving, for the chance which would give him the hold he sought—the leg or throat. Old Muldoon seemed to sense this and met every charge with his fore feet far back beneath his body, presenting only his great chest or the tough, leathery jowl for the teeth of his adversary. Again and again he secured a minor grip on the flying white dog, only to lose it as the slippery folds of hide rolled from between his ill-matched jaws. He was taking dreadful punishment, and it was only his great strength which was saving him. Time and again the white dog secured a position of vantage, and always Muldoon was able to shake him off. Bleeding and torn in a dozen places, fighting through an instinct handed down from the days when his forebears were pitted against the savage black bulls of England, he never faltered or gave an inch or failed to meet the attack square on.

Ten minutes passed, fifteen, twenty. Both dogs were much spent, Muldoon's cropped ears were slit to ribbons and he had lost much blood. It did not seem possible that they could keep their feet much longer; yet the savage intensity of the struggle seemed scarcely diminished. The pit dog had not escaped unhurt. One fore foot was almost stripped of its flesh where it had slipped from Muldoon's jaws, and he was showing the effect of the greater weight of his relentless opponent. Indeed, it now appeared that Muldoon was carrying the fight to the white dog. It was a strange, deadly, all but soundless struggle, only their labored breathing and the gurgling note of battle reaching our ears through the tense quiet of the barnlike structure.

I had begun to hope that my old friend might yet emerge the victor from this, his first fight, when the thing happened, too quickly for my eye to follow. I heard only a short, bitter curse from Boyd and then a shout from the crowd when I realized that, unless a miracle occurred, Muldoon had lost the struggle and with it his life. It was simply, as any of the fancy could have told me, the breaks of the game coming, at last, to one old in the craft—and the white dog was a fighter with a long history of winning. He had secured the hold he had so long been seeking, just below the first joint of the left fore leg. For a long moment Muldoon trembled with the pain of it, shaking the pinioned paw before him pitifully. Then, from the very depths of him came such a bellow as only agony and rage could bring forth, and with every atom of strength left in his legs he threw himself forward upon the now almost inert white dog. There was a sharp snap as they went down together and I saw a face, sharply constricted with pain and ashen in color, turn helplessly toward me. It was Boyd, and I knew then that Muldoon's leg was broken. It was such a moment as I do not care to live through again. Yet, even as I tasted the bitterness of my thoughts and began to prepare myself for what, inevitably, must follow, I heard a murmur running through the crowd which quickly swelled to a shout. Forcing my eyes back upon the struggling pair in the centre of the cleared space, I saw that again they were on their feet but *both their heads were down*. Old Boyd and Crandall were flat on the ground, their eyes peering beneath the straining confusion of the dogs' bodies. When, at last, they lifted their faces to each other, I saw there a look of ineffable content and satisfaction. In a moment I was beside them and understood the meaning of that look. The fight was, or soon

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would be, over. The wide jaws of Muldoon were full, to the back teeth, of the white dog's throat. The killer had, for a moment, dropped his guard after he had secured the hold which, ordinarily, would have been sufficient to insure victory, and this, occurring at the exact moment of Muldoon's forward rush, had given him his opportunity. Even as I crouched near them I heard the breath of the terrier coming through his still gamely clinched teeth in whistling gasps. Little by little I saw the jaws slacken in their grip upon Muldoon's broken leg and I suffered for both of them. It could not last. The crushing jaws of Muldoon were shutting off the pit dog's supply of air and he was swiftly suffocating. In a little while, unless intervention came, the stout-hearted little battler would be dead. He felt death coming, too, for an instant later his jaws relaxed and as they did so a pitiful, almost apologetic little whine escaped him. Still he struggled, with growing weakness, to break Muldoon's hold. He may as well have pitted his fading strength against time itself, for that was all that lay between him and the mist which would soon close his eyes forever. I jumped to my feet and rushed to the gambler, who was standing in an attitude of utter dejection, nervously chewing his lips. "Here, you," I yelled at him. "Come get your dog if you want him alive. This fight's over." The gambler leaped to the side of the struggling dogs with a grateful "Thanks" and, jerking from his pocket a flask, poured the contents into Muldoon's eyes and pushed-back nostrils. The result was instantaneous. With a gasp Muldoon's locked jaws flew open and the white dog was free. The gambler raised him in his arms, still struggling to renew the fight, and walked hastily through the crowd. Boyd had picked up his torn, blood-covered friend and suddenly I realized, with a great rush of relief, that this thing which we had all dreaded through the weeks was over and that Muldoon had won—won over a handicap that had made it an uneven contest from the outset, the punishing, matched teeth of a trained pit bull-terrier.

As we passed through Long Jack's saloon, I saw Jack come quickly around the end of the bar and stuff a great bundle of bills into Crandall's hand. He seemed scarcely to acknowledge it, but stuffed the money loosely into his pocket and reached out his arms to Boyd for his ripped and bloody burden. A veterinary offered his services, and soon Muldoon's broken leg was in splints, and the three of us were walking as quickly as possible through the crowds toward the material-yards, where we would await our train for home.

The short cut we had taken led us past a Pullman car which had been left upon a siding. As we neared the car I chanced to glance up and saw a young woman's face framed in one of the windows. There was, in the look she bent upon old Crandall, such an expression of horror mingled with disgust that I offered to take Muldoon from him in order that we might remove ourselves from her sight with all possible speed. We must have appeared a disreputable crew. Poor old Muldoon's many wounds had bled profusely and Joseph's coat could have been no more incarnadined than Crandall's. But the old man only shook his head. "I got him into this. I'll carry him home." At that moment I heard running steps and turned to observe the young woman of the Pullman window. Her face still bore its look of horror, but now, it seemed to

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me, she was also thoroughly angry. "Father!" I think I have never heard more contempt packed into a single word. Old Crandall turned to her slowly. There seemed to be no element of surprise in his face. It was exactly as though something which had always been inevitable had happened, and for just an instant I thought I saw in his eyes a look of harried, helpless defeat. The jaunty air which had characterized him during the past year seemed to fall from him like a garment and he was, suddenly, a beaten, tired old man. "Well, Margaret, so you've come?" Then back to me: "I'll meet you in the yards in a little while." As the two of them walked back toward the Pullman I saw the young woman talking swiftly, her hands fluttering in expressions of disdain. Old Crandall seemed not to answer, and somehow I wanted to run after him and bring him back to old Boyd and Muldoon and the mules and the camp and the swearing, yelling skinners. Boyd tugged at my arm. "Leave him be. There's things ye can't monkey with and that's wan av thim." And with a little sigh the old man started trudging back toward the yards, facing his vagabond life as he had faced it before—alone.

"I'd have gone crazy," Crandall explained to us later as we sat in the mess-car used as a dining-hall by the Hungarian laborers in the material-yards. "After I retired from active business to allow my son-in-law to run it I found I had a bigger job than ever—waiting to die. They wouldn't even let me alone to do that peacefully. They all ran my life with more energy than I had ever run my business. Morning, noon, and night. I nearly went wild, that first year. Too much of everything. Too many servants. Too many clothes. Too much food. Too many damn-fool parties. Nothing real in it. I got sick and they tried their best to kill me—with smothering care. I got to thinking—all the rest of my life. Just an inane round of imbecile activities. I couldn't stand it, and one day I walked out. This has been one of the happiest years of my life." We fell silent. After a long moment he began speaking again, sadly. "But I've got to go back. If I stayed, you see, they'd never let me alone and the charm of it would be gone since they'd know all about me again. I guess a man hasn't any right to expect happiness, real happiness, such as I've had here with you and Jim, in this life. It doesn't seem to be in the cards." He walked over and sat down beside old Boyd, who was nervously smoking his pipe and gazing steadily at the floor. "Well, Jim, it seems that I've got to leave you. I'd take you back to where I'm going, but you'd never stay there. You're luckier than I am, Jim, lots luckier." A long interval, and then: "Good-by, old fellow. Take good care of yourself, Jim. We probably won't see each other again. Good-by."

Boyd took his outstretched hand, shook it limply, and stared dumbly at the floor. Crandall sighed and climbed slowly out of the car. "We've had good times," he said, giving me his hand. "I'll never forget it." Then he was gone, walking up the track with lagging step, his head bent as though in weariness. Suddenly I heard a startled exclamation as of a sleeper jarred into wakefulness, and Boyd was rushing past me to climb hurriedly out of the car. He all but fell in his eagerness, but in an instant was running, his bent old legs fairly churning up the cinders, in pursuit of his friend. Crandall turned

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when he heard his steps and hastened back, his face shining. What went between them I never knew; but I saw Crandall place his arm about old Boyd's shoulders and slip something into the pocket of his tattered coat, something which, even at a distance, resembled a large bundle of currency. They parted again, at last, and Boyd stood quite still until his friend had disappeared behind a string of box cars. When he rejoined me I saw that his chin was trembling and his eyes were wet, though he strove, pitifully, for composure. "To hell wit' 'im. Who cares if he goes?" he barked at me in his high, cracked voice.

Who, indeed, more than he? For he left me the next day after a long farewell with Muldoon. He tried mightily for a jaunty bearing as I walked with him to the train; but there was a tragic droop to the corners of his mouth. As the train got under way he leaned from the car-window and waved at me. I never saw or heard of him again.

I Planted Little Trees To-day

By James B. Carrington

Around the weedy grass-grown fields,
Mid golden-rod and fragrant bay,
The wildings that the poor soil yields,
I planted little trees to-day.

In hollows where pipsissewa
Sends up its sweet and waxy bloom,
Where little nuthatch calls, ha, ha,
And tiny owls wail at the moon,

With love and pride I planted these;
Though well I know I'll not be here,
When they have grown to mighty trees,
Nor hear their music through the year.

Yet, maybe, in the days to come,
A memory shaft they'll build for me,
And through their groves there may walk some
With praise and thanks for every tree!

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Progress, Prohibition, and the Democratic Party

BY NELLIE TAYLOE ROSS
Former Governor of Wyoming

The first woman governor, being a "dry" herself, chides those "drys" who refuse to follow a progressive candidate because he does not happen to believe in prohibition. She points to the example of Woodrow Wilson.

It has become rather a commonplace occurrence in recent years, in groups where political subjects are discussed, to hear the remark: "Oh, there is very little difference between the parties. I vote for the man rather than for the party." And, truth to tell, there is a great deal more independent voting to-day than at any time in the past. Moreover, the proportion of eligible voters who actually cast their ballots is constantly decreasing—to the great alarm of those who think they see in this fact a sign of waning interest in public affairs.

Almost as many different reasons are given for this state of affairs as there are observers. Some profess to see the cause in the direct primary, and they deplore the breakdown of party lines as though the safety of the republic were dependent upon the preservation of partisanship. Others work themselves to a great pitch of excitement over the absentee voter, believing that lack of interest in elections marks a deterioration of the moral fibre of the nation. And yet, if it be true that there is little difference between the two great parties, does that fact not explain both the increase of independent voting and the decrease of voting in general?

If political campaigns are to resolve themselves into mere contests for supremacy between rival groups of office-seekers striving for power, what great compelling motive is there to arouse the enthusiasm of the voters who have no real interest in the exaltation of either faction? And surely they are not to be condemned for ignoring a contest in which there seems to be no real principle involved. But just let some issue be advanced that is close and vital to those voters—something that bears directly upon their own and their children's welfare—and see how their interest will be quickened! Or let there come into the field some personality who captures the imagination of the public, and immediately indifference will give place to militant activity.

The explanation of the present status of things political is not to be found in declining intelligence on the part of the people nor in any real lack of concern for public welfare. It is rather to be found in the fact that the old parties are no longer clearly differentiated along lines of policy, and because of the disposition, even among outstanding political leaders, to resist whatever programme the opposition party happens to adopt, even though in doing so they

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violate the historic principles of their own party.

A striking example of this tendency was afforded in the opposition of some Democratic members of Congress at the last session to Secretary Mellon's policy of using the Treasury surplus for the reduction of the national debt rather than for the reduction of taxes. The announcement of his programme was the signal for a score of Democrats to set up a clamor for a reduction of corporation taxes. What could be more inconsistent than for Democrats to urge lower taxes for the corporations just because a Republican secretary of the treasury happened to espouse for the moment a financial policy of Thomas Jefferson?

It was the very fact of divergent and irreconcilable opinions upon this question of public debt that determined in large measure, in the beginning, the alignment of the parties. Hamilton is recognized as the patron saint of the Republican party and Jefferson of the Democratic. Hamilton believed that public debt is a public blessing, but Jefferson threw all the weight of his influence against such a doctrine.

In a memorandum addressed to President Washington in 1792, Jefferson wrote:

"No man is more ardently intent to see the public debt soon and sacredly paid off than I am. This exactly marks the difference between Colonel Hamilton's views and mine, that I would wish the debt paid to-morrow; he wishes it never to be paid, but always to be a thing wherewith to corrupt and manage the legislature."

The point of view thus indicated by Jefferson is still good Democratic doctrine, and, instead of abandoning it just for the pleasure of always opposing Mr. Mellon, the followers of Jefferson should rather have rejoiced at the temporary conversion of the man who dominates the financial policy of the administration.

This tendency to subordinate public interest to partisan expediency is again illustrated in the attitude of New York legislatures toward the constitutional reform programme of Governor Alfred E. Smith. My understanding is that that programme has consisted chiefly of propositions that during previous administrations were enthusiastically supported by Republican leaders. Yet Republican legislature after legislature, during his régime, has permitted itself to be driven into opposition to an obviously salutary reform programme for no greater reason than political hostility to the Democratic governor. And thus, abandoning principle themselves, they have only served to drive into Governor Smith's fold many thousands who refused to follow their blind leadership, and thereby they materially increased his majorities.

Perhaps the most lamentable example that modern American history affords of this willingness to change principle for the sake of apparent partisan expediency is found in the story of Woodrow Wilson, Henry Cabot Lodge, and the League of Nations. Without doubt many Republican friends of the League to Enforce Peace, who honestly believed that the plan of Woodrow Wilson held healing for the nations, were transformed into foes of the League of Nations merely because a President of the opposing party had become the leader of the cause.

If party principles are no more stable than indicated by the examples I have given, how can we criticise the element of our citizenship that recoils from partisan politics and refuses to become

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identified with it? The only justification for the existence of political parties is that they afford citizens a medium through which they may give expression to their views of the policies upon which government should be conducted. If there is to be no clear differentiation, then there is nothing to hold the voter except the name. And that is the condition which has existed for some time in the United States. The old issues which divided our fathers no longer claim our interest, and upon the new issues the pros and the cons are to be found in both parties.

In the West there are thousands of citizens, and scores of leaders even, who call themselves Republicans but who have no place—on present-day issues—in the same party with ultraconservative Republicans like Coolidge, Mellon, and Hughes. Their allegiance is maintained only by considerations of practical politics. Hope springs eternal in the human breast! The lure of possible control of the party organization some time in the future is what holds them in line. Western farmers who are supporting Governor Lowden for the Republican nomination for the presidency hope, by winning control of the convention, to make the party progressive and at the same time to retain the fealty of the unthinking who follow the party name no matter what it stands for.

The situation is no different with the Democrats—with the exception that most of the Democratic leaders are progressive, while most of the Republicans are conservative. It is certain that if those members of both parties who hold progressive and liberal views could align themselves in the same political organization, so that one party would be wholly conservative and one wholly progressive, it would immediately eliminate all ground for complaint that there is no difference between the parties. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and, if the signs of the times are read aright, it is not unlikely that by slow process a complete political realignment is even now taking place, and it is quite within the realms of possibility that by the time the next presidential campaign is waged the division between the two great parties may again have become clear.

Fundamentally the Democratic party stands, or stood, for a liberal policy. Its founder, Thomas Jefferson, laid down the principle that government may be confidently and safely intrusted to the ultimate good sense and virtue of the people, as opposed to the theory of Hamilton that the nation would be best served by class government. The party of Hamilton, of course, was wholly destroyed in his own lifetime, but his philosophy still guides the conservative.

The lines which separated Jefferson and Hamilton are the only lines upon which parties may logically divide. Throughout our history the political struggle has always been between the progressive and the conservative. The conservative thinks first of property interests, the liberal of human interests. The conservative eschews that which is new, the liberal tries it. There is merit in both attitudes. The liberal policy is necessary to achieve progress, the conservative to hold it after it has been won. Both camps have the vices of their virtues. The danger to the conservative is the tendency to tolerate exploitation by selfish interests; to the liberal radicalism presents a peril. However, it must be recognized that every great achievement in this country has been won by progressives, and the American

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people are essentially a progressive people.

The so-called forces of reaction have from time to time in the past dominated both parties, but during the last fifteen or twenty years the leaders of the Republican party have been gradually growing more and more conservative and those of the Democratic party more and more progressive, while the rank and file in both parties have been asserting more independence.

This fact is the explanation of the repeated efforts that have been made to make the Republican party wholly progressive. Theodore Roosevelt almost succeeded while he was President, but even he, master statesman and political strategist that he was, failed to accomplish his purpose. The Republican convention of 1912 was the scene of the triumph of the conservative. Under Wilson the Democratic party accomplished most, if not all, of the legislative aims of the Progressives and became entitled to inherit the strength of that movement. But love of party, like love of country, is a strong motive, and Republican progressives returned to the old camp-fires, hoping to gain control again within the party. The La Follette independent movement in 1924 was another sign of the failure, and the veto of the McNary-Haugen bill by President Coolidge may yet go down in history as the turning-point in this slow process of realignment.

Not that the terms of this bill are generally understood, or that in itself it is the ark of the covenant of progressivism in the Republican party. It is merely a symbol of an attitude of mind. Its supporters are those who believe that the first consideration of government is the welfare of the masses. Its opponents are those who believe that government should first protect the interests of Big Business. The Coolidge veto has made farm relief the issue in the Republican party. Governor Lowden and Vice-President Dawes are the heirs of the progressive aspiration in the Republican party, and that two such men, who owe their fortunes to Big Business, should now be counted among the leaders of the last feeble liberal movement in the Republican party is in itself a very striking proof of how weak and thin has become the Roosevelt spirit in the party he once dominated.

Neither of these gentlemen has aroused any enthusiasm among the independent Westerners who elect the La Follettes, the Norrises, the Brookharts, and without that enthusiasm it is difficult to imagine that they can be successful in turning back those eminently practical Republican strategists who control the party in Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, and Massachusetts. The next Republican convention, then, is likely to see the complete collapse of the progressive movement within the Republican party. The Democratic party will then be in position to come into its own, to become once more, for all the country—North, South, East, and West—the party of Jefferson, the party of those who are dedicated to the conviction that the government should be administered at all times for the benefit of all the people and not for any particular class or group.

There are at the present time vital problems of a political and economic nature, national and international in scope, that properly challenge the immediate attention of all our people—problems the settlement of which cannot be justifiably deferred. Corruption in public office, the debauching of elections, international peace, the conserva-

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tion of natural resources, and others are matters of such importance to every group of society that their consideration should not be neglected or postponed.

The opportunity which now presents itself to the Democratic party to define a programme and to offer a candidate who will appeal to the progressive sentiments of the country may be entirely lost and these great issues will become obscured, if the leaders of the party insist upon concentrating public attention upon a moral question that is already settled and has been settled since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted.

The record of my private and official life entitles me to classify myself as a "dry." Though my personal experience as governor has taught me how difficult it is to enforce prohibition successfully, and notwithstanding the failure of the present national administration and other agencies to cope with violations of the law, I still believe that it should and will be maintained. Even in the present unsatisfactory state of things with respect to enforcement, I am convinced that a large element of our population has been benefited—chiefly the underprivileged poor who cannot afford to buy the execrable bootleg product that is destroying the health and morals of countless thousands of our people, young and old. Still, speaking as a convinced dry, I cannot believe that prohibition is or should be made a partisan issue.

It is my conviction that those dry Democrats who insist that the Democratic nomination for President shall hinge upon a declaration of the personal views of the candidate upon the merits or efficacy of prohibition are serving neither the cause of prohibition nor the best interests of the Democratic party. My own position as a dry Democrat is that when some Democrat presents his candidacy to the party on a wet platform, then and then only will it be time for dry Democrats to take up the cudgels against him. Let us not forget that dry enthusiasts in the Republican party have never yet demanded that any presidential candidate in that party declare himself a convinced dry. So far as I know, President Coolidge has never yet stated where his sympathies lie with reference to prohibition, and, now that he has eliminated himself from further consideration as a candidate, no demands have been made of Messrs. Lowden, Hughes, Hoover, Dawes, Longworth, or any other Republican "possibility" that he declare himself. And properly so—the Republican "dry" is content to have a candidate who is a *Republican,* whether he is personally wet or dry. The Republican voters are concentrating their attention on the conflicting views with respect to farm relief that distinguish the Western and Eastern wings of the party, and the Democratic leader who imagines that the Democratic party has the slightest chance of winning the next election on the prohibition issue is, in my judgment, a victim of self-deception.

To be successful in a presidential election, the Democratic party must induce a considerable defection from Republican ranks. This it cannot do merely by nominating a convinced dry. If the Democratic party ever could have won an election on the dry issue, it would have done so with Bryan, for there never was a more zealous dry Democrat. But surely no one will dispute the statement that, had Bryan made such a race, the Republican drys would have applauded his views—while voting for their own candidate.

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Republican conservatives, who may with confidence look forward to control of the next Republican convention, must regard with great satisfaction the effort of "dry" progressives in the Democratic party to divide that organization on an issue which the Republicans so wisely and properly avoid. It seems very strange indeed that men and women who with unstinted devotion aided Woodrow Wilson to write the magnificent chapter of progressive achievements that will always be associated with his name should now lend themselves to a movement within the party that threatens to destroy the progressive cause. I do not remember having heard of a single dry Democrat resigning any office of honor or profit under Wilson because he vetoed the Volstead Act. I do not remember having heard of a single dry Democrat refusing to accept responsibility under Wilson because of that veto. And I have yet to hear any one deny that law-enforcement under Wilson, opponent of the Volstead Act though he was, was better than it has been at any time since he left the White House.

"Dry" progressive Democrats who refuse to work with progressive Democrats who happen not to believe in prohibition are putting themselves in the position of subordinating living issues to an issue that is settled. Prohibition is not the paramount issue, and it is a mistake for Democrats to act as though it were. It may also be a mistake for "drys" to act as though it were. We have the Eighteenth Amendment and we have the Volstead Act. For us to conduct ourselves as though we did not have them is only to keep the public attention concentrated upon the question. If the organized "drys" continue to apply to all potential presidential candidates in the Democratic party the test of private conviction as to the desirability of the law, consistency demands that the same test be applied to potential candidates in the Republican party. Dry enthusiasts cannot direct all their fire at the candidates of one party without laying their good faith open to challenge. And if once the conviction gets abroad that the organized dry movement is only an adjunct of one party, it is bound to suffer. If, however, the issue should be injected into both parties, the result might very easily be an out-and-out struggle between the wets and the drys. The wets would thus achieve that very referendum which has thus far been prevented.

No doubt there are many sincere and honest citizens, both wet and dry, who believe that the country should forget all other issues and concentrate on this. The difficulty is that there would be no end to the agitation as long as there remain people who will use liquor. The result most certainly would be severe loss to the progressive cause, for the history of special privilege teaches us that it never thrives better than when the public eye is turned in some other direction.

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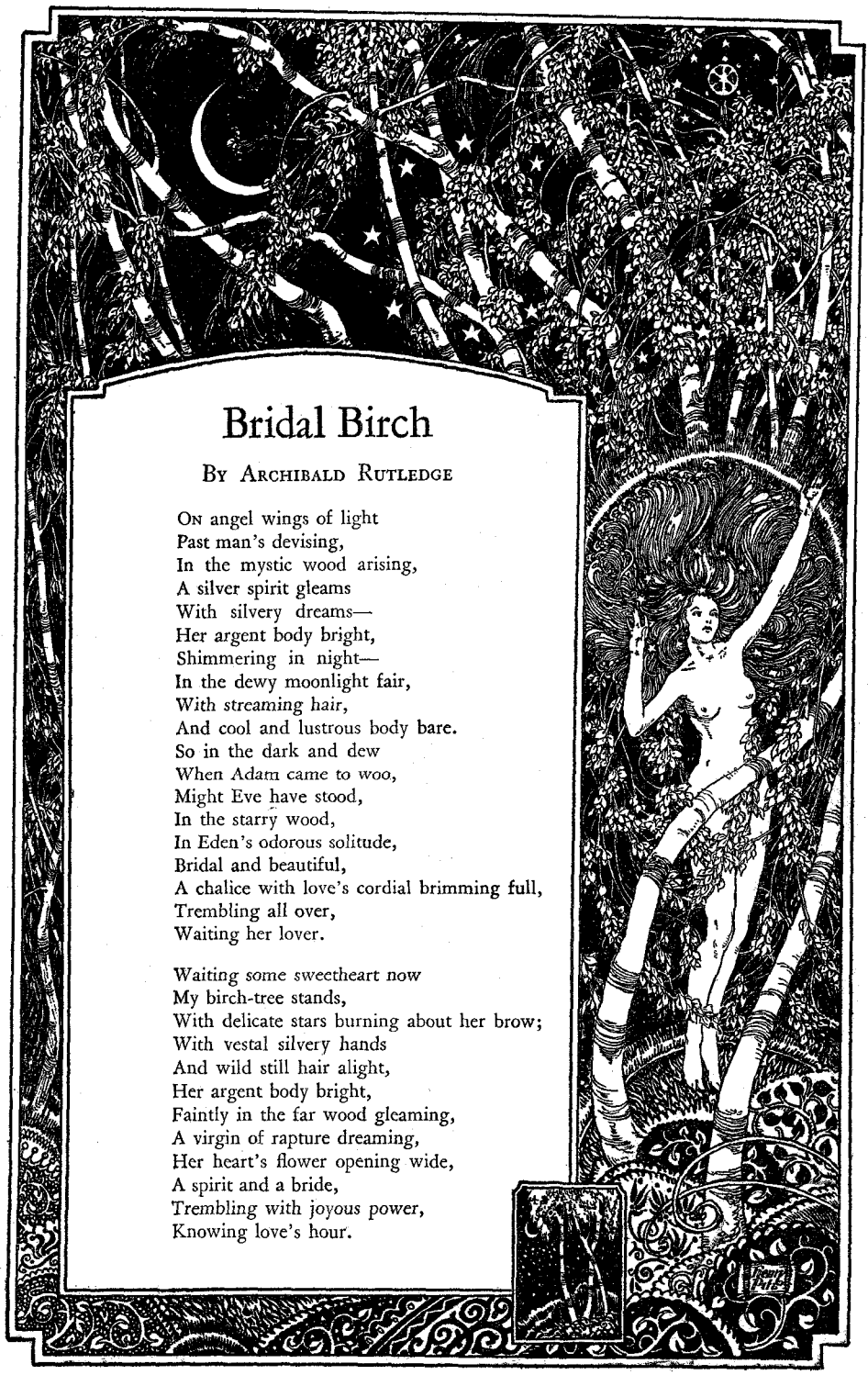

Bridal Birch

By Archibald Rutledge

On angel wings of light
Past man's devising,
In the mystic wood arising,
A silver spirit gleams
With silvery dreams—
Her argent body bright,
Shimmering in night—
In the dewy moonlight fair,
With streaming hair,
And cool and lustrous body bare.
So in the dark and dew
When Adam came to woo,
Might Eve have stood,
In the starry wood,
In Eden's odorous solitude,
Bridal and beautiful,
A chalice with love's cordial brimming full,
Trembling all over,
Waiting her lover.

Waiting some sweetheart now
My birch-tree stands,
With delicate stars burning about her brow;
With vestal silvery hands
And wild still hair alight,
Her argent body bright,
Faintly in the far wood gleaming,
A virgin of rapture dreaming,
Her heart's flower opening wide,
A spirit and a bride,
Trembling with joyous power,
Knowing love's hour.

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"Steward, Four More of the Same"

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATION BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Colonel Roosevelt in his journeyings has run across many strange characters. This story of a character even stranger than Lawrence of Arabia is based on fact.

THE ship had been ploughing all day through the Red Sea. There had not been a breath of air. The smooth blue water rolled to each side in undulating ridges as the bow drove forward. Now night had fallen with tropical abruptness. The hull still radiated heat, but a gentle breeze cooled the sweat-drenched passengers.

The bar was on the front deck of the boat. The windows were open. The brown varnished tables and ornate carved panels gleamed in the electric light with all the meretricious ostentation of a Pullman car.

Around one of these tables four men gathered. They were in shirt-sleeves and the perspiration showed in dark blotches on their rumpled clothing. A white-clad bartender noiselessly set long frosted drinks in front of them. They clasped them lovingly. The cold of the glasses was like the hand of a trained nurse on a fever-patient's brow. Slowly sipping, letting the ice bob against their lips, they talked in desultory fashion of people and places.

All four were men of wide experience. All four had travelled and lived in many lands. They had seen not only the smooth surface of things but the under side, where the seams show.

One was from the Forest Service in Burmah, where he had spent long, lonely days in the jungle. One ran a rubber-plantation at Penang. One was a shipping-agent from Shanghai. One, an American, was an automobile salesman in upper India.

Lazily the talk drifted from person to place—from Jan Bahadur to Chieng Mai. Gradually it centred on the great desert that lay to the north of them with its hidden fastnesses and immemorial mysteries. Some one mentioned Lawrence and the weird penance he was performing in the tank corps at Karachi.

The American salesman from upper India spoke:

Lawrence is not as strange a character to my way of thinking as a man I knew in "Mespot" during the War. His name was Burrage—Albert Witherspoon Burrage. He was the small, dark type of Englishman that is not English at all but Briton. Though small, he was wiry and always in the pink. Generally he was very quiet—the kind of a man who seems always to be waiting for you to say something. He had no sense of humor and was one of the most literal men I have ever known.

The Burrages were a middle-class English family from Manchester. The

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father was a manufacturer in a small way. There were four children, three boys and a girl. They lived in a square, ugly brick house, furnished in typical mid-Victorian fashion — rosewood chairs, a heavy bronze clock, and a large chromo of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert on their wedding-day. Their life was as respectable and uninteresting as a leg of mutton.

Drab childhood turned into drab youth. Albert, whose very name was a reminder of the era his parents represented, went to a good ordinary school. At seventeen he graduated and became a clerk in the London Midlands Bank at Manchester.

The years rolled by. There was nothing to distinguish him in any way from countless other young fellows with white collars and limited horizons. Suddenly, when he was twenty-one, he began to bet on the horse-races and drink. For a while it passed unnoticed. Then he went on a pretty large party. His father heard of it. The respectable manufacturer was shocked to the core. There was an explosion. Albert was silent but unrepentant. After a stormy twenty-four hours the older man said he could not have Albert in Manchester disgracing the family name. He paid the boy's debts, got him a position in the Asiatic Bank in Cairo, and told him to get out.

Albert Burrage once described to me the start of that voyage. He sailed from Southampton. It was a gray, foggy day. The wire hawsers and railings were beaded with moisture. He stood by the companionway and watched the half-oranges, broken crates, paper, and refuse of all kinds washing to and fro in the oily water. He said he felt a bit down in the mouth.

Cairo is a delightful city. The streets show fictitiously clean in the bright tropical sun. It is both East and South, and combines the attraction of both. By day the white plaster of wall and dome matches the clouds in the blue sky. Greasy natives throng the streets, driving ahead of them underfed burros laden with piles of merchandise. Occasionally a stately man of the desert strides by with proudly squared shoulders. The street venders shout their interminable cries.

By night the genii of the "Arabian Nights" transmute all into a fairy scene. The white buildings are bathed in moonlight. The shadows lie in pools of darkness. In the bazaars lights twinkle. Dim figures glide to and fro. Some stringed instrument twangs and a voice chants a plaintive monotonous melody.

It was to this city and this atmosphere that Albert Burrage, late of Manchester, came. All day long he worked at the bank and did well. He took a house with a high-walled garden in one of the suburbs. In the evening he was moderately social. Though he saw a good deal of the European society of the city, he took a keen interest in native life and spent much of his time studying the various languages, especially Arabic.

The years passed. One day the bank manager said casually to Burrage: "It would be an advantage to be a Mohammedan in dealing with the natives. I am sure you could understand their thoughts better." Quietly Burrage remarked: "I am a Mohammedan."

For a moment the manager was too surprised to speak. Then he tried to find out when and why this had happened. Burrage was as uncommunicative as usual. After half an hour's close questioning the manager got merely a

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vague impression that it was a case of "When in Rome do as the Romans do."

After this he watched his subordinate more closely. Soon rumors reached him of strange happenings in the low plaster house where Burrage lived. Behind the high walls of the garden there were native women who were not there as servants.

Again the manager called the clerk and questioned him. "Yes, there are native women there," Burrage said. "They are my harem. You see, I am a Mohammedan."

This was pretty steep from the British point of view. There were certain things an employee of the Asiatic Banking Corporation did not do. A man might be a Mohammedan. That was his own personal affair. Keeping a harem was a gray horse of a very different color.

After considerable thought the manager told Burrage that he would either have to close his zenana or leave the company's employ. Burrage left the company's employ.

He had some money of his own, inherited from his mother. He continued living in Cairo in the house with the walled garden.

In the outposts of empire social lines are loosely drawn. This is necessary or there would be very little society. Men who wander to far-away places have generally a tolerant attitude toward life. They are apt to have done a number of things that might seem odd in Kew.

Burrage's faith and harem were politely ignored and he associated with his fellow Europeans. In the group that he knew were the German consul and his wife. The consul was a fat little Teuton, rather dull and pompous, with a round face that seemed to be always shining with sweat. His wife was a tall woman with faded yellow hair and a flat white face.

Time passed. Everything seemed much as usual. Suddenly one morning the harem in the house with the walled garden and the German consul were left alone. Burrage and the German woman had bolted.

There was quite a stir. The fat little consul was furious. His dignity as representative of the German Government had been insulted. He had been shamed before all by an English clerk. He went to the authorities. The affair became in a mild way a *cause célèbre*. The British forbade Burrage the Near East.

Meanwhile the guilty couple had been living placidly at Constantinople. Abruptly they decided it had all been a mistake. The Frau went back to the consul, leaving Burrage alone.

One place in the world was forbidden to him, the Near East. Naturally that was where he wished to be. He disguised himself and drifted into Asia Minor. In some unknown fashion he made his way into Kurdistan, the roughest part of the country. There the natives are practically independent and as barbarous and courageous as they had been in the days when they rolled rocks on Xenophon and his battle-scarred ten thousand. Burrage dropped completely out of sight.

Some years later, word drifted to the British Intelligence that in the Kurdish mountains there was an Englishman who had great influence with the native tribes. He had gone native, and dressed and lived as one of them. He was married to the daughter of the most powerful of the native chiefs and was a big man in the country.

It was Burrage. How he had escaped being killed, by what means he had worked his way to power, will always

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be a mystery. At no time did he tell any one what happened from the time he left Constantinople until he next appeared as a petty Kurdish princeling. Suffice it to say that there he was.

The troubled year of 1914 arrived. Suddenly in August, like a clap of thunder, the World War broke. The nations joined battle. England as usual had been caught unprepared. Her lazy good nature and pride had as often before brought her to desperate straits. Laboriously she was gathering her great but loosely knit strength.

I had worked so long by Englishmen in English possessions that I felt more or less English myself. It seemed to me that the least I could do, in return for the chance I had had of making my living in her possessions, was to stand by England now. I joined the forces and was sent to Cairo, where headquarters were established for operating in Palestine and Arabia and protecting the Suez Canal.

There I was detailed to the Intelligence Corps. We were all new to the job—men from tea-plantations, archæological expeditions, or mere wanderers; with an occasional hide-bound regular who despised the rest and fretted himself into apoplexy, because he could not apply the army regulations which he had been brought up to consider infallible.

We had an office in a long, low building which heated to fever-pitch by noon and resembled an oven from then until after dark. There we struggled to organize the semblance of order.

One day in early October a slight dark man with a weather-beaten face entered. He was neatly dressed in ordinary civilian clothes. He came to me, as I was the nearest to the door, and said: "My name is Albert Witherspoon Burrage. I know a bit about the natives in this end of the world. Could you tell me to whom to apply? I'd like to join up."

I directed him to the acting chief, a good though limited chap from the R. F. A. by the name of Brownell. After a brief interview Burrage was given the proper instructions as to how to proceed to get a commission.

Before he had finally matriculated some kind friend in Cairo turned up with the story of his past. Then there was hell to pay.

Brownell was all for firing him out, lock, stock, and barrel—officer and gentleman—his Majesty's service—and all that sort of business.

We civilians maintained that this was war, not army-post life, and that what we wanted were men who could help us win, regardless of whether they would be admitted to the best clubs. For some days we had it out hot and heavy, while Burrage maintained his usual imperturbable calm. Finally we won out, largely because Burrage furnished some information to Brownell which clearly demonstrated his worth. The ex-princeling of the Kurds became a subaltern in the British army.

Among our corps he had few friends. Indeed, I think I was closest to him of any, and by no stretch of the imagination could I have been called his intimate. However, I saw him on and off and occasionally spent an evening with him. It was in that way that I learned much of the rough outline of his life I have given.

Sometimes a stray sentence or two would give me a brief glimpse like a lantern-slide of his colorful adventures. Once he told me of discussing the Christian religion with some of the Kurd elders. They were all for adopting

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it, but simply in addition to their polyglot faith. From what he said, I gathered that they felt there might be something in it, and they did not wish to offend any god who had power.

At another time a casual allusion to Burrage's son brought the statement that he had seen a native kill his son, not for treason to the state but merely for an infraction of family discipline.

Early in the War he volunteered for scouting in the enemy territory. Here he ran into all kinds of red tape, for he did not play the game according to the established rules. To begin with, he insisted on working by himself, for he was a lone wolf. To that no one objected.

His next idiosyncrasy was more serious from the official standpoint. Though he was familiar with the native customs and had lived for years as a native, he refused for some reason to disguise himself on his expeditions. He went into the enemy territory clad in British civilian clothes, or in his uniform. I have always thought that the uniform symbolized to him his redemption. That was all wrong from the standpoint of the service. The traditional spy either dressed himself in the uniform of the enemy forces, or at least as a native of the country he was travelling in.

Added to this, Burrage had a rooted aversion to written reports, which, as any one who has served in the army knows, are the fetich of the military. No amount of pressure could make him draw up those sheaves of papers that clutter official files, and more than once he was on the verge of court martial and dismissal.

The Powers that Be were wild. After his first few expeditions they gravely doubted he had been to the places he enumerated. They could not see how he had reached them undisguised. It was only when the truth of his reports were attested by after-events that they grudgingly accepted him.

At length he became established as a sort of licensed libertine—the most irregular in our thoroughly irregular service.

He would start on his treks with the minimum of equipment—just what he could carry in his pockets. As some one put it, he lived on his boot-leather. For arms he had a Webley revolver. In the beginning he either walked or rode a horse. Later he used a battered Ford car.

He disappeared sometimes for weeks on end. We would think he had surely been killed when suddenly he would report again, a little thinner, a little more weather-beaten, but otherwise fit enough.

The deserts, with their infinite spaces filled by restless drifting sands, were home to him. He could thread them through the glaring hours of day when the horizon wavered like flame before his eyes, or at night when the shadows of the past seemed to people them with strange shapes.

The natives were terrified of him. We tried to find the reason but failed. They shut up like clams when we mentioned his name. When we asked him the secret of his power he laughed, and said it was merely a question of psychology.

The days passed. The history of his scouting-trips, were they known, would form a wilder tale of adventure than any told in the "Arabian Nights."

Once, single-handed, he captured the leader of a notorious band which had done much damage to our troops. For some time they had been picking off

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British stragglers; for Tommies are incorrigible and will stray like sheep, no matter what the regulations are and regardless of what the dangers may be. This chief, Razuli by name, was locally credited with being invulnerable to bullets or swords, because of some relic of the Prophet he always carried. He was a powerful bearded rascal, as brave and cruel as his ancestors who swept from their desert like a flame and all but conquered Europe. Our soldiers who fell into his hands were fortunate if they were killed resisting capture.

Burrage made up his mind to get him. He laid his plans carefully. Through devious bazaar rumors he found that the chief's weak spot, like that of many a good fighting man before him, was women. In two different villages he had small harems which he used to visit at every opportunity. In order to prevent surprise he always left his body-guard on the main road some distance from the town, and rode in and out alone.

Burrage determined to ambush him. Alone, as always, he set out. He picked a place close to one of these villages where the main road led through a desolate and barren country. Here he lay in wait night after night.

One evening word reached him that Razuli was with his women. All night the Britisher lay in a ditch near the road, his eyes searching for a moving shape, his ears straining for the hoof-beats of a horse. Twice people passed him—once a man driving some donkeys, once a peasant on foot. Through the early hours the blackness covered him like a blanket. Toward morning the moon rose and flooded the country with its light. The scarred hills showed blotches and stripes of black where gully and hummock gathered the shadows. The twisted scrub-bushes seemed like strange animals.

The cold of early dawn had begun to stiffen and cramp the Britisher's limbs when the baked earth telegraphed that a horseman was coming from the town. Tense for action he waited. Suddenly in front of him loomed a rider. The light of the setting moon fell on his face. It was Razuli.

What happened then no one knows. The following afternoon Burrage passed through our picket-lines leading Razuli prisoner.

It was toward the end of 1917. We were beginning to develop our plans for the great offensive which finally crumpled the Turkish power. Burrage's reports were of great value.

One day he left to obtain information regarding a certain powerful native chief who was supposed to be ready to come over to our side if proper inducements were held out. Burrage was directed to report the result of his work within three days. He did not come back.

Our troops were advancing. A week later a sweating column of leathery khaki figures tramped into the town of Ghisa. It was a typical Eastern village. Long rows of mud-walled native houses lined the dusty street. There was not a sign of life except for a few scrawny chickens and some skeleton pariahs that slunk snarling into the houses.

There, in the centre of the street, the sun beating down on it, stood a Ford automobile. The tattered top was coated with a thick layer of white dust. Sitting behind the wheel was a man, his head sunk on his breast. The British sergeant leading the advance-party did not need the horde of flies that rose at his approach to tell him that the man was dead.

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The British sergeant leading the advance party did not need the horde of flies that rose at his approach to tell him that the man was dead.

From a drawing by John W. Thomason, Jr.

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It was Burrage. There was a bullet through his head, and blood and dust were caked on his face and chest.

Some three or four days had passed since he had been killed—shot from one of the houses as he stopped his car. Dead though he was, the natives' horror of him had still remained. Though the grim figure had sat there for days, neither man, woman, nor child in the village had dared approach the automobile.

For a moment there was silence when the American finished his story. Then the planter from Penang who was stirring a diminutive bit of ice that floated in the half-inch still left of his drink, looked up. "Steward," he said, "four more of the same."

We're on the Air

BY ROY S. DURSTINE

A leading figure in the advertising world, a pioneer in radio advertising, Mr. Durstine gives an inside view of broadcasting, and indicates vast possibilities for the future of radio.

On an inside wall of the broadcasting studio is a double-glass window. Through it you can look into a sound-proof space slightly larger than a drawing-room on a Pullman car and known as the control-booth.

An engineer twiddles the dials and watches the instruments on his board as vibrations from the studio outside are brought into the booth by direct wire and turned into sound by the speaker in the corner.

A group of men and women are engaged in an occupation unknown five years ago. They are programme-directors, production-managers, radio-engineers, and announcers. They are "getting a balance."

Outside in the studio a brass band of fifty musicians is ranged on one side of the microphone. An orchestra of forty more is spread on the other side. The band has just finished a rousing march.

The leader looks inquiringly through the window. The people inside nod encouragingly.

"You might tell him to bring those fiddles a little closer," some one suggests as one of the programme-managers starts for the studio.

"And we'll want more of those chimes in this '1812 Overture,'" adds some one else.

"Shall we get the balance on that next?" asks the programme-director as he goes to the door.

"Yes—that overture uses both the band and the orchestra."

"And the fire department!"

"With cannons!"

"If we can get that into the mike

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so it comes out like ninety pieces—and sounds like music — I'll never worry about broadcasting anything!" murmurs the radio-engineer.

The rehearsal starts again. Signals are waved through the glass. The conductor stops his musicians, shifts the places of some of them, starts again. Little by little a satisfactory balance is obtained. Other numbers are rehearsed.

The soloist, a singer of great reputation in opera, is comparatively new to broadcasting. He must be tested and shown how to step forward on the soft notes and to turn his face or step backward on notes of piercing quality or heavy volume. He takes the instruction eagerly; in broadcasting, as in everything else, the great ones are great enough to welcome suggestions.

Meanwhile, in other studios on the same floor the evening's programmes are being broadcast. Devious passageways take you through hidden corridors into other control-booths where you peer out into other rooms and watch the businesslike process of broadcasting.

Here a man is crouching under a microphone sweeping a handful of corn across a bass drum. To listeners in their homes it sounds like the swish of the sea against a ship's side. The roistering crew, bellowing a song of the foam and pirates bold, prove to be eight earnest young men in business suits holding their sheets of music intently as they stand around the microphone. The colored chef whose darky stories through your receiver suggest a Bert Williams is a sleek young broker type of man who hasn't even a burnt-cork complexion.

But it's within three minutes of time for the programme containing that "1812 Overture" to go on the air. Back in the big studio the musicians are returning from their hasty smokes in the hallway. The calm young man who is to announce this hour is giving the microphone its final placing. In his hand is the typewritten manuscript of what he will say. He glances at a tiny light set in a block of wood resting on the window-sill of the control-booth. The warning will come from that light and the final signal which says that the broadcasting is to begin.

"Quiet, gentlemen, please," says the announcer. "One minute now."

The musicians settle into their positions, careful not to shift their chairs and music-stands, and presently absolute quiet reigns—a vibrant silence, full of the electricity of anticipation. It's a quiet that is quiet. A dropping pin would sound like a crowbar falling through a greenhouse.

The announcer raises his arm and clears his throat. He won't have another chance for quite a while. His eyes are fastened on that light.

It changes. His arm drops. And then in the most genial of conversational tones he reads the opening announcement.

However many times you stand in a broadcasting studio, when that moment comes you must be utterly nerveless to feel no thrill. A moment before, that wise-looking little microphone has been lifeless. Now every sound in this room is carried in a split second from the arctic circle to the equator. A farmer in Nebraska is hearing these opening notes of the band. So is an invalid in Alabama, a tenement family on New York's East Side, a millionaire in his country place near Chicago—these very notes that you are hearing right here! Letters of thanks or criticism will come from a music-teacher in Texas or Maine, a boy in Michigan and another in Wyoming,

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a dinner-party in Cincinnati or Richmond, an old couple in Ohio or California or Florida. The telegrams will start coming in within ten minutes from States thousands of miles away—telegrams about what is being played in this room *now*.

"All the stations report it is coming in fine," says an official. "We've heard from all twenty-eight on our private telegraph."

Those who work most closely with radio never quite get over the miracle of it. It's unbelievable, it just couldn't happen; and yet there it is.

A celebrated singer starts an hour's broadcasting, and before her programme is half finished in will come telegrams from all over the Union requesting certain songs.

Once Madame Louise Homer received a message of that kind from Minnesota. It came into Station WEAF just fifteen seconds before she was going to sing that very song anyway. That radio fan must have thought that the service was excellent. Because radio broadcasting is a new art, because it is carrying entertainment into millions of American homes, and because it fits into the merchandising plans of an increasing number of manufacturing firms, perhaps a glance at this lusty infant would be interesting.

More than any other form of entertainment radio is an intimate matter. There are several reasons. Radio comes right into the middle of the family circle. It speaks and plays and sings for millions, but those millions are divided into countless audiences of one or two or perhaps three or four. At most a small group of friends is gathered together.

This is no mass psychology.

The same people who will hear jokes and songs in questionable taste at a musical comedy without batting an eye simply wouldn't tolerate anything of the kind over the radio. All honor to the officials of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and more recently of the National Broadcasting Company for realizing this situation and setting the pace. It has been kept clean by the people presiding over its destinies. Only here and there has a station been foolish enough to incur the wrath of Secretary Hoover and later of the Federal Radio Commission. The offenders have soon found out for themselves that the best policy is to behave.

But this absence of mass psychology manifests itself in other curious ways. A man will cheerfully yawn his way out of a theatre after he has paid ten dollars apiece for two tickets for an indifferent play. But if you give him a dull programme, or one which he thinks is dull, he will tell all his friends about it and even write to the sponsor about it—even though it didn't cost him a cent!

People will let you publish stupid advertisements in magazines or newspapers and say nothing about it. Those are your advertisements and you can make them as uninteresting as you please. But dare to be dull or stupid or uninteresting with your radio programmes and you will hear from them, because you are doing it *on their air!*

A theatre audience will put up with a great deal. Part of the audience seems to be enjoying the most tiresome or offensive parts of any show. Besides, a person would be conspicuous to get up and walk out. But walking out on a radio programme is as easy as a twist of the finger-tips.

"Why don't you listen when I speak to you?" asked Gladstone.

"Because," replied the youthful

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Queen Victoria, "because you talk to me as if I were a public meeting."

Broadcasters at first failed to recognize the difference. They sent things over the air as if they were sending them over the footlights.

Another fact to be remembered is that all other forms of advertising are designed for the eye, but radio advertising reaches only the ear. It is the exact antithesis of motion-pictures.

Comedians and other entertainers who rely upon facial expression, make-up, and gestures for their effects are only partly useful or total losses before the microphone.

Television is just looming over the horizon and presents the possibilities of another exciting miracle. Until it comes the human voice must do its work alone —or rather with only the assistance of music and mechanical effects.

What can be done when this appeal to the ear is understood was illustrated recently when a climax of suspense in a radio play was reached simply by the sound of a knock on a door. It would be difficult to imagine the same sound producing anything like a similar effect on the stage, for then the listener's attention would be scattered over what he saw as well as what he heard. Parenthetically it might be added that the radio possibilities of mystery and horror have been barely touched. The thriller has a place all its own on the stage and in motion-pictures, and radio is fairly crying for it.

When it is artfully done nothing could be creepier than human voices stealing through space, preferably late on a stormy night, with a story of the supernatural. Nothing so fully takes advantage of the uncanny quality which is never quite absent from radio, particularly when you are listening alone.

It is in planning programmes that radio must make its greatest advance. Mechanically it will undoubtedly progress. But, even as it stands in this year of 1928, the broadcasting end of radio and the receiving end are comfortably arranged. Sets and speakers are inexpensive and satisfying in their tonal qualities. Something like seven and one-half million sets are now in use. A great number of these no doubt are old or amateurish and will be replaced by sets that will assure reception of better quality.

But the possibilities of increasing the interest of programmes are just being realized. A few years ago the greatest height to which the programme-builder's imagination could soar was to engage a dance orchestra, turn it loose, and say that it was sponsored by the Acme Pretzel Company. Programmes of that type, unfortunately, still exist.

In fact, it might be said that there are two prevailing opinions about what a radio programme should be. One is that it is sheer entertainment and that any variety of entertainment from a comedian's monologue or a steel-guitar solo to a brass band or a performance of an opera comes under that head.

But here and there a ray of hope appears. People of imagination are working on it. They believe that a technic will be found which is not an adaptation of musical comedy, nor of the legitimate stage, nor of the opera nor the concert platform.

They believe that a technic will be found that is not an adaptation of anything—that is all radio. At least three such programmes are now regular features on one of the great networks.

One of the essentials of such a technic will be to make the nature of the programme appropriate to the subject.

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If the sponsor is a maker of musical instruments, his programme can best dramatize music. If he is a publisher of fiction, his programme can best dramatize fiction. Travel can be dramatized. Even specific messages can be dramatized—a startling announcement, the stressing of a special feature in a manufactured product, a focussing of attention on other forms of advertising.

One thing that makes radio programmes hard to plan is that the sponsor usually has ideas.

It used to be said that, while most men were willing to admit that they couldn't play the violin or remove their children's tonsils, they would cheerfully confess to a heaven-sent gift to run a hotel, put on a musical comedy, edit a newspaper, or write advertising copy. Now another attribute must be added —planning a radio programme. Everybody is a showman, and only too glad to admit it. There's an impresario for every wave-length.

"Give us a good, lively jazz band," one of the executives of a company going on the air will exclaim.

"Hold on a minute," says another. "People are tired of jazz. What we need is a high-brow programme — things like the sextet from 'Lucia' and the 'William Tell Overture.' "

"Where did you get all this?" some one asks.

"Well, my wife is a great student of music — prominent in these musical clubs and so on, and she's been telling me what people want."

"I know, but my boy is sixteen years old," comes the rejoinder, "and he's the radio fan of our household. Now he tells me that people just tune out if you don't give them lively stuff."

"There's too much talk on the radio — that's one more thing," continues the other. "Let's not have any talk. Say, what kind of a fellow is this Graham McNamee? Ever meet him?"

What they want is a programme dignified enough to please the most stalwart board of directors, vigorous enough to delight the rhythm requirements of the advertising manager's eleven-year-old son (don't these children ever go to bed?), and spectacular enough to monopolize the centre of all the radio pages. It must do all this, not once, but week in and week out through all the year.

Stage producers rehearse for weeks. Often the performances of the first fortnight are ragged. Sometimes it is weeks of performance after performance before a big *revue* settles down to the satisfaction of the producer. But a radio producer is giving a new show every week, giving it just once, and he is lucky indeed if he can get enough rehearsals even to approach the smoothness for which he is working.

In another way, too, the sponsors are progressing. They realize that it is the part of wisdom to refrain from trying to wring every last ounce of credit from a programme. Direct forms of advertising on the air have repeatedly shown that they defeat their own purpose, because listeners simply become annoyed and tune out. In the same way it is being realized that in the course of a programme's announcements the too frequent reference to a sponsoring company or its products is just as likely to create resentment. Listeners ought to feel that they are invited guests. To invite a person to hear a programme, and then to keep telling him how good it is and who is sending it out and what he makes, is not the best way to treat a guest if he is to have a good time and is to want to come again.

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In fact, in radio it doesn't pay to bear down too hard on anything. When commercialism and art conflict something must give away.

The head of a certain company was hearing a rehearsal for his own broadcasting programme. He pointed to a musician.

"He's not playing," he said. The orchestra was stopped and the situation was explained to the director.

"But that musician should not be playing at that time," exclaimed the director. "He has sixteen bars' rest."

"Then write a part for him," said the sponsor. "I'll have no loafers in my band."

The result is a programme in which all the musicians are playing all the time—one of the most monotonous programmes on the air.

It's the old story, like those advertisements in which some one wants everything displayed in bold-face type. There is no contrast. Everything shrieks so hard that nothing is heard.

Incidentally, that resounding programme illustrates another fact: a certain type of programme may be all right *once,* but it grows pretty tiresome if it is repeated.

"Whenever I plan a programme," recently said a man who is having great success as a director, "I try to think how this form will be in its twelfth week. That saves a lot of mistakes. It keeps me from adopting a mould that is too rigid. You can't be a slave to a form in broadcasting."

In a word, most advertisers, in their thoughts about broadcasting, are just where they were ten years ago in their consideration of publications. At that time it was a hard job to keep them from making up lists from their own library-tables. What their wives thought about women's publications carried more weight than Audit Bureau of Circulations figures, a proof-book of results, and a comparative analysis of editorial contents. If they caught a chauffeur reading a magazine, that meant that its readers were mostly chauffeurs.

It's much easier to reason from one known instance to a generality than to form an opinion from a collection of impersonal facts. But to-day, of course, most advertisers have abandoned the personal-prejudice method of selecting magazines. And presently, as soon as the novelty wears off, they will follow the same tactics about broadcasting.

Many of them, of course, are doing exactly that. They are talking over the general nature of their programmes with the people who are working them out, and that is all. They know that no single programme means very much, that the public gathers its impression of a radio feature rather slowly, and that the only real test is the general opinion after a series has been running for several weeks or even months.

Every one closely associated with broadcasting honestly believes that the constant increase in its popularity is a wonderful tribute to the inherent hardihood of radio's appeal rather than to the past or present excellence of programme-building. The more a person learns about it the better he realizes that it is a new and extremely difficult technic, and that the best results cannot come from borrowing too freely from other kinds of entertainment. Some of the greatest successes of the stage have been either only mildly effective or total flops, on the air.

Radio versions of short stories, musical comedies, plays, or grand opera have left the public only mildly interested. But here and there a brand-new type of

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entertainment, starting from scratch and designed purely for the radio, has found an immediate response.

The most fortunate thing that ever happened to radio was that from its earliest days down to to-day its direction has been in the hands of far-sighted people who were only too glad to forego the immediate dollar for the ultimate good of broadcasting. Too much credit cannot be given to the individuals shaping the policies of the great networks of stations, particularly the National Broadcasting Company.

They have realized the responsibility involved in radio's intimate touch with the family circle. They have kept it not merely cleaner than any other form of entertainment; they have kept it *clean*.

They have invested in the training of talent for the unique purposes of radio. Recently this has included not only singers and instrumentalists but also writers.

They have had no precedents. Every day has presented a dozen new questions. The answers have been controlled by just one thing: what would give the public the best that radio could offer?

Early in their pioneer planning the officials of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, who had the privilege of arranging these things, decided that the advertising agency had a distinct place in broadcasting. Now that many of the same individuals are continuing in control at the National Broadcasting Company the same policies are being continued.

They realized that the natural sponsors of broadcasting programmes would be the national advertisers and that radio advertising could be effective only as it fitted into the advertising programme of a manufacturer. Consequently they made no effort to divert funds from other forms of advertising, nor did they attempt to make radio carry the whole burden of a new advertiser's début into advertising.

Occasionally an advertiser has been short-sighted enough to announce that he is cancelling his newspaper or magazine advertising to try the interesting experiment of broadcasting. The consequent flutter among the dove-cots of publishing is deafening.

And you can't blame the newspapers for feeling a little jumpy about radio. They took it when it was a helpless youngster and they have set it well on the way toward a husky adolescence. True, they did this because radio in its early days was splendid news. It still is, for that matter.

Then to have this ungrateful child, nourished by pages of publicity and columns of time-tables, turn and snatch the bread from its benefactor's hand—what could be more discouraging?

The resulting jumpiness has manifested itself in many ways. At one time most of the publishers decided to omit all time-tables. Of course their readers howled. The publishers muffled their ears and sat tight. And then a young man named Roy Howard, chief of the Scripps - Howard newspapers and the United Press, quietly knocked the blockade into a cocked hat by announcing that his newspapers believed in radio and he intended to print more and better radio news, including time-tables, than in the past. The faint shuffling sound which followed was the falling in line of the other papers.

Here and there you still find a paper which refuses to print the names of the programme-sponsors and which prefers to list the evening's events with such brightly descriptive phrases as "Travel Talk" or "Orchestra" or just "Concert." But not many are so secretive.

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Most of the publishers realize that there is nothing particularly new about using their columns for the good of other men's enterprises. Baseball, prize-fights, books, motion-pictures, the theatre, concerts, automobiles, stocks and bonds—these are just a few of the undertakings and commodities which could scarcely exist without the support of the news columns and yet can hardly be described as eleemosynary institutions.

It is not quite convincing, either, to say that none of these are rival advertising mediums, whereas radio is. There is advertising in the theatre-programmes, and audiences wouldn't be there to read it if there were no theatre publicity in the newspapers. There is advertising in the subways, street-cars, and elevated trains, but this does not prevent the newspapers from printing the news of these public utilities—their offerings of bonds, their disputes with labor, and sometimes even their good-will publicity. The national magazines are certainly competitive advertising mediums and yet many newspapers ask their literary editors to write a regular review of each month's contents of the leading national publications. No; it is not very convincing to bar news about radio on the ground that it is a rival advertising medium.

The rivalry of radio as an advertising medium will be controlled not by ignoring it but by helping the agencies and the people who are selling time on the air to point out to advertisers that broadcasting supplements and does not take the place of other forms of advertising.

When this is accepted by newspaper publishers there will be an end to the false evaluation of radio news which still exists in most newspaper offices. For example:

A singer of international reputation gives a concert before a few hundred people in one city. The newspapers send their music-critics, who write long notices about every detail of the programme. The same artist goes on the air with an equally good programme, singing not to hundreds but literally to hundreds of thousands if not to millions, and what happens? The event is either completely ignored or a paragraph or two is written, usually by some one from previous experience more interested in the mechanics of reception than in a musical event of country-wide interest. We hear in detail just how his set is working in a congested part of a big city, but the significance of sending a glorious voice to people who have never, before radio, had the experience of hearing such music is utterly lost. Developing a technic of production is not the only need of radio.

At first the novelty of broadcasting made many an advertiser want to tiptoe into it just to see how it felt. The advertising agency was particularly useful in discouraging these ill-considered experiments. Even to-day, unless an advertiser is doing an adequate job in the primary forms of advertising, he will do well to realize that the air is no place for him.

To-day many agencies have established broadcasting departments and are buying for their clients only the mechanical facilities of the broadcasting stations, just as they buy the facilities of the publishers for these same clients. They are planning the programmes, engaging the artists, and writing the announcements, just as they prepare plans, copy, and art for printed advertisements.

They and their clients believe that by following this method they can produce

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broadcasting programmes more closely related to the rest of the advertising activities. But it is doubtful if the National Broadcasting Company, for instance, which still produces most of the programmes sent out over its own and its associated stations, can ever abandon its own creative service.

The big magazine publishers have found that they need no departments to create advertising for the firms using their pages. Practically everything comes from the agencies. But broadcasting is still an infant. It will be years before even an appreciable share of the agencies will have any need to develop these creative facilities; some of them may never find it necessary. And some one must be a central clearing-house for talent, experience, and ideas.

Unformed as it still undoubtedly is, difficult as a new technic will be to find, broadcasting has already made a place for itself. It gives the public a new type of entertainment when, where, and how the public wants it. It carries the best of music to millions in cities as well as in remote communities.

It can get a single piece of business news to millions of people instantly and at a low cost.

It can create a personality so that millions will feel that they know him intimately.

It can build an extraordinary fund of good-will.

It can interest the retail merchants selling a product, for it gives them something instead of asking for something and it comes to them when they are away from the grind of daily business.

It attracts letters in just about any number—letters reflecting a degree of loyalty and gratitude that is constantly a surprise to seasoned advertisers.

It can make the public read other forms of advertising with greater interest.

The advertiser gets back from radio just what he puts into it—in unselfishness, in friendliness, in sincerity.

My Neighbor's Mind

By Elizabeth Morrow

Wax flowers still bloom upon his mantel-shelf
In glass seclusion and his mirror swings
At careful angles to reflect himself;
His table totters under cumbrous things—
Stiff pamphlets on the tariff or freight rates,
Or Lives of British Poets bound in brown,
Fat dictionaries piled with paper-weights
Of fact to hold all fluttering theories down.
Rich satin curtains and a window-shade
Are tightly drawn lest lusty light and air
Bleach out Victorian carpet or invade
The plush of prejudice on every chair.
Sodden with virtue, in his stuffed retreat
My neighbor sips his nightcap of conceit.

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The King and the Peasant

A GLIMPSE OF THE LIFE OF THE GREAT POPULAR BULGARIAN CHIEF ALEXANDER STAMBOLISKY

BY KOSTA TODOROFF
Plenipotentiary Minister and Delegate to the League of Nations

* * PROLOGUE.—Stambolisky, the leader of the Bulgarian peasants, fell by the assassin's hand five years ago. He was a martyr of a great cause, the cause of peace in the Balkans. The Balkans are a peasant country, and nothing is dearer to the heart of the Balkan peasants than peace. Stambolisky was a Bulgarian peasant; he was the apostle of peace in the Balkans. He saw no promise of peace without a reconciliation of the Serbian and the Bulgarian peasants, and their union into one Balkan state. The union of all southern Slavs, the Yugoslavs, was always the dream of the greatest leaders of the southern Slavs. The Dalmatian poet Gundulich dreamed this dream centuries ago, and so did during the nineteenth century the Croatian writer Guy, the Slovenian scholar Kopitar, and Prince Michael, the most enlightened ruler of Serbia of the nineteenth century. In those days this dream could not be made a reality without a liberation of the southern Slavs from the Turkish and from the Austrian yokes. To-day these yokes no longer exist; the Serbs, Croats, and the Slovenes are already united in the Yugoslav state. No man greeted the birth of this state with greater joy and enthusiasm than Stambolisky the Bulgarian, and he called upon the Bulgarians to join the new Slavonic state. His followers, the Bulgarian peasants, responded to his call. They recognized in it the voice of destiny. They embraced his doctrine—the doctrine, namely, "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples," and they were persuaded that only a strong south-Slavonic state can enforce this doctrine by banishing forever from the Balkans foreign intrigue and foreign greed. Stambolisky fell a victim of foreign intrigue and greed. To-day Stambolisky is the martyr of a noble cause; his spirit lives among the Bulgarian peasants, and the doctrine which he preached will conquer and bring peace to the long-suffering peoples of the Balkans. Doctor Todoroff's story throws a strong light upon this newest phase in the history of the Balkans; he is one of the makers of this history.

MICHAEL PUPIN.

THE tale of a wicked king and a young shepherd, who flings at the face of the king his song of people's anger, just as in the ballad of the German poet Uland, is the most popular tale in Bulgaria to-day.

The shepherd is thrown into the prison, and the king triumphs. From the recess of his prison the shepherd vanquishes the king. The son of the king avenges his father, and the popular hero is killed. A legend was born at his death, and this legend will change the history of the Balkans.

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The king is Ferdinand, the exiled czar of Bulgaria. He, an officer of the Hungarian Guard, was proud to be a descendant of those kings and dukes who, in past centuries, wrote their sanguinary records upon the shields of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and of the Bourbons.

In 1886 the Bulgarians—just like the legendary frogs electing a king—were seeking a prince in Europe to be their ruler. Those delegated to the task found Prince Ferdinand in a night club in Budapest—drunk, surrounded by women of easy virtue. He condescended to accept the throne, and came to a patriarchal land to enrich it with "worldly wisdom" practised by European aristocracy. Soon after his election he killed Stambouloff, the man who gave him the throne. The independence and the power of Stambouloff were obstacles in the way of the new king. He surrounded himself with a brilliant court of lackeys; created in the land a thirst for luxury; corrupted the intellectuals and party-leaders; governed like an autocrat during thirty years, showing a "majestic" scorn for the Bulgarian peasant.

"They are dumb beasts," said he to a French traveller, pointing to some peasants who were returning from the market-place in their ox-carts.

"And how they smell!" said he, fanning himself with a perfumed batiste handkerchief.

But there happened to cross his way one of those scorned peasants. He was a shepherd in the village of Slavovitza, born in the mountains, in the same parts where a short time before Bulgarian liberty was first born. And the shepherd cast his glances of scorn into the face of the vain and proud prince.

A contest began, and its tragic vicissitudes filled twenty years of Bulgarian and Balkan history.

The young shepherd was Alexander Stambolisky, a name resembling that of the first victim of Ferdinand, the name of Stambouloff.

At the age of ten Stambolisky dreamed of retimbering the hills surrounding his native village, resurrecting those old forests destroyed by the Turks. At fifteen, a pupil in an agricultural school, he dreamed of lifting up the peasantry, left in ignorance and burning with a thirst of sacrifice and self-immolation. He prepared himself for great endeavors. . . .

At twenty he became the apostle of a popular reawakening. He went from village to village preaching the new gospel—the gospel of liberation of the peasant from the usurer and from the professional politicians who, like mushrooms, grew overnight on the virgin soil of Bulgaria.

The people followed him. In 1908 he was already a member of parliament. In 1909 he attacked the foreign policy of Ferdinand, the proud king. His words were the words of a prophet.

It was at the time of the Austrian annexation crisis. After the Turkish revolution of 1908 Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the lands of Serbs and Croats. The Slavonic world protested. Serbia was shaking with anger. At that time King Ferdinand, though at the head of a Slavonic nation, sided with Austria.

Stambolisky brought this treacherous act to light. From the heights of the parliament rostrum, amid the uproar of a thunderous meeting, he denounced the policies of the royal party, drowning its shouts of protest with his powerful voice. He said:

"Through this action the king and the government tie the fate of Bulgaria

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with that of the Dual Monarchy. It is the beginning of an unpopular and anti-Slavonic policy, which can only lead to a Balkan conflict, to a Serbo-Bulgarian quarrel, and all for the good of Austria. The king is leading the country toward a catastrophe."

In 1911 Ferdinand, following his 1909 policy, asked for a change of the constitution, in order to expand his royal prerogatives. The constituent assembly met at Tirnovo, the ancient capital of Bulgaria.

Article 17 of the constitution forbids the king to enter into secret treaties. Stambolisky sounds this warning; "the National Assembly is supreme," says he; "it is the expression of the will of the people. Being able to elect its king, it is superior to him." Ferdinand claimed that his wish was superior to the popular will. He demanded to open the meeting of the National Assembly by his royal address. But Stambolisky was there; with him were forty-eight deputies of the peasant party. He shouted at the king:

"Your place is not here! The National Assembly is sovereign here; it is above you. You are violating the rights of the people!"

The king, pale with anger, remained silent. He sat down and kept his head covered.

The deputies stood up; Stambolisky again shouts at him: "Stand up, and remove your hat!"

The king does not answer.

Stambolisky and the forty-eight deputies seat themselves and put their headgear on, as a sign of protest against the arrogant attitude of the king.

It is the famous scene called the "Calpaks."* On his way out Ferdinand passed by Stambolisky, looked at him for a moment, and said under his breath: "You will pay for this."

War in the Balkans started in 1912. It is known to-day as the war of final liberation from Turkey. Stambolisky was not enthused. He suspected the secret plans of Ferdinand, who dreamed of becoming another Byzantine emperor. Stambolisky did not believe in the sincerity of the Balkan alliance. Every one knew that the treaty of the Balkan allies was to remain a secret; Ferdinand divulged it to Austria; the king did not forget that he once was a lieutenant in the Austro-Hungarian army.

The decisive victory over Turkey degenerated into a quarrel between the Balkan allies over the division of conquered territory. On June 16, 1913, Ferdinand gave orders to his army to attack Serbia and Greece. It proved a failure, Rumania and Turkey going against Bulgaria. Bulgaria had to compromise, and through the Treaty of Bucharest was stripped of all her conquests.

Stambolisky's prophecy of 1909 was fulfilled. But behind Ferdinand stood the baneful Balplatz in Vienna. Bulgaria became desperate; but her politicians were cowards. They bent their knees; Stambolisky alone was fearless. From the top of the stairs in the parliament building and facing the monument of the Russian czar, the liberator, he addressed the people:

"You ask who is responsible for our downfall? He is in the palace. If justice could take its course in our country he would be hanged on this monument in front of our parliament, to serve as an example."

But Ferdinand of Coburg was still strong. His mission was not as yet fin-

* Calpaks are hats made of sheepskins worn by peasants in Bulgaria.

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ished. The Bulgarian people had not yet drunk the bitter cup to the end.

While the popularity of the king lessened from day to day, the leader of the people became more and more popular. Ferdinand still held the army officers on his side, on whom he had heaped favors after favors. They promised to avenge him soon.

1914! Europe is restless and full of anxiety. The two opposite groups are watching each other. Ferdinand takes an open stand on the side of the Central Powers. The only national asset available is given as a guaranty for a Bulgarian loan in Berlin. At the elections governmental terror runs mountain-high; nevertheless, Stambolisky, the leader of the peasants, obtains fifty mandates.

In the meantime the bomb of Sarayevo is heard. The spectre of war rises before the terrified people. Ferdinand ponders; is not the hour of revenge near?

Already Bulgarian dailies, bought by Vienna and Berlin, prophesy the glory and triumph of the German race and of the new Cæsar, Wilhelm II.

Ferdinand, in his palace, gloomy and solitary, surrounded by the hate of his country, is preparing his game—to wait awhile, and then strike at the opportune moment. He will avenge his humiliation of 1913 and will see the humiliation of the neighboring kings. His scheme is worthy of the Middle Age. His hate is deep-rooted. He has personal accounts to settle with neighboring kings.

And when the first Austrian cannonshot was fired from Zemlin against Belgrade, the king calls for his jesters, and laughs and laughs; then he calls for a drink of his favorite Tokay wine. The governmental majority in parliament is happy too. The fateful hour for Serbia has at last come!

Stambolisky ascends the steps of the rostrum and declares anew, amid a general dismay, his loyalty to the Slavonic cause.

Ferdinand does not forget his German origin. Stambolisky does not forget that he is a Slav, and that the Serbs are his Slavonic brothers. Nor does he forget that Russian blood was generously shed for Bulgarian liberty. He shouts:

"From this rostrum I send from the Bulgarian peasants to our Serbian brothers a fraternal greeting. I sincerely wish for their victory against Austrian aggression!"

"You are a Serb, you are a traitor!" shouts the king's majority.

"I am not a Serb; I am not a Bulgar either; but I am a Yugoslav." (Yugoslav means "southern Slav.")

Sofia became the centre for international intrigues, and a wild chase for political influence. The length and the outcome of the War depended largely on Bulgaria's stand. Had she gone against Turkey, Constantinople would have fallen; then a link between Occidental Europe and Russia could have been established. If, on the contrary, she attacked Serbia, all the Balkans with their resources would fall into the hands of the Central Empires.

From both sides come promises of "gifts," flattery, etc. Sofia is the meeting-place of omnipresent merchants, who sow gold to reap blood. Like a fantastic tale, riches are amassed. A *danse macabre* surrounds the easy prey. The people will pay for all that!

Ferdinand is soul and body with the Germans. Upon hearing of the battle of the Marne he becomes drunk at the sad news and slaps the faithful

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marshal who brought him the news. He still fears, and will not show his game. To the French minister he speaks of his French blood, and wears the Cross of the Legion of Honor for the benefit of the gallery.

Stambolisky preaches neutrality. He knows that no victory can repay for the thousands of victims that will fall. But, if war is inevitable, the moral sense, the traditions, and Bulgaria's interests plainly show the way. It should be with the Slavs.

Then comes the autumn of 1915. The Russians are defeated. Ferdinand becomes impatient. He believes that war is nearing its end, that German victory is assured. Negotiations with the powers of the Entente only serve as a mask for the secret treaties already signed with the Central Powers and Turkey. Stambolisky feels the moment to be critical. He calls together the leaders of the opposition parties. He asks their help in safeguarding the country against an infamy and a new catastrophe. Now or never is the time to give an example at the risk of his life.

Professional politicians recognize the necessity of making an overture to the king. But if this overture fails they will wash their hands, just as Pilate did.

An historical scene took place in the beginning of September in the throne-chamber at the palace. Conforming with court etiquette, the professional politicians state their opinion in subdued voices.

"Is it not too great a risk!" "Are not the decisions premature?" They cling to the hope of becoming cabinet ministers by royal grace, and are cautious and meek.

Stambolisky stands upright, severe, sincere, and bold. He says:

"Your Majesty is preparing another catastrophe for the country. The people are disappointed. The people do not believe either in your political sagacity or in your love for them. What you are preparing to do is against the sentiment and the moral standards of the people. They do not want to fight against their Russian liberators. They do not want to be a tool in the hands of Austria. If you follow this fatal path, you will risk both your throne and your head!"

Ferdinand furiously answers:

"Think of your own head; you are younger than I am."

The die is cast.

Stambolisky asks the party-leaders to revolt. But they prefer to "fold the flags." He then appeals to the people. He publishes a manifesto, an appeal to resistance. He is arrested. The 22d Regiment is indignant and rises against such an action. Twenty soldiers are executed.

War begins and Stambolisky is jailed. He is condemned to life imprisonment. I met him in his prison. He was not weakening. He worked incessantly. He kept in constant touch with his followers, whose numbers increased from day to day, as well as with the people. Defeat seemed to him to be inevitable; however, he could see a ray of hope for the future in the union of all the South Slavs. He believed that Bulgaria would share the fate of Germany; vanquished, the dynasty of Coburg would be evicted and the doors would at last be open to a union between the Serbs and all other southern Slavs, liberated, at last, from the Austrian yoke.

In the courtyard of the prison, in the shadow of the gallows, where some time before soldiers had been hanged for refusing to shoot at Russian soldiers, we spoke of this future, and a strong

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faith in the future of our race filled our souls and swelled our hearts.

Meanwhile, discontent increased outside. We received letters from the front, and those sentiments could be read between the lines. Soldiers who had come to visit us said: "Give us a sign, and we shall turn our guns against Sofia."

A plan of action was ripening. If defeat was unavoidable, would it not be better to anticipate it with a revolution? Everything seemed to favor this plan. The army was hungry, without shoes or clothing, fighting without enthusiasm. People in the rear were suffering from hunger and mental agony.

Foodstuffs found their way to Germany through the collaboration of agents and cabinet ministers. The War continued without hopes of its ever coming to an end.

In his manifesto Ferdinand promised a near end; Bulgaria's participation was merely to insure her national ideal, he said. Macedonia was taken; Dobrudja followed, and war still went on. Until when?

Ferdinand feels a danger. He spoke of faith, and tried to inject a new enthusiasm into the people. He thought that, without doubt, prison had a salutary effect on Stambolisky and that he would be only too glad to lend himself to his new game. To that effect he sent Minister Popoff to see him.

"I am bringing you the sign of royal magnanimity; one word and you are a free man."

Stambolisky answers ironically: "Such kindness is too much. I am not worthy of it." Thus he takes leave of the cabinet minister, adding sarcastically: "You will come here again."

Two years later Popoff and his colleagues came—as state prisoners, condemned of high treason by popular opinion even before they were condemned by the courts.

Following this Stambolisky was transferred to the fortress of Vidin.

In 1918 the situation became tragic. Indignation increased rapidly in the minds of the people and of the army. Famine became a menace. Ferdinand, at a loss, called on Malinoff—a member of the opposition—and gave him the reins. Stambolisky allowed his friends to help him, provided a separate peace be concluded at once. He was transferred again to the prison in Sofia. But Malinoff did not dare disobey the king! Instead of peace he talked: "We must stand to the last!" The army as a whole answered: "Come and take our place; then you may stand to the last! We have had enough of it." A cry went up: "The alliance with Germany is only for three years; after that war must end."

Stambolisky could see the end. He begged the government to listen to the voice of the people. In vain! The will of the king was still uppermost.

On September 14, 1918, the Allies pierced the Bulgarian front in Dobro Pole. On the left wing the English and the Greeks met with a sanguinary defeat, but the main army had to retreat before the Serb and the French armies. The surge of the soldiers in their retreat menaced the capital as well as the king.

It is a panic. Ferdinand calls upon the one he threw into prison three years before. He begged him to save the situation: "You are the only one who can stop the army."

The leader of the peasants answered: "It is too late. Do you remember September, 1915?"

Coburg sighs sadly. "The Bulgarian people, not strong enough for the task,

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have betrayed me; they deserted the battle-field."

"The Bulgarian people did not want this war," answered Stambolisky. "Yet they fought for three years without the necessities, without bread, and without proper clothing. You are asking too much."

"What am I to do?" asked the king.

"Go, and we will ask for an armistice."

"It is cruel!"

"It is inevitable!"

The disbanded soldiers neared Sofia. Stambolisky and Daskaloff, freed from prison, were at their head.

At Radomir, forty kilometres from Sofia, Daskaloff proclaims a republic; Stambolisky asks that the government take charge of the insurrection movement in order to safeguard the country from anarchy. The government refuses to follow the advices of Stambolisky and organizes a defensive with the help of the German army.

September 28 saw the beginning of the battle around Sofia. Daskaloff is in command of the insurgents. A price is put on his head, as well as on Stambolisky's.

However, Stambolisky appears in front of the prison that very day. He asks for the man in charge, and demands to see me, a political prisoner at that time. The director hesitates, but finally he opens the door.

Stambolisky relates what had happened. He has faith. We shake hands and he disappears in a car, under the protection of two armed soldiers.

Only then does the director telephone the incident to the cabinet minister, who threatens to put him in irons. "Idiot, you missed the best shot."

September 29. The advance on Sofia continues. But the Germans are attacking Daskaloff's soldiers on both sides, and after a desperate fight they must give way to the German batteries.

Stambolisky took refuge with some friends; Daskaloff, wounded, left for Saloniki, where the armistice had just been signed.

Two months later Malinoff's party falls, and Stambolisky from his hiding-place re-enters the chamber.

Meanwhile Ferdinand had escaped to Vienna. To the press he spoke as follows: "For thirty years I have worked in Bulgaria for the German cause and my mission is ended."

The peasant is victor over the king.

Stambolisky signed the Peace of Neuilly, as president of the council, to which he had ascended through the will of the people. He regenerated Bulgaria, exhausted by wars. He promised that he would heal her wounds and give her a rightful place among the family of nations. He succeeded in bringing her nearer to Yugoslavia, thus preparing a road for the future union. When the city of Tzaribrod became a part of Serbia, Stambolisky spoke to the people and told them that, although they had become separated from Bulgaria, they should enter their new fatherland with a sentiment of brotherhood.

Instead of trying to alienate, he became the bridge between Bulgars and the Serbs.

Under the Stambolisky régime Bulgaria built new roads, new lines of railroads; increased her output by 20 per cent; built two hundred new schoolhouses. She balanced her budget and strengthened peace in the Balkans.

Stambolisky as a figure stands out as the greatest man of his country. He has become a Balkan and a South-Slav idol.

He vanquished the king, but the malevolent spirit of the Coburg outlived his régime.

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On June 14, 1923, the great leader was assassinated by comtadjis and chauvinistic officers. He died a martyr to his cause. His body was cut to pieces and thrown into the river. The peasants picked up the sacred remains. They buried them in a secret place of their own.

In every peasant hut his picture is next to that of holy icons. A night-lamp throws over his energetic features a mystic light. The peasant had been a victor over the king, and at last succumbed because of that king. But the popular leader's ideal has survived; in its turn it will become the victor.

On an English Spring

By Caroline Allen

For there is nothing more to say
Of England's daffodils
Since Wordsworth seized their substance for his verse,
Stealing our thoughts away
Before we ever saw these gold-drenched hills,
Or ever watched the spring's progression turn
Earth's counterpane from gold to hyacinthine blue.

And Shelley's been before us to coerce
The songs of skylarks into singing words;
We only stand and feebly yearn
Beneath a trilling canopy of birds,
Chafing at the restraint
That chains us wingless to the leas,
Until May brings the cuckoo's soft complaint.

The hedge-bound squares of meadow too
Have antedated us by centuries.
They do not boast,—they only fling
Their single age-old trees
Aloft into the high, cool spaces where
Air currents meet, yet cling
About their earth-embedded feet, to keep them there.

Trees that a moon or two ago
Stood in slim silhouette,
Black tracery upon a yellow sky,
Shake now their shady locks over the lazing herds
And in their turn defy
Our pitiful and evanescent words.

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Poets' hearts would break if they could not eject
The burden of their rapture so;
But we, the timid circumspect,
Find beauty far too poignant to be borne.
Overwhelmed with longing and regret
We find in it a personal disaster,
Knowing we must admit our spendthrift selves forlorn
Before what we have never learned to master.

Love, let us, clinging closer, faster,
Help one another try to be content
With constancy of purpose and a wise intent,
That—leaving beauty, which is vaster—
We may at last so strengthened be
That we have fortitude to endure ecstasy.

What Becomes of Love?

By Elizabeth Larocque

Last night I loved you more than life and death,
And when the moon was hidden for a space
My heart was trembling and I held my breath,
Your lips upon my lips, upon my face.

And when you held me close in your caress,
There was a strange, sweet unison of hearts;
But now your kisses are a weariness——
Ah! What becomes of love when it departs?

The moon is almost as it was last night,
The clouds, above the trees, are silver lace,
The little bats whir by in circling flight,
But there are tears upon my lips and face.

For I shall never listen as before
In fascination to your every word,
Nor quiver at your touch—no, nevermore,
For suddenly you seem to me absurd.

But can you tell me what I want to know?
(Yes, you who babble on of Cupid's darts,
And fling your arms, and break the silence so.)
"Ah! What becomes of love when it departs?"

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE year of our Lord 1894 was unusually productive; in that year appeared "Trilby," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," "Esther Waters," "The Ebb Tide," "The Jungle Book," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Under the Red Robe," "Life's Little Ironies," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Pembroke"; "Jude the Obscure" was being published serially, and Conrad's first novel was in press.

Of all these books the most germinal was "The Prisoner of Zenda"; it came on the rising flood of the Romantic Revival, scored a prodigious success, was translated into the theatre and later into the motion-picture, shouted for a sequel and got it, and produced a swarm of imitations. Almost simultaneously the author published "The Dolly Dialogues," and, whatever he may himself think of the relative merit of his productions, those who buy and read have decided that these two books are his best; from which decision there is no appeal.

And now Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins presents the public with a new book, which I have enjoyed reading more than anything he has written since 1894. It is an autobiography, called "Memories and Notes." Like most of his works, it is brief; I wish it were three times as long. It is written with disarming modesty and candor, with that English sense of humor which consists mainly of understatement. He was a Balliol man, under Jowett; and the chapter describing his life at Oxford is one of the most interesting in the book. He "went in" for both scholarship and athletics; thus mingling with widely different kinds of undergraduates, a process he has kept up all his life. "Know as many cliques as you will—or can—but swear the oath of allegiance to none of them." He is, in the best sense, a man of the world; and I think his modesty, common sense, good taste, and suavity, qualities which appear on every page of his autobiography, arise from his wide experience of human varieties. "Try to know all sorts of people is the gospel I would preach."

He spent years in the practice of the law; he ran (unsuccessfully) for Parliament, and still regrets his defeat; he never gave up trying for success as a playwright. All of these various activities have not only added richness of experience to his life, which has evidently been an immensely happy one, but have been of good service in his professional career.

Although he has made a good income by writing, and although he has enjoyed that kind of life more than any other, there must be of course a faint tinge of regret in his mind that the enormous success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which he wrote more easily than most of his books, was never repeated. I think I detect in his remarks about it an adumbration of faint melancholy. But what he says of this is entirely good-humored; he does not solemnly

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rebuke the public for not responding to his more painstaking work. And why? Because he is fundamentally a good sportsman. In his athletic contests in school he learned to rejoice at victory, and to accept defeat without rebellious bitterness. I believe that much of the steady happiness of his life comes from the sound training in character he got at school.

Chapters XIII and XIV deal with his lecturing-trips in America, and with his impressions of our country; they are not to me so interesting as the account of his life in London and his literary associations. Many Americans seem to be more interested in what visitors think of our native land than of anything else. This is a matter in which I take almost no interest at all. I never ask a foreigner "What do you think of America?" and then hang on his lips for an answer like a prisoner on the decision of a jury. I don't care what he thinks; I know what I think of my country, and I like to hear what foreigners think of theirs.

When visitors come to us to lecture I am always disappointed when they begin to talk about us. I want them to talk of the country whence they came, of their contacts with their contemporaries at home—in other words, I want to learn something.

There is only one thing out of the many which he has attempted in which Anthony Hope failed; that is as a public reader. I heard him give a reading from his works. Perhaps it was an unfair test, for there was a blizzard that night, and hardly a score of people in the theatre. But I never heard such indifferent reading. Later I saw a report of an interview with him, in which he said: "When I give a reading from my books, I am always thinking of something else." "So is the audience," I thought.

Some of the most interesting chapters deal with men and women he met in London—Gladstone, Oscar Wilde, Hardy, Meredith, Henry Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, Mark Twain, and others. Sir Anthony certainly knows how to tell an anecdote, and his reminiscences are full of good stories well told. There are so many stories in other books about Disraeli and Gladstone, with the latter as victim, that the retort here quoted gains additional value from its unexpectedness. Gladstone was asked whether Disraeli really believed in the opinions he publicly expressed. "On the contrary, sir, he had an active and intelligent belief the other way."

Gladstone was never a heavy drinker, but how amazed he would have been if he had been told it was wicked for him to drink at all! At a dinner-party where no wine was served he was offered lemonade. He lifted a pitcher of water declining, with the remark: "I drink this when I can't get anything better." When he made long speeches in the House he had at his elbow a glass of combined egg-and-sherry, prepared by his pious wife. Years ago a man in the House of Representatives, having a glass of something at hand, was accused, in and out of the House and all over the United States, of resorting to liquor. He thought it necessary to defend himself by repeated iteration that it was cold tea; that "cold tea" became famous for many weeks. I should have admired him if he had said that it was nobody's business what he drank. And remember the melancholy fate of Vice-President Fairbanks, a thoroughly high-minded man. His candidacy for the presidency was brought to naught because it was said that he had taken one

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cocktail. In vain his friends insisted it was a buttermilk cocktail, or something like that; it was no use.

Though he does not say so, the two persons who most impressed Sir Anthony by their vitality were Sarah Bernhardt and Gladstone. He sat down at a dinner-party with Sarah at one o'clock in the morning. She had played "Hamlet" in the afternoon and "L'Aiglon" in the evening, and came to the dinner after twelve hours of arduous work in the theatre. She was an old woman, but "showed not the smallest sign of fatigue, and about three o'clock launched into a long and animated account of how the day was spent at her beloved country place." There they rose at six, and played tennis. As for Gladstone, he says: "A brilliant political opponent once called Mr. Gladstone 'an old man in a hurry.' But what a wonderful thing it is to be in a hurry when you are eighty years old! To be still keen, alive, interested—actually still hasty, rash, and ambitious—at fourscore years!"

Sir Anthony's autobiography is continuously entertaining and diverting; but it is much more than that. It is packed with common sense and solid wisdom, all the more impressive because expressed so unpretentiously. Remembering what some of our novelists say of their public-school days, listen to this:

> When public school education is under fire, as it constantly is nowadays, it is worth while to remind people what an opportunity a big public school offers for a boy to develop himself and his faculties all round. It is not true that it is games, games, games, and nothing else. And—on the other hand—it is not true that the training is only in moral character, though it is a good one in that regard. A boy may learn too the elements of administration and leadership—even of politics and journalism, to press my case to its extreme. These things the best private education cannot give, and they must be set against any drawbacks there may be. And in my judgment the drawbacks are exaggerated. For the normal boy a public school is good . . . for real intellect boys have an amazed respect; it is to them a trifle uncanny but intensely enviable.

For those who believe that a "tragedy" should consist of the defeats and inefficiencies of weaklings Sir Anthony remarks:

> I can endure and enjoy a tragedy . . . provided that it is a tragedy, and not merely a slab of dreariness in which people moan and moon about, bewailing their own helplessness; for surely to make great tragedy you must have a human spirit with some strength in it, with something that puts up a good fight against fate, and bravely—in virtue or in crime, in ambition or in love—defies the stars, even when it is beaten to its knees.

I am glad he has never seen a murder trial in America, for he feels that in England the newspaper accounts may possibly in some cases infect the jury with false pity!

On the "younger generation" he is too long to quote, but every word is worth reading, and is marked by that wisdom and tolerance which we in previous pages have learned to expect. On the art of conversation he is particularly good: "It is probable—if we candidly consider the matter—that everybody is or has been in the course of his life a bore to somebody else." There is only one exception which proves the rule. The only man in all human history who I am sure never bored anybody was Benjamin Franklin.

Sir Anthony speaks modestly of his own work; but at times he ought to feel elated by remembering that in creating Rudolf Rassendyll he added a character to fiction who will live a very long time. He prints with justifiable pride a congratulatory letter from Stevenson, written shortly before the death of the great

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romancer, and which came after that event into the hands of the younger author. It was like the pride felt by Kipling at receiving an accolade from Tennyson.

The completion of the New Oxford English Dictionary brings to mind the charming verses Professor W. W. Skeat sent to Murray. Steven T. Byington, in a letter to *The Saturday Review of Literature* last summer, says:

> Murray, you remember, did all the work of editor-in-chief himself on the first volumes. Then he started Bradley in to be responsible for the letter E. Bradley finished E and went on with F. When Murray finished D he decided that instead of taking up G he would let Bradley have the FG volume to himself and would begin on H. Thereupon Skeat wrote:

"I'm glad you are done—so I hear you say—
With words that begin with D,
And have left H. B. to be Glad and Gay
With the Glory that waits on G.
While you laugh Ha Ha! defying fate,
As you tackle the terrible aspirate,
The H that appals the Cockney crew,
Lancashire, Essex, and Shropshire too.
For they cannot abide the Hunter's Horn,
And hold e'en Heavenly Hosts in scorn.
And I hear there are hardly some who could say
Why didn't you give Hat when you worked on A,
Whose utterance leaves a doubt between
The human Hair and an Air serene,
The Harrow that creeps and the Arrow that flies,
The Heels where chilblains are wont to rise
And the nice fat Eels that are baked in pies!
We all rejoice this New Year's day,
To Honor and Happiness, Hope and Health—
I would you were nearer to wordly wealth."

In 1900 I called on W. W. Skeat at his home in Cambridge, and asked him why he, a professor at Cambridge, called his monumental edition of Chaucer "The Oxford Chaucer." I told him there was no ill feeling whatever between Harvard and Yale professors, but that if a Harvard professor had spent his life on an edition of Shakespeare, he would not have it published as the Yale Shakespeare. He laughed merrily, and said: "I had it printed at Oxford and called it 'The Oxford Chaucer' because I got more money for it than I could have at Cambridge." I shall never forget the brilliancy of his eyes as he made this gay comment. There was a white-bearded man who had spent his life poring over old texts and manuscripts, in the most eye-fatiguing labor; his eyes had the freshness and sparkle of youth.

In a previous issue of SCRIBNER'S I commented on Miss Morrow's "Life of A. Bronson Alcott." Now, along with this book, comes Caroline Ticknor's "Life of May Alcott," a decidedly interesting biography of Louisa's sister, which throws additional light on the family circle and their contemporaries in Europe and America; and a reprint of Ednah D. Cheney's "Louisa May Alcott, Her Life, Letters, and Journals," originally published in 1889. If any one thinks that Louisa was a tame cat or was contented with the lot in which Providence had pleased to place her, let him read this astonishing book.

For a book of joyous rather than bitter satire I recommend Charles Merz's "The Great American Band Wagon." This is the American circus described by one who while seeing its exaggerations and absurdities, loves it wholeheartedly, as I do. The story is told with zest, and the accumulation of details does not destroy the synthesis. If there is such a thing as a laughing satire, it is this.

There is another book on America and other places called "Wanderers: Episodes from the Travels of Lady Em-

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meline Stuart-Wortley and her daughter Victoria, 1849-1855," by Mrs. Henry Cust. All Englishmen and some Americans will remember the brilliant journalist and poet Henry Cust, whose "Poems" appeared some years ago. Mrs. Cust is an able writer, and her book gives much valuable information in a particularly charming manner.

E. M. Forster's "Aspects of the Novel," being the Clark Lectures at Cambridge, is more interesting than any of his novels. I liked very much "A Room with a View," but could not stick at any price "A Passage to India." How the audiences must have enjoyed these lectures, and how glad am I that Mr. Forster, as befitted a man of authority, left them in type as they were delivered! It is like sitting down by an open fire and hearing this original and stimulating mind expressing itself on various novels and novelists. It seems to me just what such a book ought to be and seldom is.

Those who like to read about kings and queens and court ceremonies will certainly enjoy Percy Armytage's book, "By the Clock of St. James's," which is full of pleasant gossip about Victoria, Edward VII, George V, and other prominent kings and emperors. Court functions are described at length by a man who knows and loves them, and who tells many entertaining anecdotes of royal persons and personages. I wonder how many of my readers know why it is called the court of St. James's; that is the question I flunked in "Ask Me Another." I felt somewhat reassured when I asked three professors of English history and not one of them knew. Although it is always printed the court of St. James's, and never the court of St. James', it is curious to observe that in a manuscript letter from Queen Mary to Mr. Armytage, produced in facsimile in this book, she wrote St. James'.

Two of the best thrillers I have read recently are "The Portrait Invisible," by Joseph Gollomb, and "Blind Corner," by Dornford Yates. I recommend only those that are sure fire. A letter accuses me of being the real S. S. Van Dine, whose story in this magazine I am reading with strained attention. I do not suppose I could write even a bad novel; certainly I could not invent a plot so cleverly complicated as this now appearing in SCRIBNER'S.

To those who like to read a general review of the year 1927 in America I recommend "Mirrors of the Year," edited by Horace W. Stokes. It contains many chapters on various aspects of life —politics, literature, science, and what-not—each chapter written by a specialist.

I take off my hat to Bishop Cameron Mann, of Florida, for his "Concordance to the Works of George Herbert." This is a book over which the majority of casual readers will not unduly excite themselves; but to a select few it immediately becomes indispensable, like the Concordance to the Bible, to Shakespeare, to Browning, to Spenser, to Wordsworth, to Gray—let me know if there are others and I will buy.

The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Conn., on May 7, at 7.30 P. M.

American men are not the only ones who are uxorious. Doctor F. T. Wright, of Douglas, Ariz., tells me he saw the following framed motto in a window of a house in Berlin:

Ich bin der Herr im Hause und was meine Frau sagt, wird gemacht!

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Charles G. Benson, of Sarasota, Fla., writes:

In your "Lost and Found" column you decry the pronunciation "awfis" for office. I heartily concur as far as Noo Yark is concerned; but in Dixie we attempt to preserve the varied possibilities of the human tongue instead of lazily narrowing our vowels to the fewest achievable.

Ordinarily your language is interesting to us only in an academic light, but in the mixing population of Florida one of our hardest fights is to prevent our young children at school from adopting such off-color pronunciations as "fud" for food; "Coobeer" for Cuba; "crick" for creek; "firrst" for first without a trace of "r". One of the most excruciating things to Southern ears is to hear a yankee sing "She is the Darrling of my Hearrt,"—such 'ard 'arrted (if that is not too far-fetched) enunciation is not apt to win a Rebel's "dotter."

As a constant reader of your welcome magazine, I have the honor, Sir, to nominate for your ignoble prize all Southerners who do not pronounce the word under discussion as though it were written "awfis," and to renew assurances of my most distinguished consideration.

From Gwen Bristow, of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune:*

When your correspondent, Mrs. E. L. Caton of Orlando, Florida, mentions that she has lived in the south parts of two years, she explains why she has not yet learned the subtleties of that much-argued form of address, "you-all." It's one of those expressions whose use takes a lifetime to learn.

You-all is used in addressing one person, but never, never with a singular meaning. It is easy to understand how a person unaccustomed to the lazy intricacies of southern speech misunderstands this. For instance:

I may ask an acquaintance of mine, "What did you-all have for breakfast this morning?" I would be addressing one person; but I would be assuming that he had breakfast with his family. If you will listen to his reply, you will notice that he invariably replies (if he is a native southerner), "We had . . ." If I had seen him eating a solitary breakfast in a restaurant, or if I knew that his family was out of town, I should never say "you-all" in speaking to him.

Frequently, readers of the newspaper for which I write say to me, "In that story on the river-boats you-all published today . . ." Such speakers are not assuming that I published the story. They are not even suggesting that I wrote it. The "you-all" includes the newspaper staff, everybody from president to copy boy. Nobody would say to me "That story you-all wrote," unless I had collaborated with somebody else on the story.

It's easy to understand, as I said, how this expression is misunderstood. The whole business is unimportant. However, I might remind you that when plays presenting southern scenes come south everybody in the audience can tell whether or not a native southerner had a hand in the lines, because of the right or wrong use of that idiotic "you-all." Writers not born in the south might just as well get used to having their characters say simply "you," singular and plural, for unless they are diabolically clever they are going to get mixed up on it.

John L. Harris, of Rome, Ga., corrects two errors in this magazine:

Senator Reed is quoted in your February number as saying that the majority cut off the ears of John Pym. He was probably thinking of William Prynne, a controversialist whose blistering eloquence might preserve his name to the senator. John Pym, the original roundhead, cared more for the freedom of the English Parliament than for that of the press. But Mr. Reed's error hurts no one, for a wonder, and may have a subtle appeal for those of us who like to know a little about history and not more than a little.

The shipwreck mentioned in "As I Like It" on page 225 was different from that in Charles Reade's "Hard Cash." Cooper's exclamation of "Scuttled" is told of in "Foul Play."

A new view of Richard Harding Davis is given by George L. Bradlee, of Providence:

Apropos of Roger Burlingame's volume, "From Gallegher to the Deserter," you said, "Mr. Davis was always more popular with

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readers than with other journalists. There's a reason—in fact there are two."

I think I know what you have in mind, although you do *not* state that R. H. D. was conceited. Others have been less reticent. May I illustrate, by an authentic happening, my own recollection of Mr. Davis' modest and retiring nature. His alleged failings may safely be left to some advocatus diaboli, present or future. Since the modern scribe's School for Scandal seems to offer no course in First Aid to Injured Reputations, there may be occasional need for a literary Good Samaritan.

It happened in the old Boston Theatre on Washington Street, where I remember Calvé, not in "Carmen," but as Marguerite in "Faust"; the young E. H. Sothern, swaggering romantically as D'Artagnan; James O'Neil, father of the author of "Strange Interlude," at the pinnacle of his fame as Edmond Dantes in the "Count of Monte Cristo"; and dear Joe Jefferson making us chuckle or roar at his Bob Acres.

One evening about 1901-02, when well back in the house, armed with opera-glasses, I discovered in a stage-box, looking as handsome and well-groomed as his pictures, Richard Harding Davis. I had read "Gallegher," and naturally began to study the face and figure of the soldier, adventurer, and story teller with rapt intentness. Forgetting that a good correspondent sees everything, I was considerably abashed when R. H. D. turned his head, looked casually in my direction for an instant, and then—significantly raised both hands and held them in front of his face. My bifocal scrutiny of the Davis features unwillingly but abruptly ended. Even the proverbially privileged pussycat probably stops looking at the king, after His Majesty shakes his sceptre and says, "Scat!"

One may say, of course, that the author of "The Deserter" was merely registering annoyance at my opera glasses. I prefer to take his gesture at face value, and to hand down this record to posterity as proof positive of Richard Harding Davis' little known, but innate and instinctive, modesty.

I was just about to reduce the number of clubs and contributions when the following admirable letter arrived. If my list of clubs and my correspondents can draw such fire from flint, I feel that I really must go on with them. I will merely note in passing that Mr. Aiken emphatically nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Ignoble Prize and the president of the Fano and Faery Queene Clubs.

Edwin E. Aiken, Jr., of Dorchester, Mass.:

In your conduct of "As I Like It" there is every evidence that you have entered into a twofold compact with Hell. According to the first part you have agreed to throw open the columns of the department to an endless list of clubs. By the terms of the second part anyone who has a grudge against any word, phrase, book or anything whatsoever—mothers-in-law barred—is granted the right to give free rein to his feeling.

Consider the clubs. There is a goodly list of them. How long, O Lord, how long? I don't know. Take the Fano Club, for example. What is Fano? The name of a golfer? Well, probably not; at least, not of a golfer of the last decade. A baseball player? No. A philosopher? I think not. When then, Horatio? I have some vague recollection that Fano is a place in Italy, but whether Browning lived there, or Mussolini was born there or Ring Lardner is going to die there I am sure I have not the slightest idea.

Worse even than the clubs is the cult of the Ignoble Prize. Whosoever has been unable to get his name into print in any other way thinks of something he happens to dislike for the moment, rushes to the Post Office, Telegraph Office or Pay Station and, forsooth, it appears in the next issue of the magazine for the rest of us to read with groanings unutterable or to pass over with maledictions unprintable.

Every time I come upon those sections of "As I Like It" that deal with these clubs or with the Ignoble Prize I experience the sinking feeling that immediately precedes death. In the name of the submerged nine tenths, who for, lo, these many years have suffered in agonized silence, I protest. What can save us from the body of this death?

In "The Oxford Book of American Verse," edited by Bliss Carman, and previously commented on in these

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pages, I mentioned that a number of persons who are now in heaven are represented as still being on earth. I ought also to call attention to the fact that the accomplished American poet Gertrude Hall (Mrs. W. C. Brownell) is represented as having died in 1915. Inasmuch as seven of her poems are included, the editor, I am sure, will be glad to know that she is alive and active.

Professor J. De Lancey Ferguson, of Ohio Wesleyan University, writes:

> I am preparing a new edition of the Letters of Robert Burns, re-edited from the original manuscripts. I have already collated more than two hundred letters in public and private collections in this country, and now, before going overseas to continue the work, am trying to locate others now in private hands. Will any readers of SCRIBNER'S who own or know of such letters, and who would be willing to aid me in this work, please communicate with me, either at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, or in care of the Oxford University Press, 35 West 32nd Street, New York City?

Wynn Burton, of the University of Georgia, saw a sign in a restaurant in La Grange:

> We have an agreement with the bank.
> It serves no meals: we cash no checks.

Doctor Horace Hart, of New Haven, saw this sign in the village of Branford, Conn.:

> Our friends drive with care,
> The law will take care of others.

Virginia Terhune Van de Water nominates for the Ignoble Prize the "person who says 'our mutual friend' when he should say 'our common friend' or simply 'our friend.' I know that Dickens is quoted as authority for this expression, but he put it into the mouth of Mr. Boffin, a person whose speech was more picturesque than elegant."

The Reverend Doctor Hugh Morris, of Haddonfield, N. J., read the "Faery Queene" before he was twenty. He was too immature to enjoy it, and he will not read it again for fear he is now too mature. I suspect he is really too busy with more important work. What he says reminds me, however, of something that is at least equally true. In the olden days people did not dare give mature books to youngsters for fear they would not understand them; now they do not dare give them mature books for fear they will.

Miss Winifred Nell, of Newark, N. J., calls my attention to a new word in a Wanamaker advertisement of brilliantine — "A Wanamaker exclusivity!"

Quite often one hears the expression "I don't know anything about music, but I like, etc." An unexpected variation on this well-worn theme pleasantly saluted my ears while engaged in conversation with a clever woman in a town in northern Connecticut. She had returned from the service at church, and remarked casually: "I don't know anything about music, but I hate our choir."

On attending a performance of "Siegfried" on February 2, a small boy found little to interest him until the moment in the second act when the dragon emerged from his cave. "Look, there comes the ground-hog out of his hole!"

What has become of two horrible strength-tests so common fifty years ago? Do you remember at every outdoor show the electric machine with two handles? You were invited to sit down, grasp the two handles, and see how long you could hold on. I can still see the grim determination on the faces of the men who bravely essayed this meaningless experiment.

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In those days the offices of many sedentary business men were equipped with a diabolical device known as a "health-lift." Some enterprising salesman came along and sold any number of these silly and sinister machines to business men, lawyers, editors, and clergymen. You stood on a little platform like a weighing-machine, grasped two handles which reached to your knees on either side, and then pulled directly upward, a dial indicating the amount of weight you could lift. This accursed device was called the "health-lift," and probably injured the health of many men. I saw one in an editor's office, gave a vigorous haul, and got a lame back which bothered me for months. The health-lift, indeed!

What has become of the word "rusk"? When I was a boy that word was as common as biscuit, or roll, or bun. I have not heard it for many years, but was pleased to see it in Maurice Baring's novel, "Tinker's Leave."

It is perhaps fortunate for the Bostonian whom I quoted in condemnation of what seemed to him Halliburton's *conceit* that his name was withheld; for I have received a number of letters cursing him roundly. Apparently Halliburton has many ardent champions who love his ardent spirits.

I do not pretend to have any ability as an architect, plumber, or carpenter. But if I were making the furniture and furnishings of a house, I should lower all the desks and elevate all the wash-basins. This applies also to the kitchen sink, where many good women have broken their backs. A great number of people get writer's cramp and neuritis by writing either in too low a chair or on too high a desk. The effort of writing is immensely increased by every additional half-inch added to the height of the desk. That ought to be self-evident, yet every desk I see is too high.

On the other hand, one bends over double to wash one's hands; no reason on earth why the wash-basin should not be elevated. Furthermore, nearly all faucets just barely project over the rim of the basin, so that it is impossible to get one's hands under them to catch the falling water. They should stick out at least three inches.

I know that some of my readers dislike puns. I advise them not to read this last paragraph. Our tennis-courts in New Haven are near Bradley Street, where among many other members of the college faculty live my friends Professor and Mrs. Frank Porter. One day, while I was playing tennis with Jack Crawford, a strong south wind brought a most appetizing odor of grilling beefsteak from the direction of Bradley Street. I wondered from which house so delightful a thing came, and Jack said it must be coming from the Porter house.

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H. Siddons Mowbray, American Mural Painter

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

In the exhibitions of the Academy and the Society of American Artists, back in the 80s and 90s, there used to appear certain charming pictures, poetic in subject and very graceful in execution, signed by H. Siddons Mowbray. The Festival of Roses one would be called, Schererazade another, Evening Breeze a third. Romantic fancy touched them and they were well painted, being especially marked by skilful design and draftsmanship. They were liked by the public, as well as by the artist's colleagues, and collectors snapped them up. The essential drift of his career seemed settled. Yet it was to take an entirely different direction. Dormant in Mowbray's make-up was the gift for filling great wall spaces with infinitely more elaborate compositions, and through sheer innate ability he was ready to exercise it when the opportunity came. He developed forthwith into one of the most distinguished mural painters this country has ever produced and was kept busy as such until the end. He had just finished an important commission when he died at his home in Washington, Conn., on January 13 in the present year. It is with peculiar sympathy that I venture upon a brief sketch of his life and personality. We were friends for many years and I can hardly say which drew me to him the more persuasively, his beautiful work or the fine, gentle, endearing traits which marked him as a man. There was something lovable and inspiring about Mowbray. He had ideals, principles, and stood by them with a kind of modest steadfastness. The close comrade of the artists who set the pace forty years ago, McKim, Saint-Gaudens, and the rest, he shared in their campaign with a high seriousness and a devotion which make him good to remember.

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His father, John Henry Siddons, was an Englishman who went out to Egypt as the representative of a London banking house, and the future artist was born in Alexandria on August 5, 1858. The banker died, of sunstroke, not long after, and Mrs. Siddons returned to England. She had substantial ties there. One of her kinsmen, in John William Croker's heyday, had been established by him as a clerk in the Admiralty. The family borrowed a gleam of glory from the period of its lodgement in Kensington Palace. But one member of it, Mrs. Siddons's sister, had married a chemist, George M. Mowbray, who had taken her to America, and the widow from Egypt presently followed them to these shores. She died in Brooklyn, on the way to Titusville, Pa., where the Mowbrays were fixed. The boy was barely five when he was thus left alone. But the Mowbrays took him to their hearts, adopted him, making their name his own, and thenceforth life unfolded very happily. His new father gave him a

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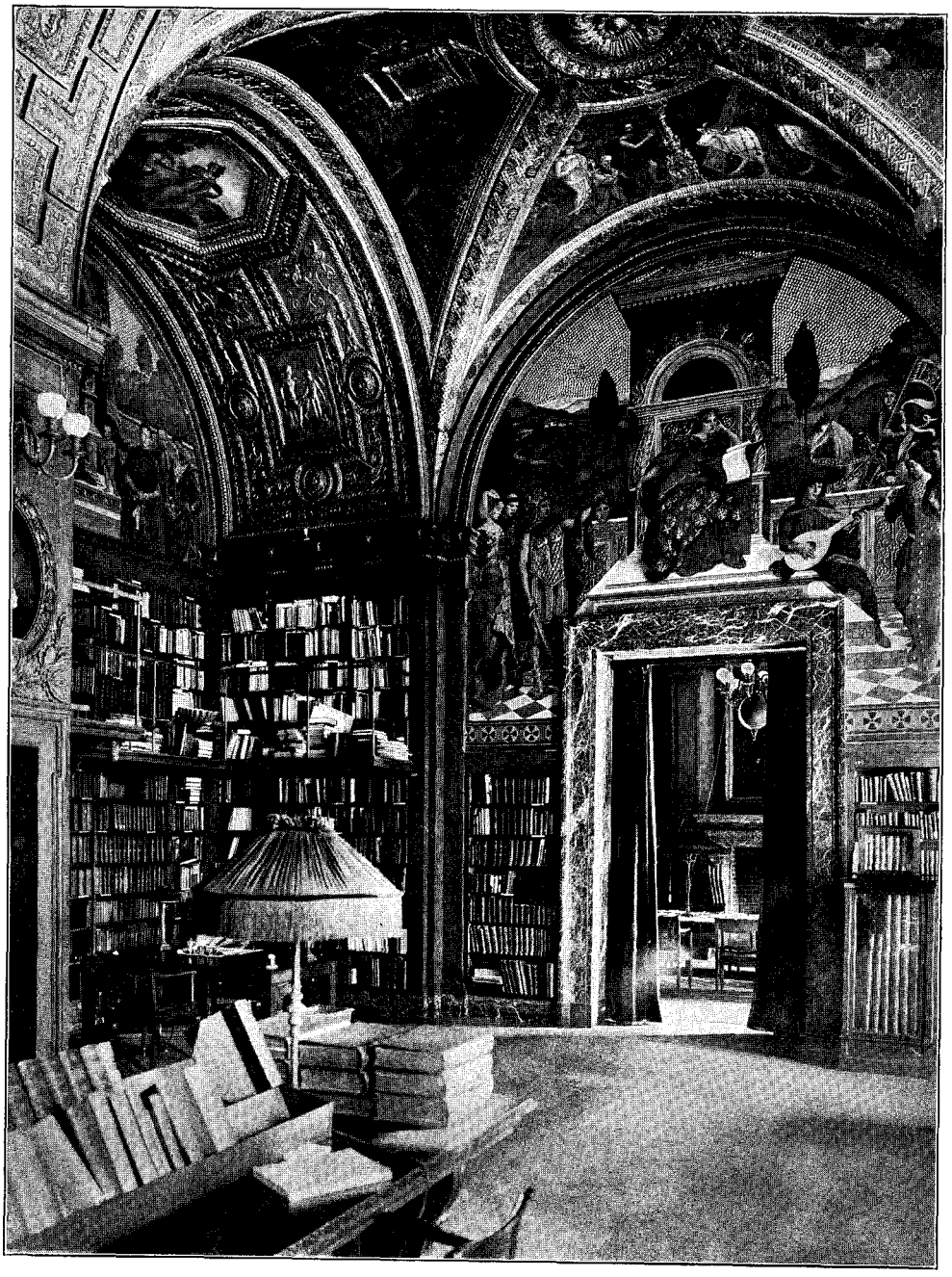

In the University Club Library.

Showing the wall and ceiling decorations by H. Siddons Mowbray.

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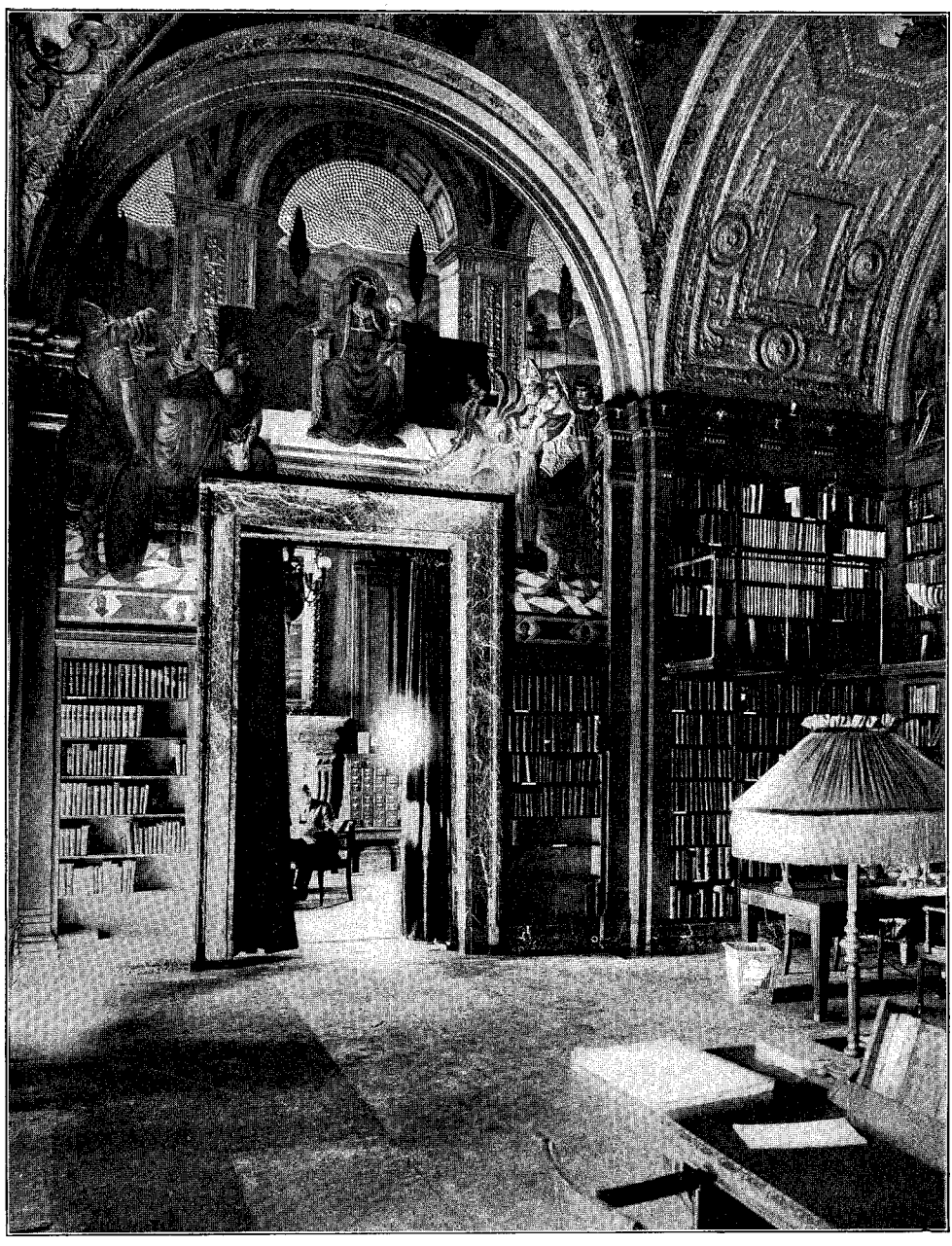

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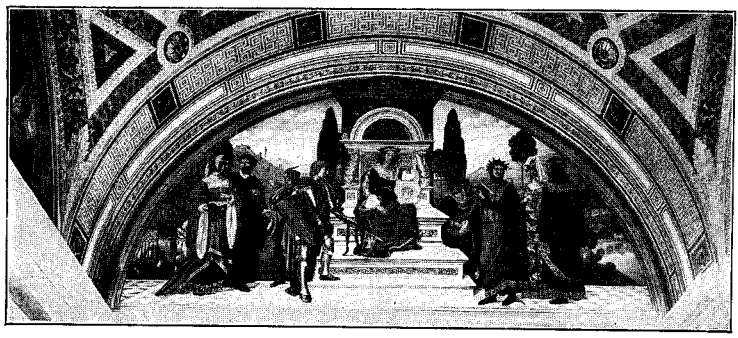
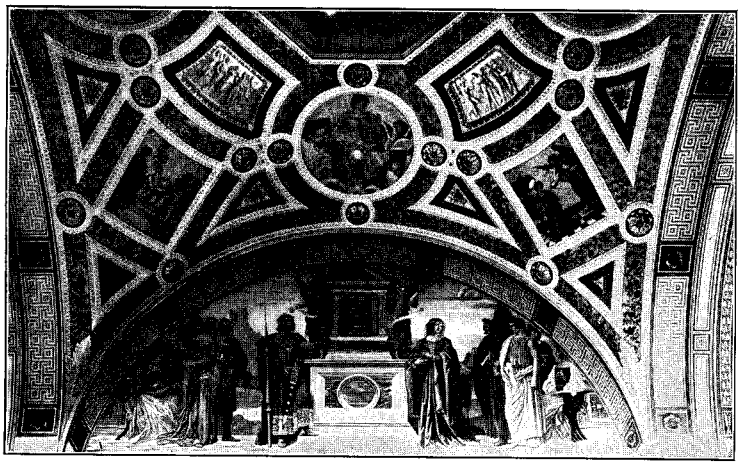
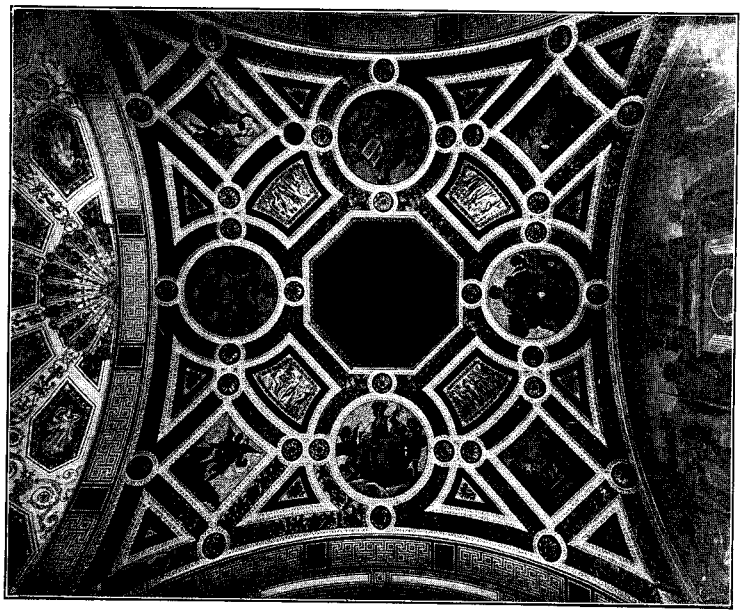


Lyric Poetry.



King Arthur and the Divine Comedy.



Hall Ceiling in the Morgan Library.

From the decorations by H. Siddons Mowbray in the Morgan Library.

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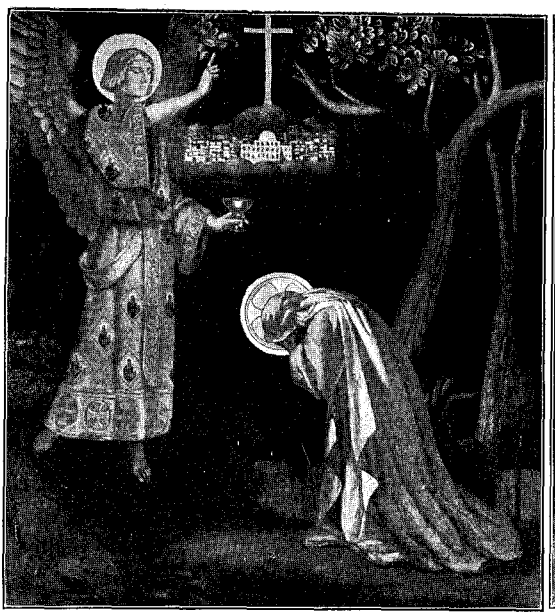
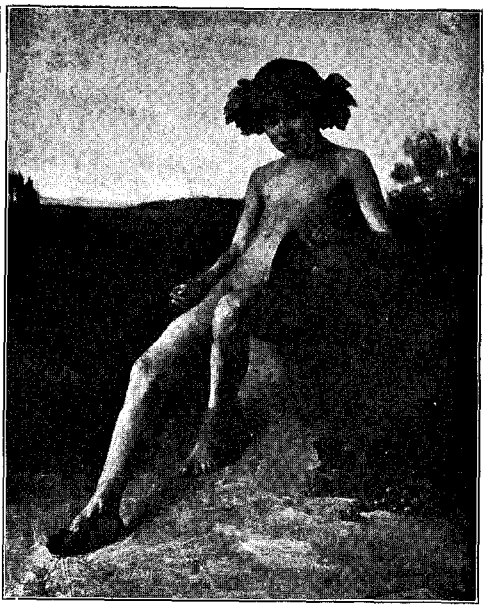


Gethsemane.

From the painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.



Young Bacchus.

From the early painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.

Idle Hours.

From the early painting by H. Siddons Mowbray.

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comradeship of the tenderest affection, and as time went on did everything to foster his ambitions. These seemed at first to beckon toward things utterly prosaic. Titusville was in the midst of the famous oil boom, a grim, greasy, rough place, in which George Mowbray functioned as a refiner of oil and a maker of nitroglycerine. Historic events broke the monotony of the region. The Civil War was going on, and in after years the artist was wont to recall the excitement when Lincoln's assassination befell and the news reached the town. But mostly he was conscious of humdrum things, and these, indeed, long occupied him. When the family moved to North Adams, Mass., the manufacture of high explosives continued to absorb its head. Young Mowbray was present at the blast that marked the closing stages of the boring of the Hoosac Tunnel, and one of his memories was of going to Canada as a lad of sixteen to explode a memorable charge in the construction of the Granville Canal. He seemed destined to be a chemist himself.

But at Drury Academy, in North Adams, where he was pursuing his studies, he had got interested in the drawing of maps, embellishing them with ships, whales, and animals, in the manner of the old cartographers, and from this diversion came, he said long afterward, "a keen desire to draw and the first germ in my art career." Chemistry went by the board. Other interests temporarily intervened. He competed for West Point and won, but a few months of experience showed him that he did not care for military things and, with his adopted father's approval, he resigned. In the winter of 1877 he fell into the hands of A. C. Howland, the landscape-painter, over at Williamstown, who gave him lessons for which he used to drive the five or six miles in a cutter. In less than two years he was in Paris, welcomed by Stanley Mortimer and "Billy" Coffin, and soon entered at the Atelier Bonnat, one of the hardest workers there. He stayed in Paris for some years, poor but happy, making hosts of friends, including young Frenchmen who took him on visits to their homes in the provinces, so that he saw much more of the national life than falls to the lot of the average sojourner in Bohemia. In time he made a rather unusual place for himself. He prospered, after a fashion, making a trip to Spain, on which he copied Las Hilanderas and Las Meninas in the Prado, and at Seville heard Gayarré, the great tenor, sing in the cathedral. In Paris he sold his first picture, a costume study, to Tooth, the London dealer, for 100 francs. He had more than one painting hung in the Salon, and there ensued a profitable connection with a French firm that was glad to take his work. It looked as if he were going to be absorbed into the life around him. Then, fearing that he might become "a hopeless employee of the dealer," he came home.

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He stepped at once into the circle of the leaders, joined the Society of American Artists, and was soon on the crest of the wave. Thomas B. Clarke bought pictures from him and encouraged others to do the same thing, a service which Mowbray liked gratefully to recall. But just at this apparently crystallizing period he reached a turning-point. "A fondness for the Italian art of the Renaissance came over me," he says in an autobiographical fragment. "I wanted above all things to do mural

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work." Clarke got him his first commission, a panel three feet by six, to go over a mantel in the Athletic Club's house at Travers Island. "Amateurish" he found it, as he looked back at it, but at least it meant a start. Saint-Gaudens, stanch believer in his decorative aptitudes, moved the architect Geo. B. Post to assign him a score of lunettes in the C. P. Huntington house, and in the 90s he was dedicated absolutely to mural painting. The Huntington job kept him from bearing any part in the famous demonstration of the decorators at the Chicago Fair, but he was to have even more significant chances. In 1897, when he was working on a ceiling in the Frederick Vanderbilt house at Hyde Park, he returned to town one day in the same train with McKim, who fell to talking about the then recently created American Academy at Rome. The architect said some things which I must quote:

> We are starving for standards within reach, to stimulate our taste and inspire emulation. It is a pity that more artists will not consent to momentarily become students, and endeavor to grasp the spirit that produced Rome. I pity the artist who does not feel humbled before its splendid examples of art. I have just been there and speak from experience. I think, for example, of the Borgia apartments, their perfect unity, their glory of color, and masterly detail. I think what it would mean to have such a thing here with us. In the library of the University Club that I am working on, I would give the world to have reproduced that grave richness of Pintoricchio. I am fearful of the garishness of modern decoration for a library. The decoration of such should whisper and not shout. If you ever felt like undertaking a bit of self-abnegation and spending two or three years in Rome, like the very student I have been talking of, I'd like to get you the commission to do some copying that might serve us in the library's decoration.

The conversation was crucial. Mowbray was occupied subsequently with his decorations for the Appellate Courthouse, in New York, but McKim kept at the Pintoricchio idea for the University Club, and with the decisive aid of the late Charles T. Barney it was put in train. The artist had a serious illness. As he came out of it he was welcomed and invigorated with the glad news that he was to do the work. He sailed for Italy in the fall of 1902, settled in Rome, by and by took a constructive hand in the affairs of the Academy—becoming director in 1903-4—and saturated himself in the decorations of the Borgia apartments. Working all the time on his own paintings, he brought them home and installed them with prodigious success. "I used to consider this as my library," said McKim to Morgan, when he showed him the room; "now it is Mowbray's." The financier was deeply impressed. "I want a gem," he had said to McKim, when he had called upon the latter to create the library in Thirty-sixth Street, and for its enrichment the University Club work persuaded him that Mowbray was exactly the man. In those two buildings the artist's chief monuments are enshrined, the style is worked out through which he conclusively manifested his genius.

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What were the predominating elements in that genius? Primarily an inborn sense of beauty, with an inborn faculty for expressing it. But the old discipline of the Atelier Bonnat had much to do with his development. It made him a master craftsman. When his patron cheerfully acquiesced in his sending his Young Bacchus to the Salon as early as 1879, it was undoubtedly because Bonnat felt that Mowbray had

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the root of the matter in him, that he could really draw and paint. He drew superbly, using a strong but delicate line, and his technique was in all aspects singularly finished and authoritative, the technique of a thoroughly sound workman. His ideas were lofty. They were poetic, as they had been in his younger days of picture-making, but now, in his mural painting, they took a more and more monumentally allegorical turn. They were evolved, too, to an accompaniment of a luxuriant handling of conventional motives, derived from his enthusiastic studies in the Vatican. Pintoricchio was not his sole guide there. The hall ceiling at the Morgan Library, both in the distribution of its compartments and in the treatment of the designs filling them, follows very closely Raphael's ceiling in the Camera della Segnatura. Raphael's tradition, too, had a sharp influence upon his use of formal decoration in relief. But Pintoricchio, if not his only master, was the one who most profoundly moved him. Mowbray is, in certain passages at the University Club, frankly the copyist, but it would be a grossly superficial view of the matter that placed these passages in the foreground. What he did was literally to take over the old Italian's hypothesis, make it his own, and, in a manner implying original force and taste, give an essentially free and independent investiture to the ceiling and walls. I have cited McKim's fine saying, that the library was no longer his but Mowbray's. I remember what an impression of organic unity I received when I saw the room, back in 1904, on its first exposure, and repeated study of it since has only confirmed the point. Mowbray collaborated with McKim like an instinctive architect. Between them they made a masterpiece of architectural and decorative design. A phrase in the passage which I have quoted from the architect touches the gist of the matter, that in which he argues that the decoration of a library "should whisper and not shout." Mowbray magnificently grasped that principle.

There are no rules for the making of a work of art. Genius makes its own laws. Carpaccio may adorn the walls of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni with the pages of a picture-book. Tintoretto may disdain architectural convention at San Rocco. Raphael may be lucidly intellectual, and Tiepolo the headlong virtuoso. But there is a curious indefinable necessity to which all these masters—and every true painter of mural decoration—must inevitably conform. It is that the painting should "look well on the wall," be obviously in its predestined place, somehow a structural part of the whole. How beautifully Mowbray followed the axiom! His way, which had been Pintoricchio's way, and which he revived at once clairvoyantly from the past and freshly in his own world, with a gesture of his own, was to fill the given space with gracious symbolical figures, enmeshed in a quietly shimmering web of arabesques and color. Picture and ornament were fused in a rich but never too assertive ensemble. He liked deep reds, and greens, and blues, with the gleam of gold accenting the mass in details that he often lifted into substantial relief, as Pintoricchio had done in the Borgia apartments and at Siena. Taking the stylistic cue that the old master gave him, he recovered exactly the classical grace and restraint that mark pure Renaissance ornamentation. At the bottom of his executive proficiency, which made him the master of both paint and plaster, there played an extraordinary faculty for design.

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I have had varied sensations contemplating the positive world of motives at the University Club and in the Morgan Library—apprehending the great major panels and lunettes with their stately figures, the subordinate pictorial designs and the portraits, the endlessly inventive arrangement of conventional details. But first and last the evidence of decorative power that stays in my mind is the co-ordinating art with which all these factors are held together in a glorious equilibrium. Never a trace of excess or uncertainty in form or color! Never a threat to the balance of the whole! Always the unity that spells serene repose, the maintenance of a proud, sumptuously decorative conception under the sway of an architectural ideal!

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Mowbray had amongst his resources the practicality which is inseparable from an architect's character. The same readiness which had enabled him in his youth to direct the force of nitroglycerine in a huge blast was with him all his life. He knew how to deal with hard facts. He decorated a room with the instinct of a builder working in him. In all our school of mural painters, and we have had some eminent practitioners since La Farge blazed the way, there has been no one who could beat Mowbray in allying a painting to its architectural surroundings. But if I love to think of him as a master of his craft, I love also to think of him as a spirit of illumination and idealism, making his walls so fair to look upon, spreading upon them uplifting ideas and a rare beauty. Late in his life, in 1924, he turned from the big commissions to which he was habituated and painted for his own delight fifteen pictures illustrating the life of Christ, following Florentine precedent in composition but lending to his episodes a dignity and an emotional weight that could have sprung only from intense feeling. He was dealing with old themes but he gave them new life. And he was the poet once more, as he had been in those fantasies with which at the outset he had won admiration, the poet rising to a graver and more touching level. He never lost that imaginative, revivifying power of his. He died just as he had completed a great series of panels for the new annex to the Morgan Library, imposing designs in which we shall find final evidence of the potency of his mind and energy. They illustrate types and periods in the conquest of civilization, the majestic figures of history such as Darius and Alexander, momentous movements like that which produced the art of Greece. It was characteristic of Mowbray thus to close his life on a large, lofty note. From beginning to end his work was on an exalted plane, his soul on the side of the angels.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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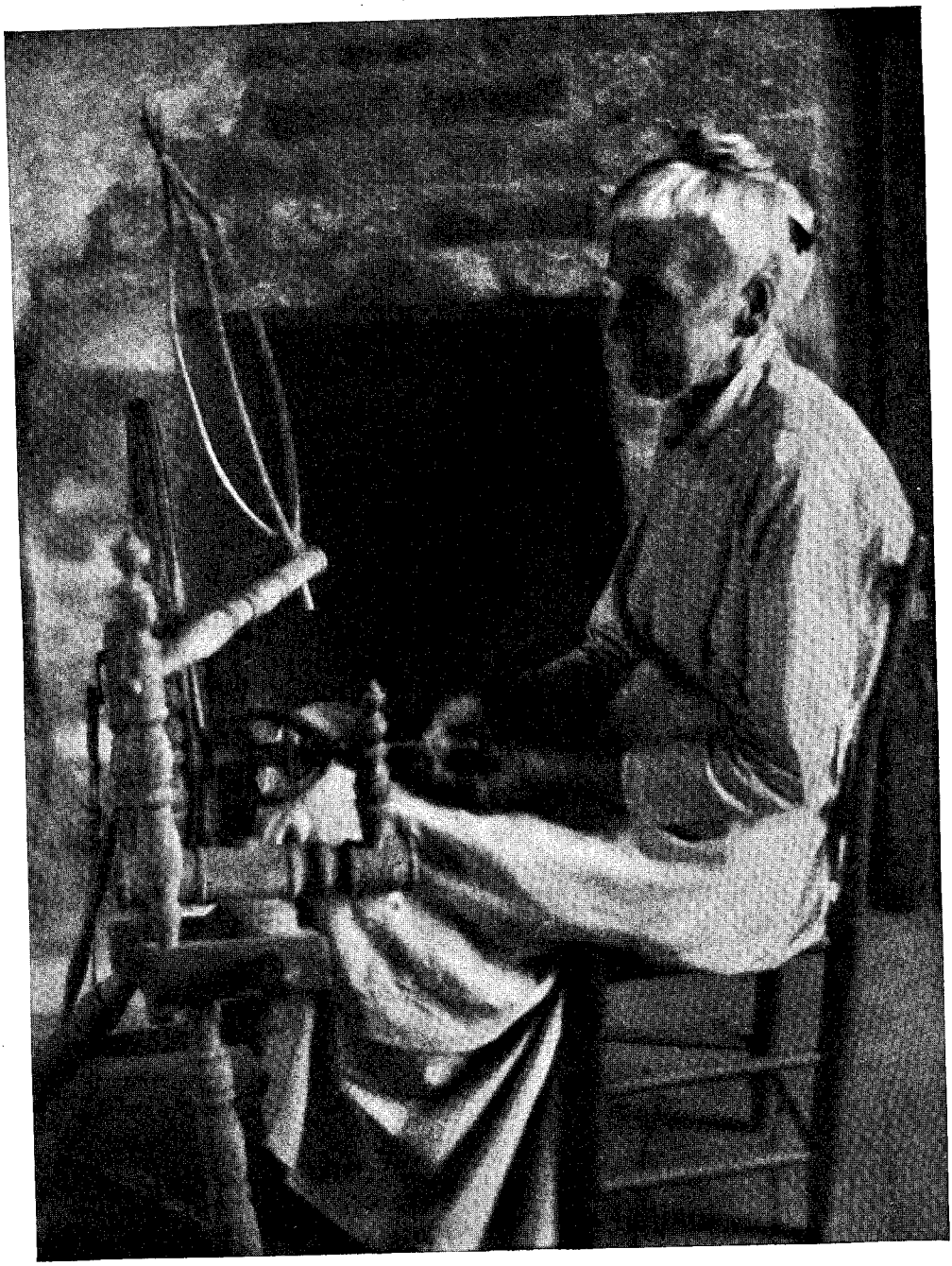

A PORTRAIT STUDY BY DORIS ULMANN.

Spinning the linen thread which is used for weaving linen on her big loom during the winter months. Eighty-two years old, this calm, cheerful woman gets up at five o'clock, works in the garden, milks the cow, and does everything around the house.

One of "The Mountaineers of Kentucky," series, page 675.

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